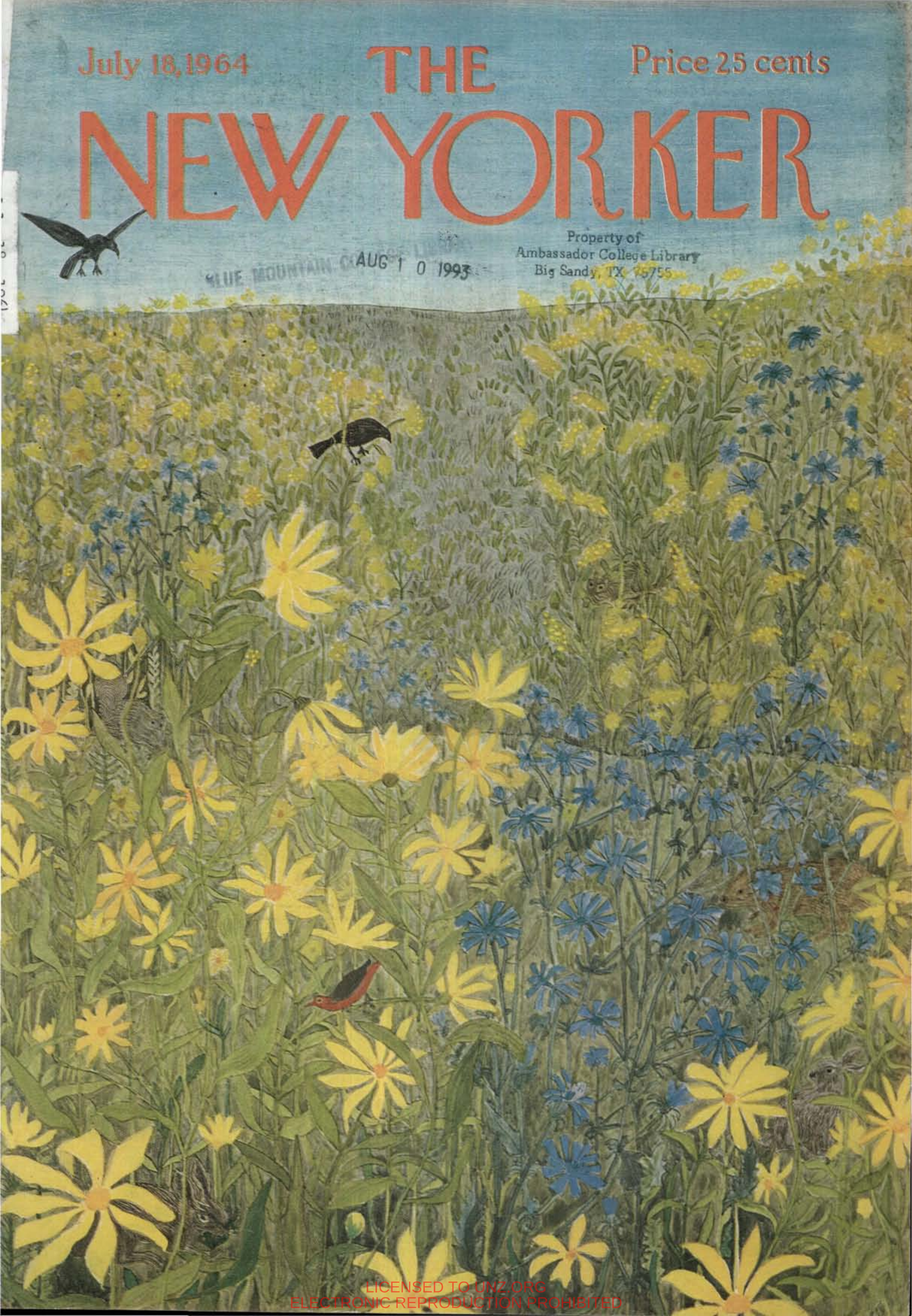
July 18, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



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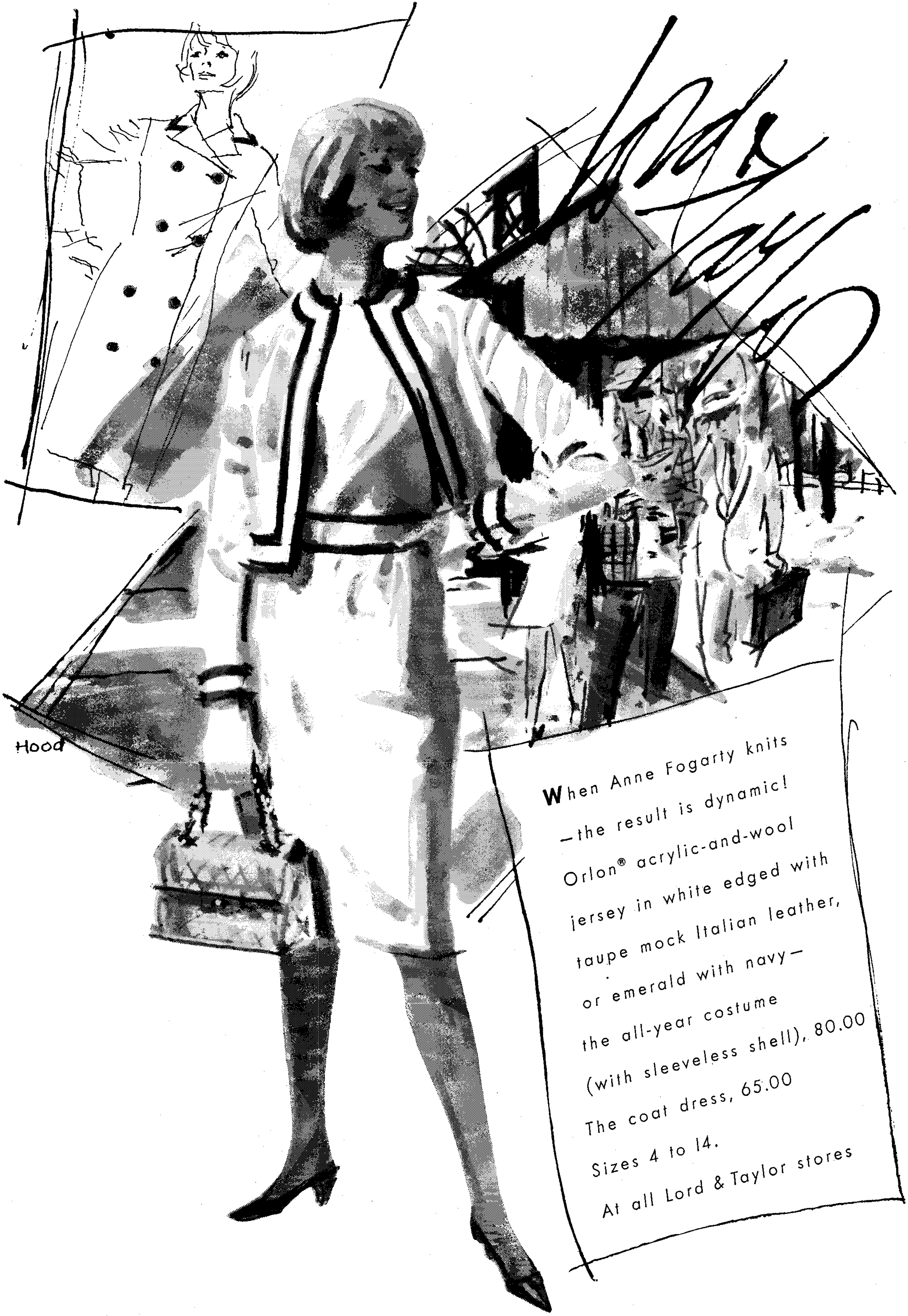

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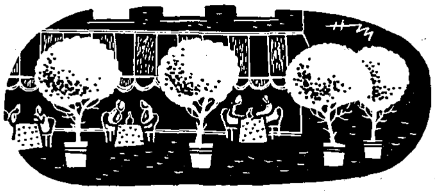
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—The title of this disaster derives from a record designed to teach parakeets how to talk. Neither the parakeet nor the three other actors on view (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan) seem to get the hang of the language. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There *isn't* much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given his play a pleasant glow. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Ruth White, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. Gene Rupert will fill in for Mr. Redford for two weeks starting Monday, July 20. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very *remarkable* depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also in it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, July 19.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Mary, Mary: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Never Too Late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "*Blithe Spirit,*" *in which Beatrice* Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson (who will return on Monday, July 20) as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. Judith Hastings will replace Miss Howes for one week starting Monday, July 20. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum: Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Ma*jestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly,* except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Here's Love:** Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 25.) . . . **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Oliver!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, is the initial production by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, executive vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 22, July 18, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Kurt Weill in Song—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with James Earl Jones. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

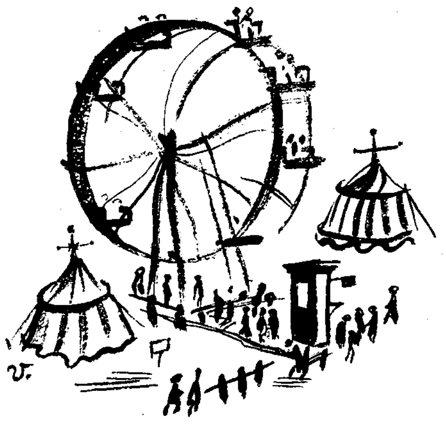
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Pat Boone, who quite probably knows what thoughts our young men's and young women's fancies turn to, is unburdening himself, in song and story, on the podium of the Royal Box. Dinner and supper are his stint; there is dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the dining room, whose walls are covered with flora never before seen by the eye of man. In the midst of this astonishment, George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Easy lessons in how to live in glass houses. Music for the ritualistic dances requisite to the course is provided by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, among the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—One of our friendly neighborhood Longchamps, done over into the red plush public rooms of a quite splendid night boat to Albany, Providence, or Nepenthe. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.



New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—does the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the plan.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Monique Van Vooren converts the Persian Room into a peacock alley whenever she comes to work, which is at ten Mondays through Fridays and at nine and midnight Saturdays. Because of the disproved Las Vegas theory that half a dozen is not a crowd, she and her songs are encompassed by a set of very active boys and girls, who never manage to paint this lily. Dancing occurs straight along to the hummings of Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's small assemblage of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. The moon sets at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until early morn. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble ply their trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our *jeunesse dorée* revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, created largely by machinery, not mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence, where a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact the scenes of their crimes. This minute opera company is supplemented by leisurely dancing on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed that he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . .

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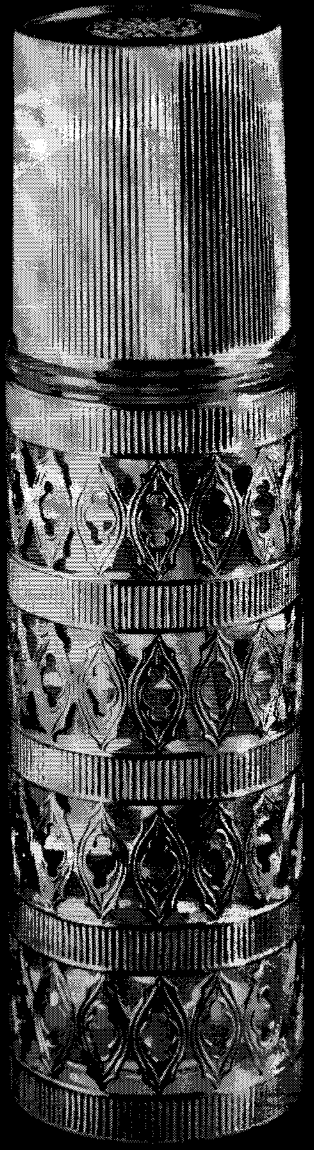

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem, love life, are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Addison Bailey is in cheerful communion with a piano. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with life in Iberia. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are beginning to seem imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before the early hours of morning. With every course of the banquet there's a ration of patrolling violins from Rome and of patrolling guitarists from closer to home. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Participants (j.g.) in the performing arts use this as an evening community hall. They find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays.... **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer and his leisurely piano are on duty from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She and piano and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. ... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Nonstop but nonobtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner by Kurt Maier's trio, to which one can dance a little. Closed Sundays.... **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays.... **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): On the terrace of the Crown Restaurant (fifth floor) of this distant but very twentieth-century Camelot, the picturesque Daphne Hellman manipulates a harp from seven to nine every evening but Sunday, when Gerald Goodman becomes the string-plucker.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A few men are allowed inside this sorority house—the glee club called the Lettermen and an Argentine corps de ballet have lately been seen entering—but the rest is lovely womanhood stooping (even swooping) to lovely folly. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Two flights of busy B.s—Count Basie's most recent band and Joe Bushkin's triad—are cantering through the establishment's customary ocean of lobster Cantonese and Chinese peapods. Closed Sundays.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, the littlest Roman of them all, is so full of the elixir of life that all his arias, mostly American, bounce like mad. The current humorist and the current crop of ballerinas are, though, quite static. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," a Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of fine flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. ...¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A cup of cheer that constantly runneth over. The reasons are Isobel Robins, a seraph whose arias wax sardonic and sentimental, often together; Danny Meehan, the "Funny Girl" tenor, who loses none of his bounce on the way downtown; and the music of the Three Flames (now composed of Warren Vaughn and Noreen Tate, pianists, and Averill Pollard, bass). Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The oldest of our music bars becomes a music hall with the arrival of Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, whose Broadway stagecraft is now devoted to the distribution of humor. George Coleman's foursome does, though, play jazz. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dizzy Gillespie, the voice of all kinds of amusing experience, has a quintet in hand. He is flanked by America's Children, a passel of very, very small folk choristers. Mondays other musicians are in possession.... **STROLLERS CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Jimmy and Marian McPartland, or primitivism and progress side by side, have joined forces (such as Edmond Hall and Marshall Brown) to make music in no uncertain terms. They gambol from eight to two. John Bunch plays remarkable piano in the neat little British pub at the back end from seven to two. The menu is British as can be. Closed Sundays.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): If the doctor prescribes folk music as a sedative, this is just about the best place to fill the prescription. Joan Toliver is the leading ministrant. The squad called Jim, Jake & Joan, whose tongues are spry and whose manner is sprightly, have fun with everything, including Miss Toliver's sort of music. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Woody Herman's raucous Herd and Red Allen's firebrands take over. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Cannonball Adderley's sextet is the cleanup batter in the lineup. On Thursday, July 23, a new assortment arrives, including Joe Williams, who wails of much too careless love, and Les McCann's threesome. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lennie Tristano's quintet, which includes Lee Konitz, vacates the premises on Thursday, July 16; next evening, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet fills the vacuum created by this move. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Dave McKenna like to work out on a fast track, but are willing to diminish the pace whenever someone feels inclined to dance. Closed Sundays. ... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, now has five sidemen to assist him in his staggering projects, which are on exhibit every night but Monday.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has music of an ancient school by Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti. No sound on Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) in residence here may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the

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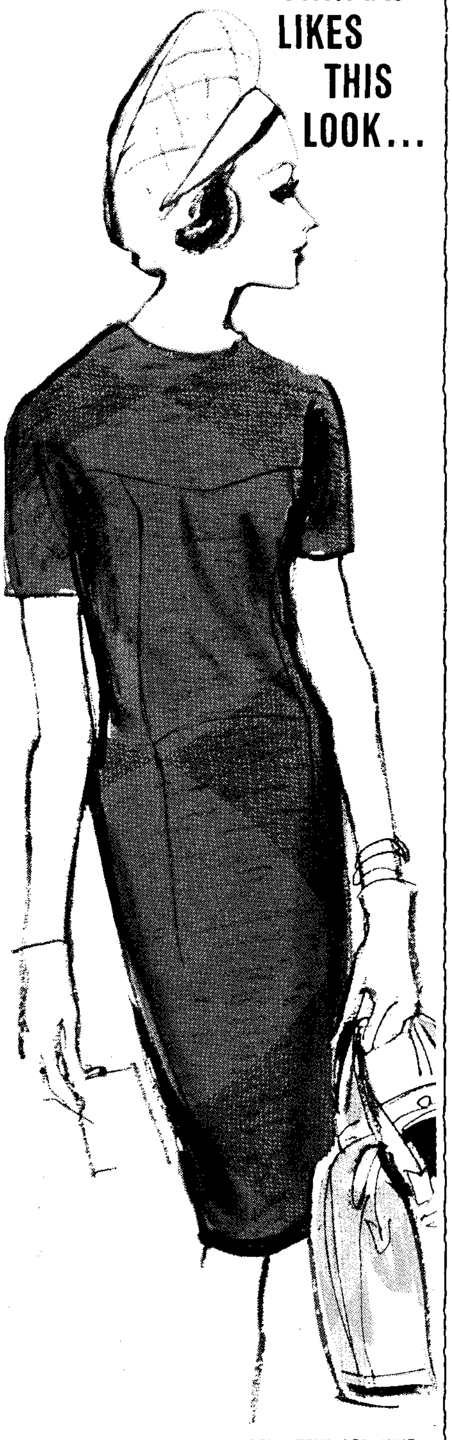

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is now shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is back in town, at a stand that is coeval with his Early Americana music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

FRANCISCO FARRERAS—Abstract collages by a Spanish artist; through Friday, July 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—A selection of modern works, from Rodin to Calder; through July 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Margo Hoff, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, 10 to 4.) . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, Costantino Nivola, and others; through July 31. . . . **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the artists in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through Friday, July 24. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by faculty members of the New York Studio School, which will open next September. Among the artists are Philip Guston, Esteban Vicente, and Sidney Geist. Through Friday, July 17. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Watercolors, landscapes, and figures by Chen Chi, Henry Gasser, John Pike, and others; through July 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by eight members of the gallery (among them Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell) who are represented in the Pavilion of Fine Arts at the World's Fair; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, July 18. (Open Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through Friday, July 24. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 30. . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and Paul Sérusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . **TIME & LIFE BUILDING EXHIBITION CENTER**, Rockefeller Center: "Mother and Child in Modern Art," consisting of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by Mary Cassatt, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Matisse, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 W. Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through Friday, July 24. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Aug. 31; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and posters by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny;

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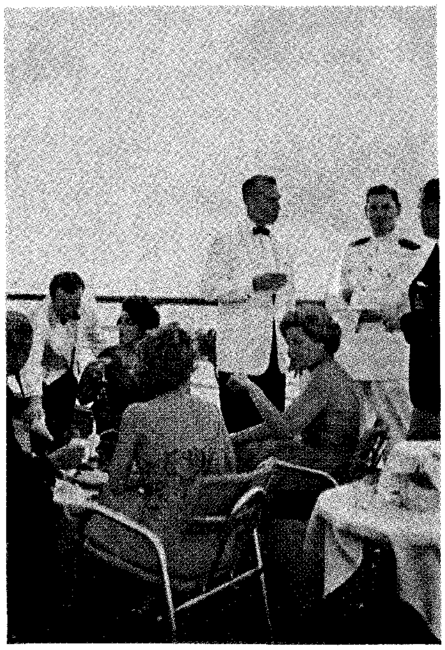

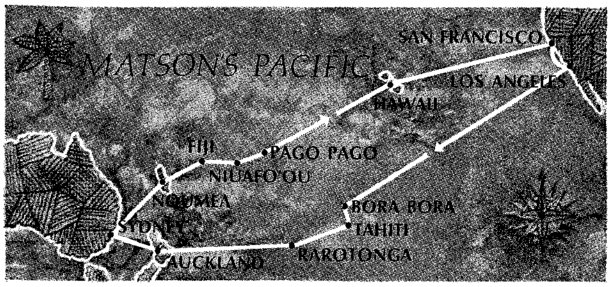

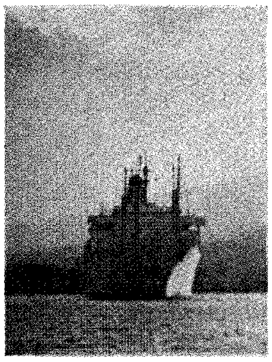

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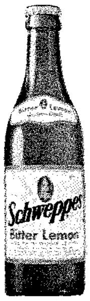


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Aug. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The American Craftsman," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

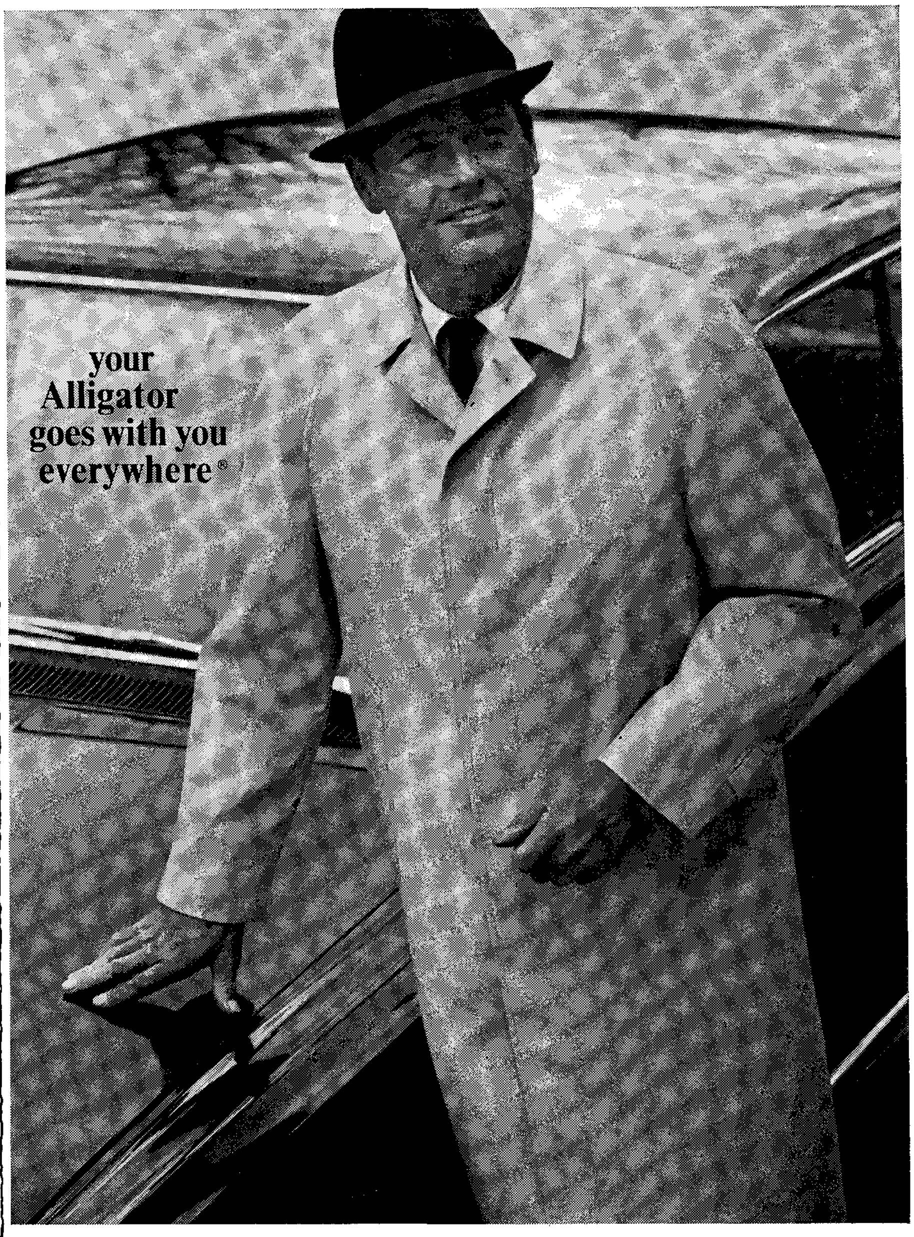
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460.)

Lewisohn Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 16: Aaron Copland conducting a program of his own music, with Adlai E. Stevenson, narrator, and William Warfield, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Van Cliburn conducting and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21: Joseph Rosenstock conducting an all-Brahms program, with Julius Katchen, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22: Joseph Rosenstock conducting an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: Franz Allers conducting an all-Dvořák program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Franz Allers conducting a performance of Johann Strauss's opera "Fledermaus" in concert form, with Arlene Saunders and Jeanette Scovotti, sopranos; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; William Greene and Robert Moulson, tenors; and Nolan Van Way, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Am-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 8. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

Philharmonic Hall—JAPAN WEEK: The last five in a series of concerts by the Toho String Orchestra, conducted by Hideo Saito, with such concomitants as floral, wood-sculpture, and print exhibits and a Japanese buffet (from 6). Thursday, July 16, at 8, and Saturday, July 18, at 9:30: With Bernard Krainis, recorder. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 7: No soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9:30: With Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. . . . **MIDSUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL:** Monday, July 20: Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra of New York in a Mozart-De Falla program, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21: The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22: Theodore Lettvin and Charles Rosen in a program of music for two and four hands. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: Edwin Flath, organ, playing Part III of Bach's Clavierübung. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24: Paul Callaway conducting the Festival Orchestra of New York in a performance of Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," with Patricia Brooks, Saramae Endich, and Linda Newman, sopranos, and Walter Carringer and Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenors. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra of New York, with Charles Bressler, tenor. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Richard P. Condie directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Charles B. Schiff conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "Faust," with soloists. (Thursday, July 16, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—A Salute to Eddie Condon, with Johnny Mercer, Bob Crosby, Billy Butterfield, Joe Bushkin, Cutty Cutshall, Helen Ward, Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Zutty Singleton, Wingy Manone, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Jack Lesberg, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, July 20, at midnight.) . . . ¶ The second in a series of outdoor concerts, this one by Mary Lou Williams and the Donald Greene quintet. (East Churchyard, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, July 22, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 17, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Strauss-Mahler program, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21, at 8: Claudio Arrau, piano, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Allan Sherman, folk singer. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 18, at 3:30: Olatunji. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 8:30: The Chad Mitchell Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 8:30: Woody Herman. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Folk Festival—Thursday, July 23, at 7: A concert of traditional music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Joan Baez, Johnny Cash, the Chad Mitchell Trio, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Theodore Bikel; Judy Collins; Peter, Paul & Mary; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 8: The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Bob Dylan, Odetta, Pete Seeger, Mississippi John Hurt, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R.I. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 18: The Royal Winnipeg Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-25: The First Chamber Dance Quartet, La Meri, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, July 16, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 17, at 8; Saturday, July 18, at 2; and Sunday, July 19, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, July 21, at 8; Wednesday, July 22, at 2; and Thursday, July 23, at 6. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 24, at 8, and Saturday, July 25, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Bob Feller, Hank Greenberg, Joe DiMaggio, Lefty Gomez, and other major-league players who participated in the 1939 All-Star game at Yankee Stadium).

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 17: Frankie Narvaez vs. Johnny Bizzarro, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24: José Stable vs. Gabe Terronez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Great American, Wednesday, July 22, and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 18; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 22; and the Choice, Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 19, at 2:15: Guimaraes vs. Schwechater and AEK vs. Red Star. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 7:30: Red Star vs. Guimaraes and Gornik vs. Schwechater. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 25, at 1.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Saturday, July 18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 18, through Saturday, July 25.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Starting Saturday, July 25.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Republican National Convention—Continues in San Francisco, through Thursday, July 16, and possibly longer.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; July 19-21.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 22. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 22, tentative.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 21, tentative.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 21, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too flat. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is Alberto Lattuada, who directed. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through July 21.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 22.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.)

The Troublemaker—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. Theodore J. Flicker wrote the script of this pleasantry with the help of Buck Henry, and both gentlemen should be proud of themselves. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

The World of Henry Orient—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 21.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Zulu—A welcome and highly diverting recreation in the grand tradition of "Beau Geste" and "Four Feathers." This time, the British are at odds with the Zulus and are outnumbered a thousand to one. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through July 21.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 17.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "An Evening Alone" (1938), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 21.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 17-20.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 21. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through July 18.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 17-20. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-19.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 22.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting July 22.)

The Living Desert (1953)—Walt Disney's nature film on the flora and fauna of our Western deserts. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting July 21.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Masters of the Congo Jungle (1960)—A survey of native and wild life in Africa, which was put together under the aegis of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 19-21.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon deWilde enact the leading roles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-19.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; July 16.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin interpreting the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Nun's Story (1959)—Audrey Hepburn in habit and coif. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 20-21.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 16. No afternoon performances.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through July 18.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 21. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 21.)

The Sundowners (1960)—About a group of Australian sheep-drovers, with Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Peter Ustinov. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 22.)

The Third Key (1957)—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safecracker. An English film. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 21.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 16.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-five-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for refurbishing, will reopen on Aug. 1.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 21: **ZULU**; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.
From July 22: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 21: "For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.
From July 22: "Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MAJOR BARBARA, revival.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
July 16: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
July 17-20: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From July 21: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
July 16: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff.
From July 17: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 21: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From July 22: **THE BEST MAN**; and **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 21 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From July 22 (tentative): **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
TOM JONES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 20: "For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.
From July 21: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; plus two Disney shorts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 21: **ZULU**; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.
From July 22: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 21: "Kapo," Susan Strasberg.
From July 22: "Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through July 21: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From July 22: "Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing But the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through July 18: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
July 19-21: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From July 22: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BEST MAN; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 21 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**
From July 22 (tentative): "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
TOM JONES.

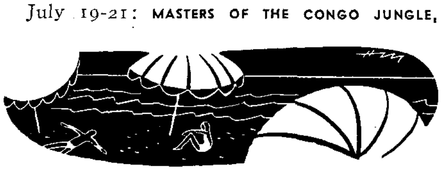
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
July 16: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff.
From July 17: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 21: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Walk a Tightrope," Dan Duryea.
From July 22: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," Tony Randall, Barbara Eden; and "Shock Treatment," Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 16: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
July 17-20: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From July 21: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 18: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer.
July 19-21: **MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE**, revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
From July 22: To be announced.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE TROUBLEMAKER.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE ORGANIZER (*in Italian*).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 21: "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret; and "Tamahine," Nancy Kwan.
From July 22: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," Tony Randall, Barbara Eden; and "Shock Treatment," Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 21: "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye; and "Tammy and the Bachelor," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Leslie Nielson.
From July 22: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 16: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French; also known as "Drôle de Drame"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay; and "The Devil's Envoys" (in French; also known as "Les Visiteurs du Soir"), revival.
From July 17: **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
July 16: **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, revival.
From July 17: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yanco," a Mexican film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 21: "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret; and "Tamahine," Nancy Kwan.
From July 22: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," Tony Randall, Barbara Eden; and "Shock Treatment," Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 16: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre; and "The Walking Dead," revival, Boris Karloff.
July 17-19: **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**, revival; and **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**, revival.
July 20-21: **THE NUN'S STORY**, revival; and "Battle Stripe" (formerly called "The Men"), revival, Teresa Wright, Marlon Brando.
From July 22: **THE SUNDOWNERS**, revival; and **A HATFUL OF RAIN**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 21: **THE THIRD KEY**, revival; and "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.
From July 22: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 16: "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Children's Hour," revival, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.
July 17: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
July 18: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
July 19: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
July 20: **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals; and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
July 21: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
July 22: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
TOM JONES.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M.... ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride.... ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours.... ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. ... ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—One of the best shows at the Fair is at the Better Living Center, which is crowded with pitchmen selling blenders, ironing-board covers, Great Books, headrests, pearl oysters, oscillating chairs, fudge, handwriting analysis, Jayne Mansfield scarves, and contact lenses.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Dynamic Maturity—Included in this exhibit, which is sponsored by the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of retired persons, is a photograph of Walter Pidgeon.

Formica House—At the intersection of the Avenues of Research and Enterprise, there is a house constructed of and furnished with indestructible materials and inhabited by an invisible but garrulous family. The moral of it all is that a house is a love story.

Greece—The first twenty-seven lines of the Odyssey are inscribed on one of the walls of the Greek Pavilion, and there is also an attractive display of Greek tobacco.

Republic of Guinea—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

House of Good Taste—The exhibit consists of three dream houses labelled "contemporary," "modern," and "traditional," all equipped with dream appliances and encyclopedias, and with two cars and a workshop in every garage. It costs fifty cents to get in.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Mormon Church Pavilion—The exhibit of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a vast building filled with murals, statues, inscriptions, and young men who are eager to explain everything.

Polynesia—Teen-age Polynesian singers, dancers, musicians, and pearl divers perform in and around a small pool. Adults $1; children fifty cents. Part of the price of an oyster guaranteed to contain at least one pearl—$2—goes to the Samoan Education Department.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, and 4:30, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:30, 5:10, 6:20, and 7:30, the rest of the week. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

"Ice-Travaganza"—An ice show put on in the New York City Building. The acts include a chimpanzee dressed as a baby girl, who is almost as funny as a man dressed as a Girl Scout. Shows at 1, 3, 5, and 7:30. Admission $1.05 to $3.35.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Oregon Timber Carnival—The show, which goes on at noon, 2, 4, 6, and 8, includes a man who does the Charleston on top of a 110-foot tree trunk said to have been imported from Oregon. Adults $1, children seventy-five cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and, no doubt, there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 4, 7, and 9. Admission 99¢ to $4.80. No shows on Sundays.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Granada—One of the three restaurants in the Spanish Pavilion, serving Spanish food such as gazpacho and paella. Good and fairly expensive. The service is efficient; reservations are not accepted.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

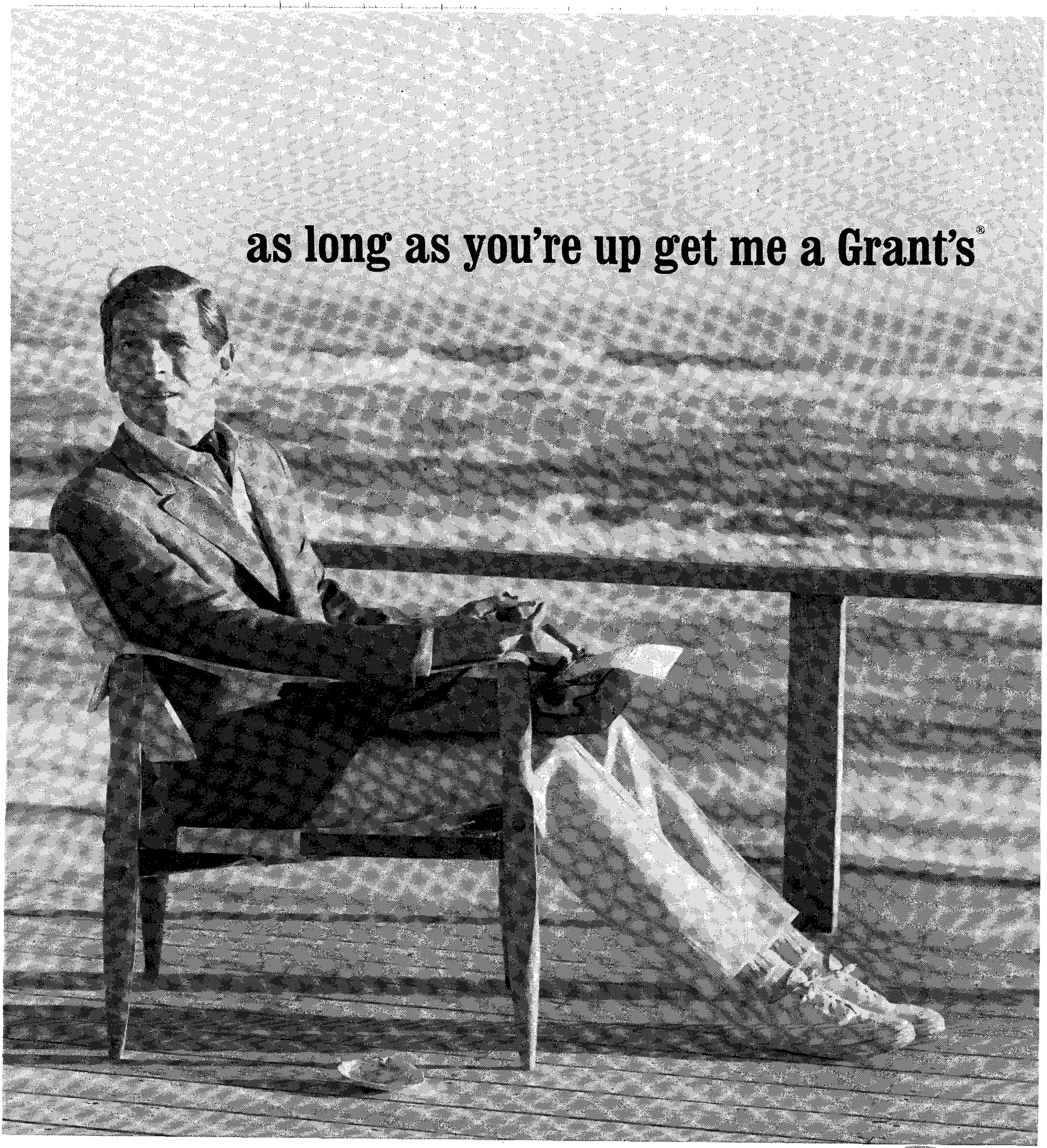
Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves good, expensive Mexican food for lunch and dinner. There are wandering musicians and an attractive, comfortable bar. *For reservations, call AR 1-0022.*

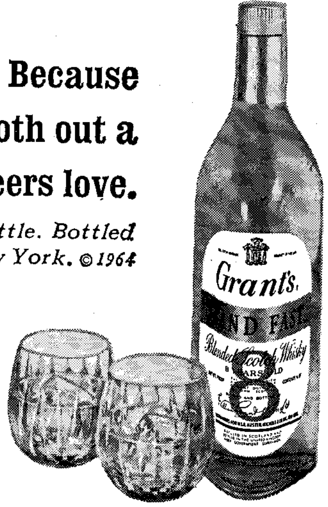
Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, the chicken Dejaj is especially good, and the meal is accompanied by Moroccan music, singing, and dancing; a mime; and a man who balances two trays of lighted candles on his head.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.


as long as you're up get me a Grant's®

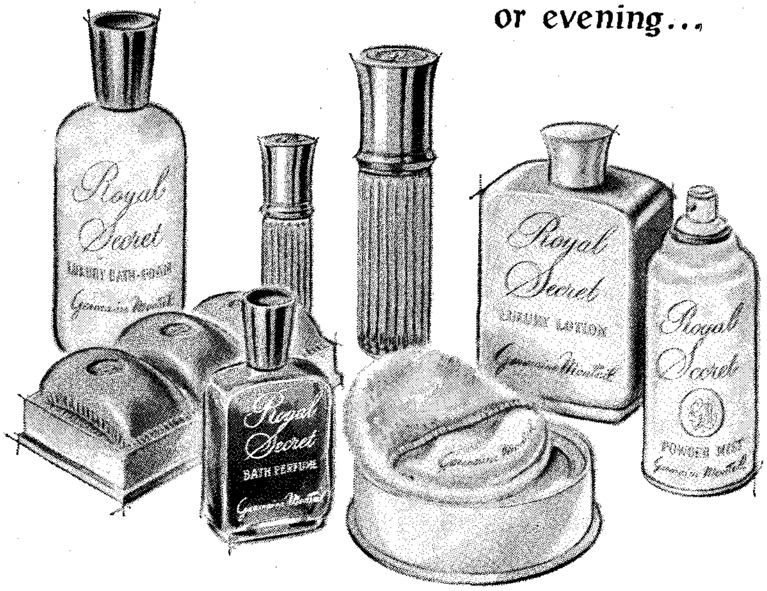
Would you please. That's right. The bottle with the 8 on it. Because it's 8 years old. And that's how long I think it takes to smooth out a Scotch. As long as you're at it why not join me? Thanks. Cheers love.

The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York. ©1964


Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

Royal Secret

the sweetest way
to start the day...
or evening...


Royal Secret
LUXURY BATH-FOAM
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
LUXURY LOTION
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
POWDER MIST
Germaine Monteil

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

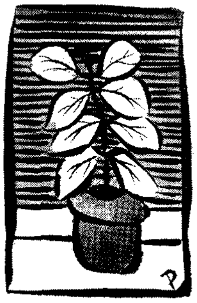
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a recent bright day, we made a journey to the World's Fair expressly to revisit the Underground World Home, which has come to haunt our dreams. This structure, or excavation, is the ultimate article in fallout shelters, being a richly appointed ten-room burrow with a steel double door. It is buried, like a qualifying footnote, under an archway that proclaims the theme of the Fair to be "Peace Through Understanding." On the whole, it is an anomalous piece of domestic architecture, combining the small, familiar pleasures of the hearth with the headier excitements of Doomsday. It will not suit every temperament. It does not suit ours. After our first visit, in fact, we were baffled when we attempted to guess at the quirks of character that might fit one to live contentedly in the Underground World, shut away from all the extraordinary visions that sunlight affords. We therefore put our imagination and sympathies to the stretch and tried to fit ourself into the role. And so began our haunting.

At first, we managed very well. We could picture ourself, as the hypothetical householder, throwing open the window, some ten feet beneath the sod, in order to enjoy the quadruply filtered, comfort-conditioned artificial breeze, and to admire the patently bogus landscape that spread itself inches beyond the very real sash. After several deep and bracing breaths of this denatured air, we might audaciously decide to pop up to the surface for a fast game of croquet, if the international situation appeared to justify the risk. Then down we would scuttle again, exhilarated by our bold expedition to the world's spicy surface, and lock our door and inspect every room and hug ourself in the snug security of our warren. At this point in our reverie, though, trouble always set in. Were we *really* secure? Something nibbled at our memory of that first visit. We dimly sensed an unauthorized twist in the labyrinth, a tiny chink in the carapace, through which death—or life—might enter to cheat our precautions.

So the other day we returned to the Underground World Home and began a slow and careful examination of it, fairly pestering the guides with questions. At every point, protection appeared absolute. We were told, for example, that a system of windowpanes buried in the ground and encased in concrete offered perfect security against Peeping Toms. We had not considered this advantage before. Nevertheless, our vague misgivings persisted. We peered and prodded, queried and squinted, and at last, when we arrived at the underground patio, the revelation came. We found a group of fellow-tourists there, reclining on paradoxical outdoor furniture and gazing with unimaginable speculation at plastic flowers festooning the trellis overhead. They looked like neighbors come to a nether-world barbecue. Our diffuse suspicions sharpened to a point. We hunted up a guide. Was there, we asked, any discreet, indirect contrivance—some clever arrangement of mirrors, perhaps—that would enable the householder to learn the state of the world without leaving his burrow? The guide answered that there was not—that the householder, to satisfy his curiosity, must openly emerge and baldly peer. Here, surely, was the flaw we had dimly sensed. We imagined our householder, having switched on a pleasant evening on his window sill, browsing contentedly through the pages of "Humanoids," by Jack Williamson—a book we had observed in the shelter's library. There comes a knock at the door. Amiably, he lays his book aside and rises to answer. Then he stops, in sudden perplexity and distress. The knock is repeated and repeated, but he doesn't stir. For he has no way of knowing, poor gopher, whether that rapping signals only the arrival of a neighbor on an ordinary visit, who must be greeted with hospitality, or whether it announces the more desperate arrival of a neighbor seeking refuge from the ultimate catastrophe, who must, of course, be denied entrance. Here is a fault indeed. On behalf of our imaginary householder, then, we urge the designer of the shelter, Mr. Jay Swayze, to provide it with a good working periscope, so that mistakes can be avoided. We were pleased, as we stood in the buried patio, to have discovered so easy a remedy for the anxieties of our imaginary householder, and still more pleased to dismiss him from our mind.



We left the Underground World Home—forever, we trust—by way of the steel shelter doors and climbed a flight of stairs to emerge, blinking, into the light of common day. We continue to believe that this is the light by which, at last, we all must learn to see.

Barman

WITH the exception of Maxfield Parrish, who will be ninety-four next week, and who is currently being honored with an exhibition at the Gallery of Modern Art, M. Fernand Petiot, the head bartender of the St. Regis, has been continuously exposed to the art of Maxfield Parrish longer than anyone else, since for three decades he has been making drinks in the immediate vicinity of Parrish's ten-by-thirty-foot mural "Old King Cole." "I came to this country, and to the St. Regis, in 1933, from the Savoy, in London," he told us when we sidled into the ambience of his, and Parrish's, *œuvre* before business hours the other morning. The celebrated mural, we learned, was painted in 1906, for the grill of the then new Knickerbocker Hotel, an Astor property. During prohibition, the hotel was converted into an office building, and Vincent Astor moved the King to the Racquet and Tennis Club; following repeal, he transferred him to the St. Regis, another Astor property. M. Petiot, who was born in Paris six years before Old King Cole was born in Cornish, Vermont, will terminate his royal association at the end of this year, when he expects to retire, at least from the St. Regis, and write a book of cocktail recipes. "I initiated the Bloody Mary of today," he told us. "George Jessel said he created it, but it was really nothing but vodka and tomato juice when I took it over. I cover the bottom of the shaker with four large dashes of salt, two dashes of black pepper, two dashes of cayenne pepper, and a layer of Worcestershire sauce; I then add a dash of lemon juice and some cracked ice, put in two ounces of vodka and two ounces of thick tomato juice, shake, strain, and pour. We serve from a hundred to a hundred and fifty Bloody Marys a day here in the King Cole Room and in the other restaurants and the banquet rooms."

According to M. Petiot, who has a staff of seventeen barmen under him, the mixed drink most popular at the hotel is the Martini. "We serve from two hundred to three hundred a day," he said. "We beat them very strongly and serve them very cold. The ice must be solid. Home Martinis are sometimes inferior because hollow ice cubes are used; they melt too fast. Women used to drink things like Clover Clubs, but today they like Martinis, and like them just as dry as the men do, or even drier. I make Martinis seven to one—Gordon's gin and Noilly Prat vermouth. Dry Manhattans and Rob Roys are picking up. Scotch is always in demand, and we have a hundred and thirty-five different Scotches. We serve around a million drinks a year. We used to sell a good many Side Cars and champagne cocktails, but mixed drinks with brandy are too expensive now. We have to charge two dollars or more for them. So many nice things are dying."

M. Petiot wears rimless glasses and looks like a genial college professor. He married at eighteen, and he and his wife, who live in Jackson Heights, have two sons, five grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. His parents ran a sixty-room *pension de famille* on the Rue Chalgrin, in Paris. In his early teens, he helped out in his mother's kitchen after school. When he was sixteen, he joined the staff of Harry's New York Bar, on the Rue Daunou, as a kitchen boy. "During the First World War, the American doughboys who came in called me the Frog," he said. "The nickname was a friendly one. I acted as their banker. Sailors on shore leave sometimes handed me envelopes containing as much as two hundred dollars and instructed me never to give them more than ten dollars a day, no matter *what* they said. Mrs. Mary Duke Biddle brought me to the St. Regis; she owned it at the time. Vincent Astor foreclosed on her a year later. He generally lunched here, and he was a great Martini drinker. He liked rum, but it was mostly Martinis and Scotches. I made his cocktails from 1933 until his death, in 1959." Besides making or supervising the making of the St. Regis's drinks, the military banker of yesteryear runs the hotel's beverage department and draws up the lists for its wine cellars.

We asked him for the favorite drinks of a few living customers, and a day or two later he sent us the following list:

Rex Harrison—Americano.
Quentin Reynolds—Bull Shot.
Broderick Crawford—Vodka and 7-Up.
Jack Topping—Perrier and orange juice.
Billy Talbert—Beer.
Phil Harris—Bourbon.
Pat O'Brien—Red Snapper.
Peter Duchin—Bloody Mary.
Mel Allen—Scotch-on-the-rocks.
Peter Donald—House of Lords Martini.
Arthur Fiedler—Bourbon Old-Fashioned.
Gates Davison—Vodka Martini.
Salvador Dali—Vichy Celestin and orange juice.
Ava Gardner—Martini and Scotch-on-the-rocks.
Joe DiMaggio—Scotch.
Darryl Zanuck—Perrier and Dubonnet or Carpano.
Dan Topping—Scotch.
John McClain—Martini.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—Martini.

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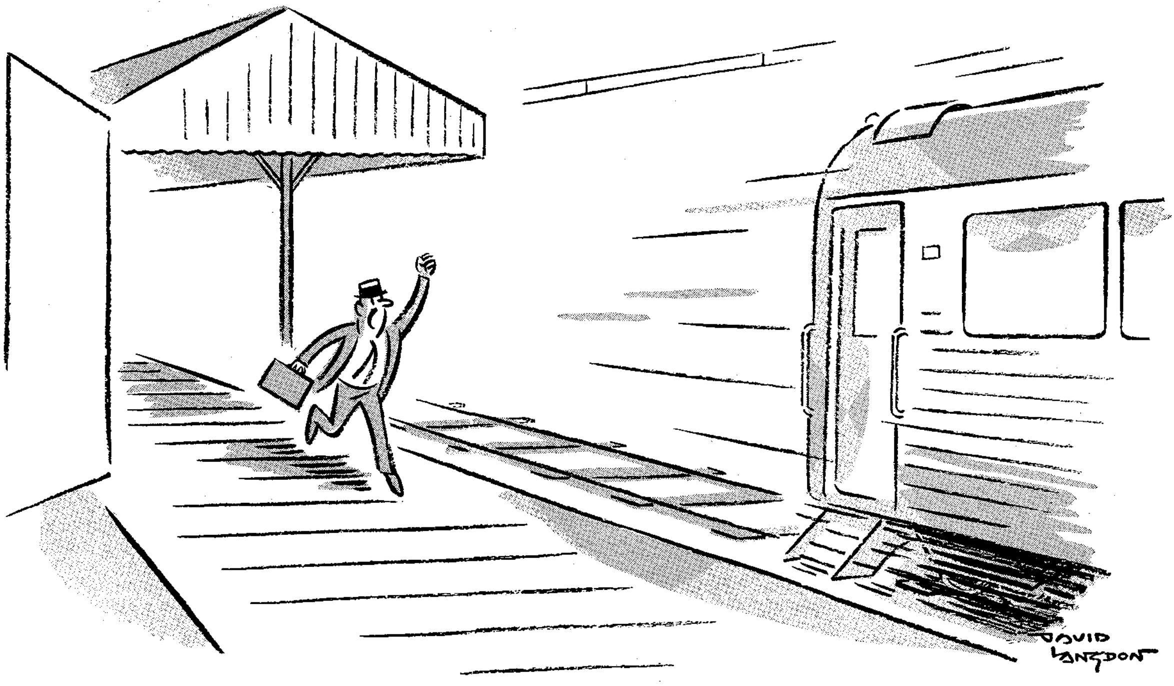
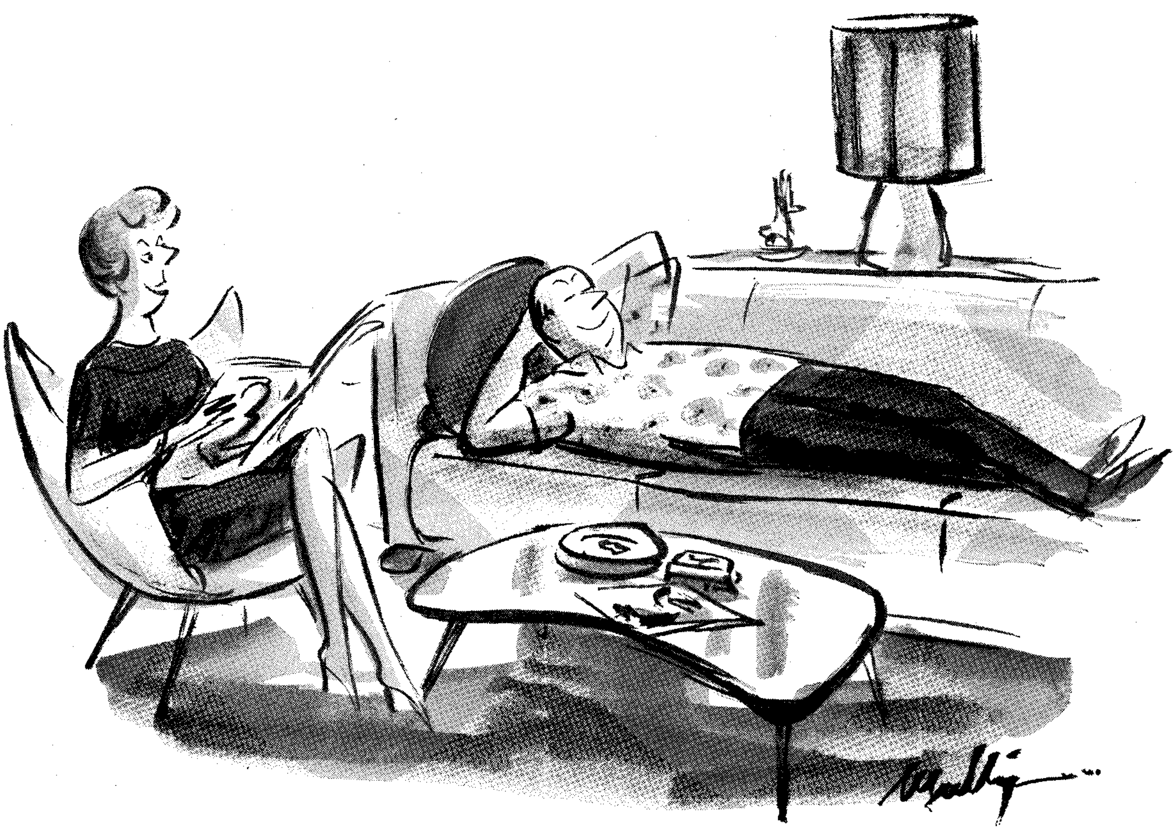
THE Newton, Massachusetts, police force has a bright-blue station wagon equipped with a siren, flashing lights, and other conspicuous indications that it is not an ordinary vehicle. Clearly lettered on its side is "Plainclothes Division."



"*After all the times I waited for* ***you*** *when* ***you*** *were late!*"

Frank Exchange

UNDER the sponsorship of a couple of charitable foundations attached to the Corning Glass Works, a week-long private conference of twenty-five prominent Africans was recently held in the pleasing small town of Corning, in the pleasing green heart of the pleasing vast State of New York. The subject discussed was "Training for Leadership," and since it's hard to think of any subject more vital to the future of Africa, the conference drew a distinguished group of high officials, about equally divided between French-speaking and English-speaking African nations. It also drew us—at least for the opening day. Having arrived in Corning, we learned from a Corning executive that the conference had been proposed by an African who had attended an earlier conference. "The new nations need help in organizing and running their governments," the Corning man told us. "They seek guidance in the establishment of crash programs for finding and training large numbers of leaders. This conference is closed to the public, in order to promote an absolutely free and frank exchange of ideas."



"What is it this time, dear? A hole in one or a straight flush?"

• •

The delegates to the conference came to Corning by chartered plane, and were saluted at the airport by a detachment of Boy Scouts bearing a colorful assortment of African flags and by a junior-high-school-age drum-and-bugle corps, which shivered the runways with a rousing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." At an outdoor reception held shortly afterward, we found that we were able to divide the delegates into groups sartorially, alcoholically, and conversationally; the English-speaking Africans wore neat, dark sack suits of the sort that one would expect to encounter in the City of London, drank gin or Scotch, and tended to form small, stationary islands of low-pitched talk, while the French-speaking ones, whatever their ages, managed to look like informally dressed students at the Sorbonne, drank white wine or vermouth, and wandered about in pairs, gesticulating violently. We'd been told that every delegate to the conference was either a politician or an educator or a trade unionist.

The first delegate we met was Mr. Hyden D. Banda, the Minister of Housing and Social Development for Northern Rhodesia. "We're getting our independence in October," Mr. Banda said. "We plan to establish an African nation in the true sense—we tell our young people to get rid of everything foreign, so we can project our own personality. Northern Rhodesia is to be called Zambia, because the Zambezi River runs through it. I am changing my own first name as well. Instead of the European name Hyden, I'll use my original name, Dingiswayo, which means 'Big Chief.' The name Banda, by the way, means 'People Who Belong to the Clan of the Hunting Dog.' "

We asked Mr. Tarcisius George Silundika, a delegate from Southern Rhodesia, if he was planning to change his name.

"No, I am a Catholic and will stick with the name I was given at baptism," he said. "When my country becomes independent, we will call it Zimbabwe, after the famous ruins near Fort Victoria. I'm a member of the Zimbabwe African People's Union, which is the most powerful native political party in the country. It's not at all popular with the present government. Of the seventeen members of our executive committee, only four are not in jail."

The conference proper got under way in the library of the Corning Community College—a high-ceilinged room with an enormous picture window looking out over the Chemung River valley—and one of the first delegates to speak was Mr. Hedi Baccouche, of Tunisia. (He spoke in French, everyone being equipped with headphones for simultaneous translation.) "My country needs leaders at different levels, and the best place to find them is in the various youth groups," he said. "Unfortunately, cultural colonialism continues to leave its mark on our young intellectuals. Many of those who have important responsibilities become middle-class in their thinking—so attached to capitalist ideals that they lose touch with their own national reality. We must attempt to win these people back, because they are so often the best educated and best trained in technology—in short, the best adapted to the modern world."

"We approach the problem somewhat differently," said Mr. Joseph K. B. Nyerere, of Tanganyika. "First, we must always consider the goal. You can train a man to be a member of a tribe, or perhaps a citizen of Tanganyika, or you can get him to look beyond his narrow horizons and see the unity of the whole continent of Africa. Today, we must have leaders who think of their countries as provinces of the larger nation of Africa. Our danger is that we may produce leaders who are neither European *nor* African."

"In the past, the most militant champions of African independence weren't necessarily the best-educated men," said Mr. Baccouche. "At the present level of development, a lack of education cannot be tolerated. We tell our older leaders, 'Gentlemen, you have done a great job, but nowadays a leader must be acquainted with complex technical and economic problems.' "

"Ah, but *now* we will create our own élite!" said Mr. Banda. "It will serve to maintain contact between the government and the masses. The moment we take over power in Zambia, we intend to develop our youth in such a way that we will rule forever. The masses must always be taught by a political party what to do, and our youth movement will be the contact point. Youth will transmit our ideas to the people and yet will be free to come back and criticize us, if they wish."

Chief Joseph Modupe Johnson, of Nigeria, shook his head and remarked that in his opinion it would be a great mistake for political parties to be allowed to take over the entire education of a country's future leaders. He himself, he added, was a great believer in the Scouting movement.

"We have had Boy Scouts who put on their uniforms and shot down our people," said Mr. Banda. "We absorbed them, and rightly so. You cannot have two masters in one country. Youth must be given direction and drilled in national aspirations."

"With three political parties in Nigeria, we leave our young people to practice the politics of their choice," said Chief Johnson. "If they want to learn political trickery, it is up to them to join a party and learn it, but leave teaching to institutions that have no political axe to grind."

Mr. Louis Mandala, director of the National Institute of Political Studies in the Congo, mentioned that his school, in Léopoldville, had managed to preserve strict neutrality in respect to the political parties in his country.

"How many do you have?" asked Mr. Banda.

"Forty," said Mr. Mandala.

"Forty!" exclaimed Mr. Banda, taking off his headphone and glancing incredulously about the room. "Did I understand you correctly?"

Mr. Mandala nodded.

"That is *more* than freedom!" said Mr. Banda, aghast.

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A CIRCULAR from Gristede's offers "Semi-Boneless Fully Cooked Hams" for your dinner table.

Ticker

SINCE we are an eager amateur of local history, our interest was aroused by a letter to the *Times*, a while ago, from Mr. H. A. Calahan, of Mamaroneck, who, addressing himself to the subject of ticker-tape parades, said, *in part*:

> . . . a ticker-tape parade is also a monument to my father, the late Edward A. Calahan, who put the ticker tape where it could be flung out in this uniquely Gothamite accolade to the great and deserving. In 1867 he invented the stock ticker, *without which there would be no ticker tape* and perhaps no tall buildings from which to fling it. . . . The stock ticker, together with its tape, didn't just happen. Someone had to invent it, put it over, make it function. You've forgotten him, or perhaps never heard of him. But it is not inappropriate to think of him and his tremendous contribution to our economy when his tape floats down to greet a new hero.

Curious to learn more about both the inventor father and the evidently literary son ("Gothamite accolade," indeed!), we telephoned Mr. Calahan, and were invited to have lunch with him a few days later in Mamaroneck. "Take the eleven-twenty train, upper level, Grand Central," he told us. "I'll meet you at the station. You can easily recognize me by my car, a black-and-white '57 De Soto with a hard top, and fins sticking out at the back. As for me, I'm seventy-four years old and chewed up and spit out."

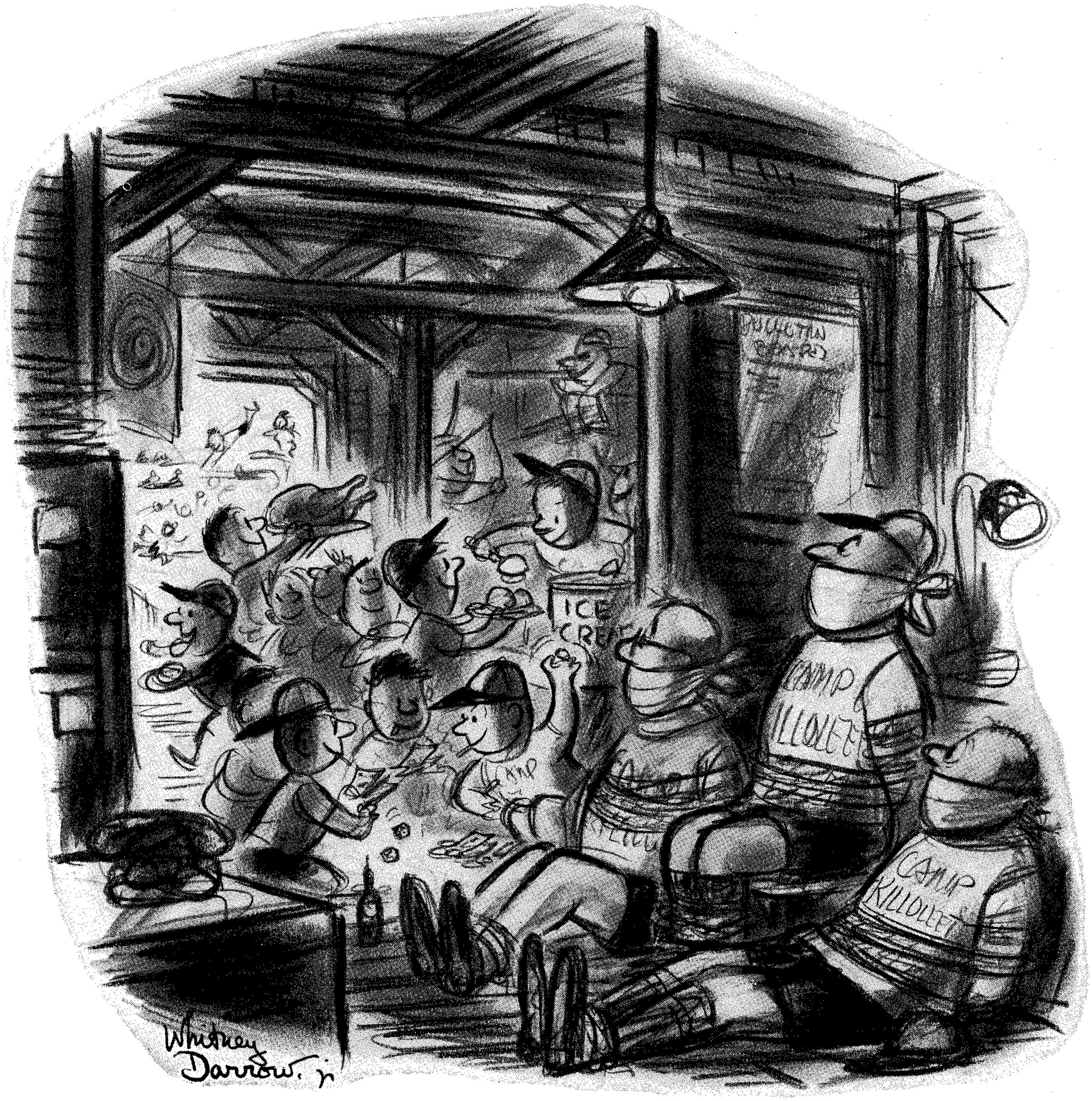
Within forty-eight hours, we were in receipt of a splendid specimen of the Calahan epistolary style, to wit:

> I have been thinking about our proposed rendezvous next Friday, and the train arrives at 12:02. Incidentally, I misled you when I said it departed from the upper level; it departs from the lower level on Friday at 11:20.
>
> In order to make identification easy, I will meet you right on the platform, near the rear of the train and not in the station. For identification purposes, I will wear a pair of horn-rimmed oxford glasses, with a free-floating black silk ribbon—the kind of thing that was the trademark of the literati about thirty years ago.
>
> I find that when I make a date to meet a train, I get caught on the telephone, or find that I have a flat tire or my battery has run down. If I am not there when the train pulls in, you may expect me in a few minutes, so wait right on the platform. If the delay should be serious for some reason, I will ask one of my assistants to pick you up. She is a Chinese girl and will be driving a cream-colored Tempest of recent model.

On the appointed day, we got off the train at Mamaroneck, feeling distinctly James Bond-like, and immediately spotted the finned black-and-white De Soto. Standing beside it was a man who we correctly assumed was Mr. Calahan, though he didn't look a bit chewed up and spit out. Trim and spry, with straight silvery hair and rimless bifocals, he shook our hand and said, "Forgot the recognition glasses, but no matter. We're having lunch at the American Yacht Club. Hop in."

On the way to the Yacht Club and then over a drink at the bar there, Mr. Calahan led us briskly back into the middle of the nineteenth century. "You must see the ticker against the background of its time," he said. "No electric light. No typewriter. No car, or even bicycle, and telegraph but no telephone. Pop, as I called him, was born in Boston in 1838. His full name was Edward Augustin Calahan. He quit school at eleven and, wanting to get into the most modern business there was, became a telegrapher. Pop worked—first in Boston, then in New York—for what later developed into the Western Union Company. When the Civil War broke out, he tried to enlist, but he was turned down as being too important as a telegrapher. Being the chief telegrapher in the New York office of Western Union, he was entrusted with the handling of most of the government's secret wartime messages."

One day in 1867, our host went on, a sudden shower drove young Calahan to take refuge in the doorway of a building tenanted by members of one or another of the several stock exchanges then flourishing here. At the time, bankers and brokers could learn the prices of gold and stocks only by means of free-lance messenger boys, who rushed about ascertaining the latest quotations on the different exchanges. The hurly-burly of boys plunging in and out of the doorway that day kept forcing Calahan back into the rain, and, in his irritation, he was struck by the thought that some system of telegraphy would be a better way of communicating quotations. Since fluctuations in the price of gold were then of more importance than fluctuations in the price of stocks, Calahan worked out what he called an "indicator" for the price of gold, only to find that someone had anticipated the invention; he at once took up the far more difficult problem of how to communicate quotations not on just one commodity but on a very large number of stocks. Within a matter of weeks, he had devised a machine that printed on paper tape the name of each stock and its price on each sale, had patented it, and had sold it to the newly organized Gold & Stock Telegraph Co. for a hundred thousand dollars. "That was a lot of money in those days," Mr. Calahan said. "In



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fact, I believe it was the highest price paid for an invention up to that time. But it was well worth it to the company, which for many years enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the ticker business. Incidentally, Pop wanted to call his invention the Stock Quotation Telegraph Instrument, but, as he later wrote, 'The name "ticker" was given to this instrument by a lounger in a broker's office and for some reason was adopted by the public. The different companies advertising their "tickers" in the windows of barrooms and restaurants served to endorse this meaningless and most inappropriate name.' "

Over lunch, Mr. Calahan told us of a number of other ingenious and profitable inventions of his father's. "By the time he died, at seventy-four, he'd taken out over forty patents," he said. "I was born when he was fifty-one—the second child of his second marriage—and he was always an old man to me. Around the time I was born, Pop lost nearly his whole fortune—about half a million dollars—in two days, in a big stock-market crash and bank failure. We lived in a fine house on Cumberland Street, in Brooklyn, and we hung on to that and to a couple of servants and a horse—the remnants of wealth continue for a remarkably long time—but Pop never made the financial recovery that he firmly believed was just around the corner. I went to Columbia on scholarships, then into advertising. I've written fifteen books, eleven of them on sailing, and at present I'm in business selling marine supplies. As my father's son, I've invented a couple of things—a varnish you chill in ice and then apply cold, and a substance I call Calignum, which goes into rotted wood and restores its strength."

•

SIMPLE declarative sentence on a sign in the employees' cafeteria of the Glen Cove Community Hospital: "Florence Nightingale wouldn't have thrown cigarette butts on the floor of the corridor or in the elevator."

THE MORNING

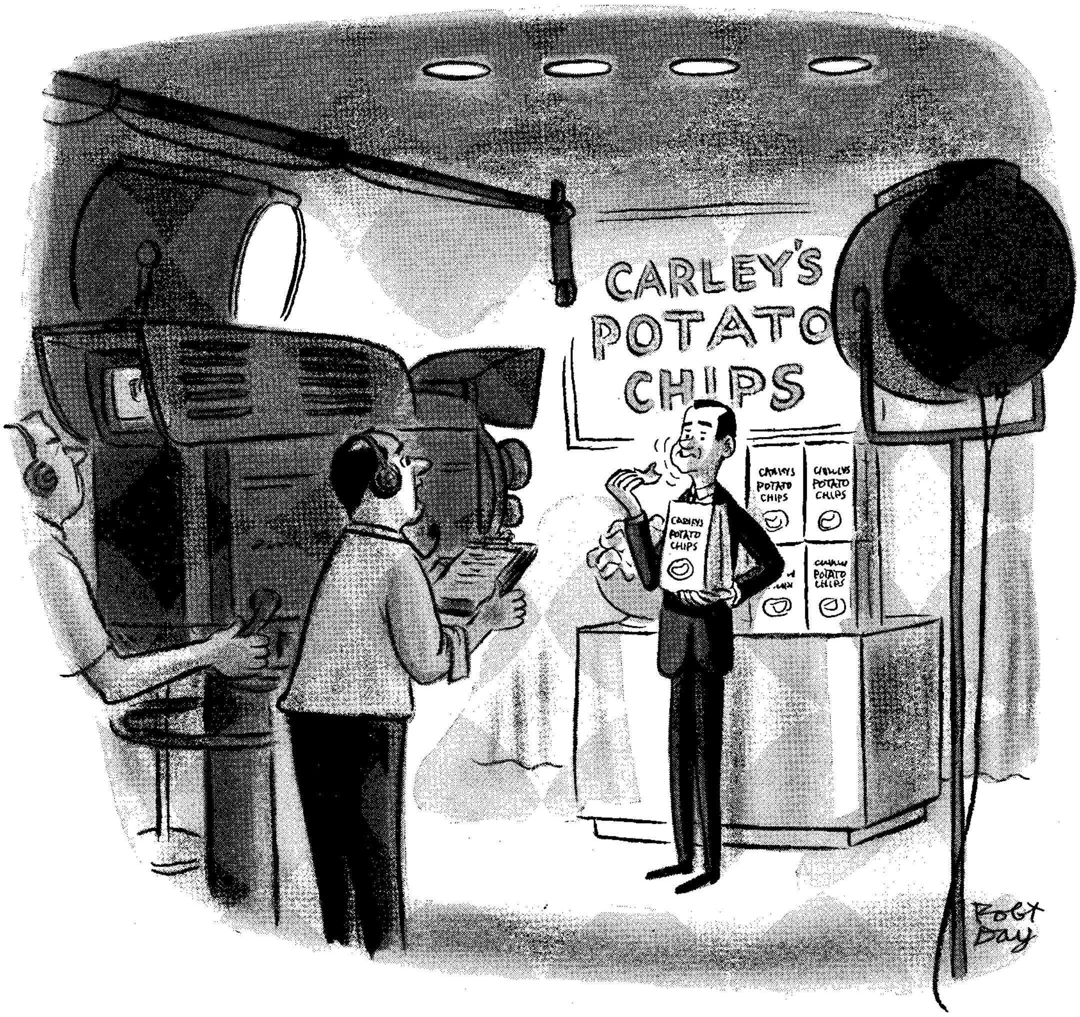
HE lived alone, in a room only she had ever made habitable. Each morning he awoke to the same walls and was always slightly surprised at the sameness of the cracks and nail holes and replastered patches, as if this pattern were a set of thoughts to which a night's solid meditation had not added the merest nick of a new idea. He awoke to the same ticking clock on the mock mantel, the same shivering half-height refrigerator, the same nagging sour smell that, behind the baseboard and around the sink, had come to live with him. He would dress, and boil an egg, and crack it on a piece of toast, and heat last evening's coffee, and rinse the plate and cup, and take up a book and sit and wait. The chair would grow suffocating. The sense of the words would skid and circle senselessly under the print. He would rise, and walk around the room, pausing at every place where they had lain together, staring, as if terrified, at the bed that still bore two pillows. She was a nurse, and worked afternoons and evenings, and used to come to him in the mornings. He was a student, but of what, he had forgotten. As if to remember, he would look out the window.

Of the city outside, he could see several brick walls, and a small flat roof of pebbles her bare feet had consecrated in the summer past, and a rusty construct of metal, almost organically complex, that was a chimney or a vent or the mouth of a chute and that may or may not have been in use. In the broad gaps between brick walls he could see a skyline that had a gold dome in it, and delicate smokestacks which the morning sun whittled like church balusters, and parallel plumes of smoke quickly indistinguishable from natural clouds, and a kind of subdued twinkle that testified to the world of activity the city, like the surface of a sea, concealed. At moments his dull attention caught, like a slack sail idly filling, a breath, from this multifaceted horizon, of the hope that set in motion and sustained so many industrial efforts, so much commercial traffic, such ingenious cross-fertilization of profit, such energetic devotion to the metamorphosis of minerals, the transport of goods, the interplay of calculations, the efficiency of machines. The skyline then spread itself before his eyes like one of those laborious Asiatic pictorial conceits that compose an elephant out of naked maidens, or depict a tree of gods whose faintest twig doubles as a smile and whose smallest bud is also a fingernail. A sense of human constructiveness would seize him and try to lift him again into the airy realm of fresh ideas, eddying notes, scholarly ambition, and purpose. The forgotten object of his studies would present itself to him like a long-scorned wife who has taken a lover and again grown beautiful. He would panic with jealousy. But the pang, like a flitting glimmer from something reflective in the horizon, would pass; his eyes would shorten their focus and he would leadenly observe how the rectangular windowpanes were being rounded by the infringement of successive layers of paint carelessly applied to the mullions. A kind of demon of disconnection would abruptly occupy his body, and he felt his heart as an angrily pulsing intruder, his hands as hanging presences weighted with blood sent from a great distance. He realized within himself the intricate scaffolding of mechanical connection and chemical coöperation that upheld his life, and felt its complexity as a terrible tenuousness. He would go to the sofa and lift one of the cushions. There, in a dingy sanctum of upholstery, lay a few long hairs, almost invisible on the black cloth. He would study them as if to re-create the head from which they had strayed, and the face that had masked this head with a soul, and the body that had given this soul extension into the solid splendor of the earth. By picking up one hair and holding it to the light he could detect a faint ghost of the golden color that often had spilled, a vivid gift, across his bare shoulders. He would replace the hair, and restore the cushion, as spinsters press a flower into a Bible.

The room was, if anything, bigger than it needed to be. When he sat and tried to read, the unused space seemed to watch him with eyes of knobs and nail holes and knotted configurations in the carpet. The space cried for another person to occupy it. Two had just fitted in this room; their voices had flattened the walls, pressed the furniture back into its servile state of being wood and cloth, submerged the shuddering of the refrigerator and the ticking of the clock. When he opened the door to her (She always looked a little startled and wary, but why? Who could she expect it to be but him?), his heart would fill his chest so tightly he had to hold her against him, like a compress, for minutes while the threat of its bursting subsided.

From the first, their embrace had seemed predetermined. His hands always went to the same places on her back, one at the nape of her neck, the other at the base of her spine. Always he rested his face on the same side of her head, so that for all he knew now she might have worn a different perfume behind the other ear. The perfume he

HELP
THIS FAMILY
SEE THE
WORLD'S FAIR



"Just chew normally. We'll dub in the crunch later."

• •

inhaled was powdery, a hushed fragrance less of flowers than of spice, strangely far away in the tingling mansion of her hair, and tinged, perhaps only in his imagination, with a sweet tang left from the hospital corridors. She was clean, beautifully clean, and he had associated this also with her work in the hospital, work which, it seemed to him, in its daily experience of bodies enabled her to accept, so totally, so frontally, his own.

Usually she would be wearing a street dress when she came, blue or green or brown, and when she left, at noon, she would be wearing a nurse's white uniform. Between these two costumes there was a third, when she was clothed in herself; so that the morning, which in the days before she first came had been so single in its purpose and so monotonous in its execution, became instead a triptych, whose two side panels, when her footsteps had receded down the stairs and the outer door of the building had closed behind her, folded in memory over the central panel, whose beauty could not be remembered but had to be, each time, revealed. In time, the very hours took their tint from the pattern of her visits, the hour after nine being blue or green or brown, the hour after that tan and blond and pink and pale, and the final hour, the most hurried, often a few quick minutes, sheer white, like the flash that engulfs the screen when the film has run out and clatters loosely in the projector. Perhaps because these minutes were closest to him, across the long gap that separated him from her last visit, he saw them most distinctly—the square folds of her starched blouse, the sudden bun she composed with the hairpins they could find, the flat white shoes and plain cotton stockings that, in innocently shaping her calves and starkly emphasizing her female solidity, revived the erotic fire her natural body, in its lazy naturalness, had damped.

He loved her in her uniform, and on the occasions when he had ventured into the hospital for a glimpse of her he felt in the corridors of identically uniformed women as if he were raiding a harem, or a cloister of the lascivious nuns who throng French pornography. There was, in her rising from beside him to don white, something blasphemous and yet holy, a reassumption of virginity emblematic of the (to a man) mystical inviolability of a woman. It was like nothing else in his experience. A book, once read, can only be reread; a machine, used, imperceptibly wears out. But she, his magical nurse, came to him always beautifully clean, and unexperienced, and slightly startled, like a morning, and left, at noon, immaculate.

Dressed otherwise, she was in comparison disappointing. Often she left her heels and silk stockings and street dress behind in his room, as a pledge to return. Their presence was not as satisfying as it should have been; there was an unease surrounding them, a vague request to be explained and justified. And when, in the night, she returned, and passed from the uniform into them, it was a descent. Dressed as other women, she became one of them, a woman who sat in restaurants, and ate the food, and drank sometimes too much, and nervously crossed and recrossed the legs self-consciously lengthened by high spike heels, and talked a little awry. He impossibly expected of her conversation the same total frontal fit her body gave him. The woman separated from him by a restaurant table was a needless addition to the woman who was perfect; she wished to add needlessly to the love that needed nothing but endless continuance. It was this woman who hinted of marriage, and it was this woman who, in the dim restaurant light, misread his word "unable" to mean "unwilling," and took offense.

These evenings with her, which ended sharply and chastely at midnight, when the curfew fell in the supervised apartment where she lived, were less than entirely real and blended with the cramped dreams that dissolved under the triumphal advent of morning. Morning brought him onto another plane altogether, as when one looks up from a crowded printed page to a pale door upon which a knock has just sounded. Awake, he would gratefully drink the radiance that renewed every detail of his room, and rise, and shed his dreams, and make enough fresh coffee for them both, and begin to listen. The outer door downstairs would softly open; there was an alto squeak only she produced from the hinges. Her first steps on the flight of stairs would be inaudible. Her stealth seemed the airy lightness of expectation. Her feet would press the top treads firmly, evenly, like piano pedals; an abrasive slither would cross the linoleum hall; and her knock, three blurred beats with an inquisitive pause between the second and the third, would sound.

HE listened now. The downstairs door opened. In the little skip of silence following the squeak of the hinges, his heart found space to erect a towering certainty, which toppled as the first brutal, masculine steps—boot steps—assaulted the stairs. Still, perhaps she was wearing galoshes, perhaps in the empty months her manner of mounting had changed, perhaps she was angry, or rigid with determination, or heavy with fright. He noiselessly went to his door, his hand lifted to turn the knob. The footsteps slithered on the linoleum and passed by. He felt relieved. He had lived so long with the vain expectation of her coming that it, the expectation, had become a kind of companion he was afraid of losing. He stared at the wall, dumbstruck by its stupidity. He turned sick of himself, physically sick, so that his arms ached and his stomach fell and the nagging sour smell behind the baseboard seemed the odor of his own rotting body. He returned to the chair and tried to study.

The outer door opened again, delicately this time. His heartbeats timed the silence. He saw her, dressed in blue or green or brown, ascending the diagonal corridor toward him, her lips a little parted in the effort of stealth, her hand, slightly reddened and bony from antiseptic scrubbings, lightly touching the wall for balance. The silence lengthened, lengthened beyond recall, and he forced himself to admit that there was no one on the stairs, that the wind or a child had idly opened the door from outside and let it fall shut. He rose from the chair in a rage; why didn't she *know*, know how he wanted her now, not in white, but in blue or green or brown? This was the woman he wanted, the woman much like other women, the woman who talked awry in restaurants, who wanted to marry him, the woman who came to him and not the woman, in white, who left. He had accepted her leaving because of the pledge to return she left behind, the clothes that at last he recognized as her essential clothes, the everyday clothes that contained her other costumes, as skin is beneath all cloth and white is the spin of all colors. He had dreaded in marriage the loss of their mornings, their transposition into the shadowy scale of night. But she had not explained to him that the mornings were a gift, an extravagance on her part which could be curtailed. She had been stupid not to explain this, and she was stupid now not to know that he, lagging behind her a distance of months, had followed in the steps of her love and now had reached the exact point she had reached when they had last parted, and that she had only to stop, and turn, and take one step up the stairs to meet him. Yes, she was stupid, hasty, and even cruel not to know his heart, not to hear the great cry issuing from this room; and this blunt vision of her limitations failed to dull his love but instead dreadfully sharpened it, for love begins in earnest when we love what is limited.

"My nurse," he whispered aloud, at last putting forth, in conscious competition with the tiny notched sighing of the clock, the shuddering of the refrigerator, and the empty scratches of sound in the stairway and hallway, a sound of his own. This speaking, this invoking her aloud, was the only action he was capable of taking. To seek her out would be to risk the final refusal which the silence withheld. To leave the room would be to abandon the possibility of meeting her visit. Even to install a telephone would be to heap another silence upon the furious silence of the stairs and of the doors. He did nothing. He did nothing all morning but maintain, with the full strength of his scattered mind and disconnected body, an unanswered vigil.

At noon, the day's reprieve arrived. She could not come now. She would be at work. His strenuous wrestle with her absence could be suspended, and did not need to be resumed until tomorrow morning. Perhaps tomorrow he would be weaker and, therefore, less caring, stronger. He felt that these mornings were aging him; he looked in the mirror for traces of the strange painless pain that punished him, like a punctual masseur, for three hours each day. The mirror, too, was unanswering. If anything were to show, it would be in the eyes, and one's eyes, self-confronted, lose all expression. His frame slowly relaxed, and ceased to feel his heart as an intruder. Like someone dressing in clothes wildly scattered about on the night before, he could reassemble his presence and leave the room. He could enter the twinkling city, eat, keep appointments, confront people, confident that his outward appearance had not altered, that just as his body had refused to burst in its fullness before, so now it failed to collapse in its emptiness. Resuming, in part, a student's detached interestedness, he heard himself talk, give answers, even laugh. He saw, with a blurring double sense of being a fraud and defrauded both, that a presentable life could be patched together out of afternoons and evenings. But his mornings had been destroyed, and the morning of his life taken from him.

—JOHN UPDIKE

COMPANIES

God bless Con Ed, I've always said
As the gas flames bubbled up,
I boil my tea and toast my bread,
Whether I breakfast, lunch, or sup,
On power that Con Ed supplies,
And, under the macadam's crust,
When cables burst and wire dies,
It always digs, for dig it must.

God bless the New York Tele. Co.
That keeps *its* wires free,
And has nice girls who say hello
(And say it so distinctly),
And sends one letters half in tears,
Saying it only meant to be,
In regard to a payment in arrears,
A little struggling monopoly.

But God bless I.B.M. the most,
For it computes the final cost
Of telephones and tea and toast,
And has on checks one's code embossed
In hieroglyphs that can't be read
Because the zeroes all are straight,
Yet manages to say, instead,
"Don't fold, spindle, or mutilate."

—HOWARD MOSS

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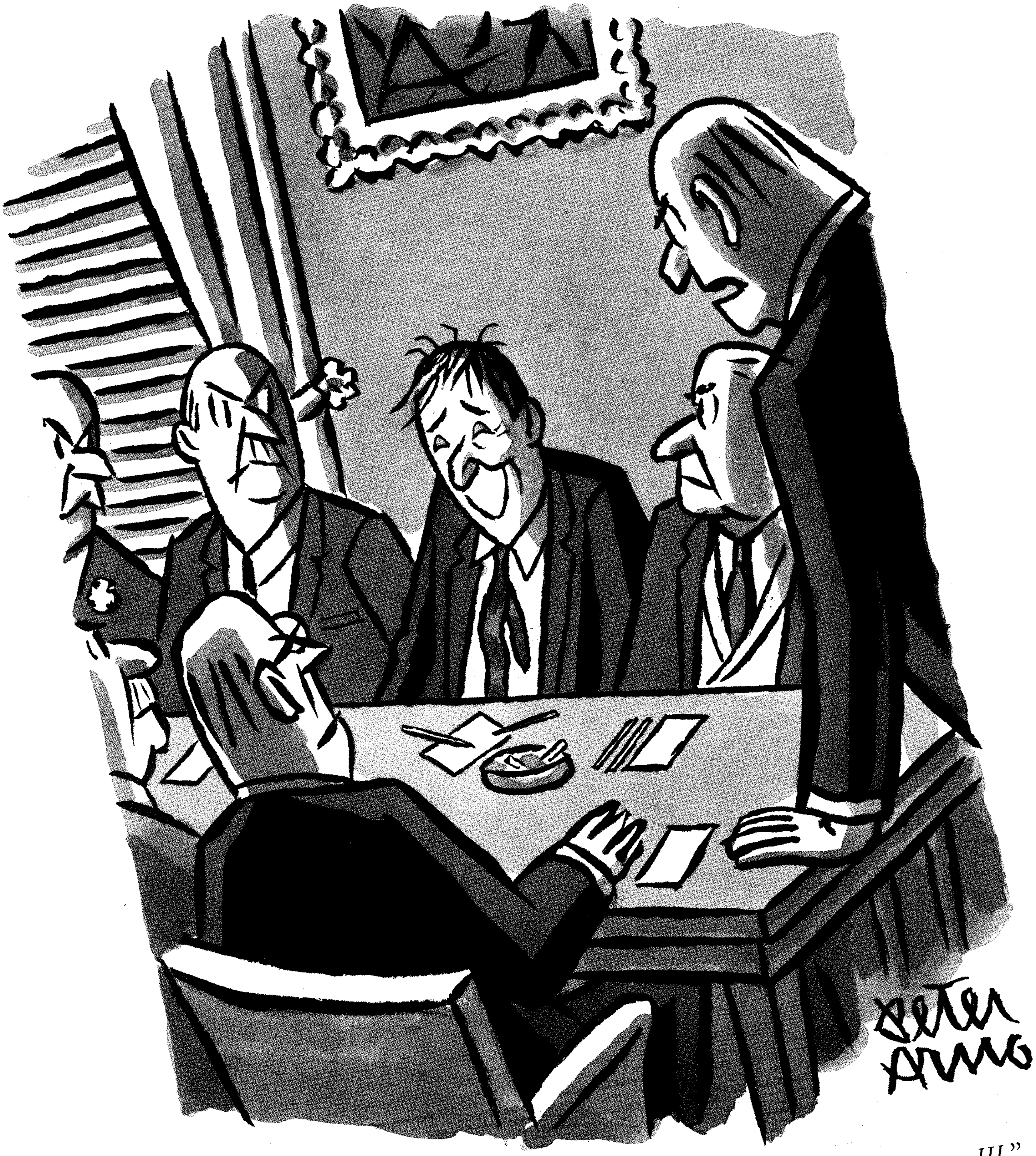


"Then I take it we're unanimous, gentlemen, except for—er—Mr. Proctor Ashmore III."

THE SWIMMER

IT was one of those midsummer Sundays when everyone sits around saying, "I *drank* too much last night." You might have heard it whispered by the parishioners leaving church, heard it from the lips of the priest himself, struggling with his cassock in the *vestiarium*, heard it on the golf links and the tennis courts, heard it in the wildlife preserve, where the leader of the Audubon group was suffering from a terrible hangover.

"I *drank* too much," said Donald Westerhazy, at the edge of the Westerhazys' pool.

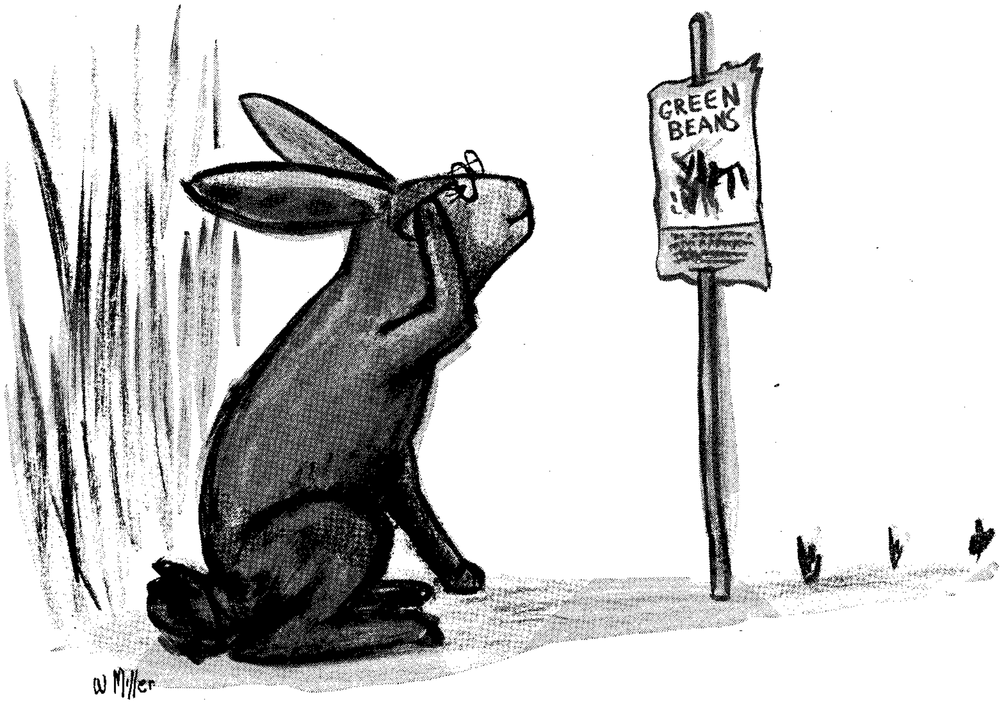
"We all *drank* too much," said Lucinda Merrill.

"It must have been the wine," said Helen Westerhazy. "I *drank* too much of that claret."

The pool, fed by an artesian well with a high iron content, was a pale shade of green. It was a fine day. In the west there was a massive stand of cumulus cloud, so like a city seen from a distance—from the bow of an approaching ship—that it might have had a name. Lisbon. Hackensack. The sun was hot. Neddy Merrill sat by the green water, one hand in it, one around a glass of gin. He was a slender man—he seemed to have the special slenderness of youth—and while he was far from young, he had slid down his banister that morning and given the bronze backside of Aphrodite on the hall table a smack, as he jogged toward the smell of coffee in his dining room. He might have been compared to a summer's day, particularly the last hours of one, and while he lacked a tennis racket or a sail bag, the impression was definitely one of youth, sport, and clement weather. He had been swimming, and now he was breathing deeply, stertorously, as if he could gulp into his lungs the components of that moment, the heat of the sun, the intenseness of his pleasure. It all seemed to flow into his chest. His own house stood in Bullet Park, eight miles to the south, where his four beautiful daughters would have had their lunch and might be playing tennis. Then it occurred to him that, by taking a dog-leg to the southwest, he could reach his home by water.

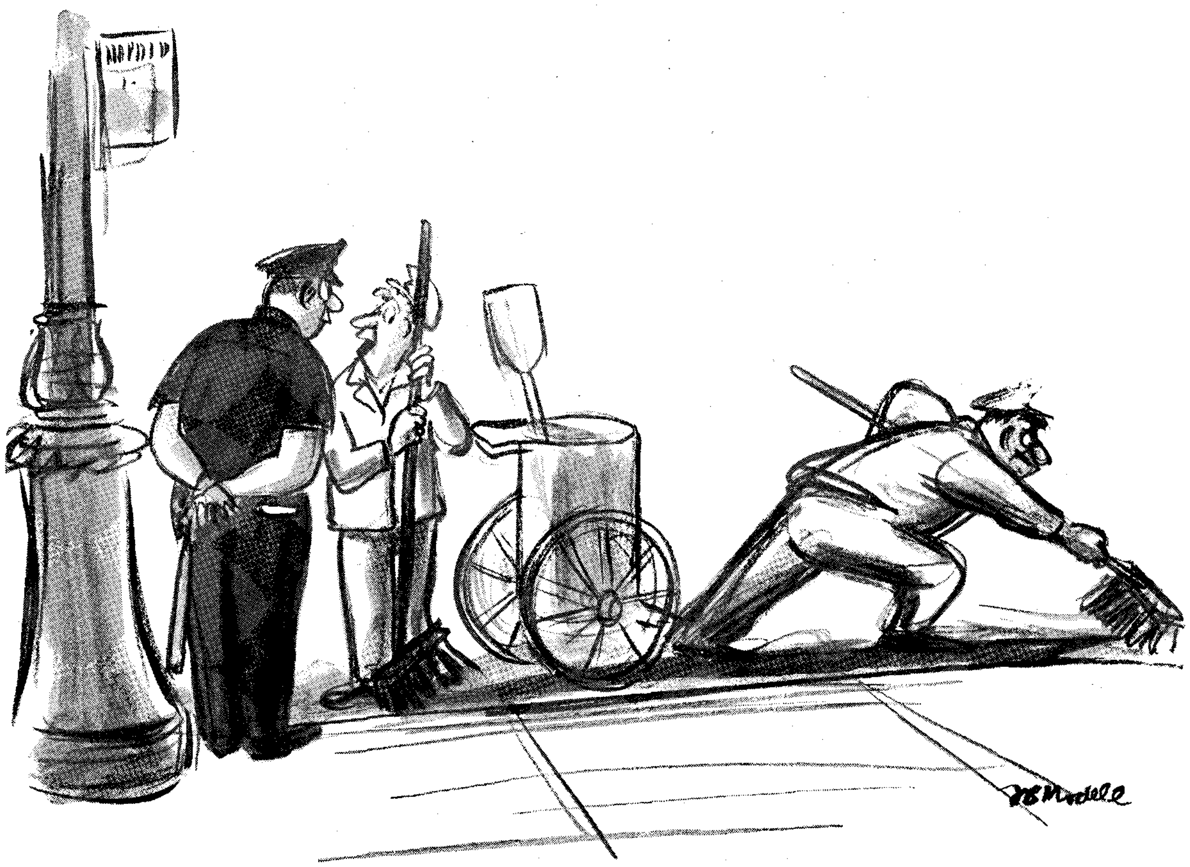
His life was not confining, and the delight he took in this thought could not be explained by its suggestion of escape. In his mind he saw, with a cartographer's eye, a string of swimming pools, a quasi-subterranean stream that curved across the county. He had made a discovery, a contribution to modern geography; he would name the stream Lucinda, after his wife. He was not a practical joker, nor was he a fool, but he was determinedly original, and had a vague and modest idea of himself as a legendary figure. The day was beautiful, and it seemed to him that a long swim might enlarge and celebrate its beauty.

He took off a sweater that was hung over his shoulders and dove in. He had a simple contempt for men who did not hurl themselves into pools. He swam a choppy crawl, breathing either with every other stroke or every fourth stroke, and counting somewhere well in the back of his mind the one-two one-two of a flutter kick. It was not a serviceable stroke for long distances, but the domestication of swimming had saddled the sport with some customs, and in his part of the world a crawl was customary. Being embraced and sustained by the light-green water seemed not as much a pleasure as the resumption of a natural condition, and he would have liked to swim without trunks, but this was not possible, considering his project. He hoisted himself up on the far curb—he never used the ladder—and started across the lawn. When Lucinda asked where he was going, he said he was going to swim home.



The only maps and charts he had to go by were remembered or imaginary, but these were clear enough. First there were the Grahams', the Hammers', the Lears', the Howlands', and the Crosscups'. He would cross Ditmar Street to the Bunkers' and come, after a short portage, to the Levys', the Welchers', and the public pool in Lancaster. Then there were the Hallorans', the Sachs', the Biswangers', the Shirley Abbott's, the Gilmartins', and the Clydes'. The day was lovely, and that he lived in a world so generously supplied with water seemed like a clemency, a beneficence. His heart was high, and he ran across the grass. Making his way home by an uncommon route gave him the feeling that he was a pilgrim, an explorer, a man with a destiny, and he knew that he would find friends all along the way; friends would line the banks of the Lucinda River.

He went through a hedge that separated the Westerhazys' land from the Grahams', walked under some flowering apple trees, passed the shed that housed their pump and filter, and came out at the Grahams' pool. "Why, Neddy," Mrs. Graham said, "what a marvellous surprise. I've been trying to get you on the phone all morning. Here, let me get you a drink." He saw then, like any explorer, that the hospitable customs and traditions of the natives would have to be handled with diplomacy if he was ever going to reach his destination. He did not want to mystify or seem rude to the Grahams, nor did he have time to linger there. He swam the length of their pool and joined them in the sun. A few minutes later, two carloads of friends arrived from Connecticut. During the uproarious reunions he was able to slip away. He went down by the front of the Grahams' house, stepped over a thorny hedge, and crossed a vacant lot to the Hammers'. Mrs. Hammer, looking up from her roses, saw him swim by, although she wasn't quite sure who it was. The Lears heard him splashing past the open windows of their living room. The Howlands and the Crosscups were away. After leaving the Crosscups', he crossed Ditmar Street and started for the Bunkers', where he could hear, even at that distance, the noise of a party.



"His consuming desire is to make New York City a better place in which to live and work."

The water refracted the sound of voices and laughter and seemed to suspend it in midair. The Bunkers' pool was on a rise, and he climbed some stairs to a terrace where twenty-five or thirty men and women were drinking. The only person in the water was Rusty Towers, who floated there on a rubber raft. Oh, how bonny and lush were the banks of the Lucinda River! Prosperous men and women gathered by the sapphire-colored waters while caterer's men in white coats passed them cold gin. Overhead, a red de Havilland trainer was circling around and around and around in the sky, with something like the glee of a child in a swing. Ned felt a passing affection for the scene, a tenderness for the gathering, as if it was something he might touch. In the distance he heard thunder.

As soon as Enid Bunker saw him, she began to scream, "Oh, look who's here! What a marvellous surprise! When Lucinda said that you couldn't come, I thought I'd *die*. . . ." She made her way to him through the crowd, and when they had finished kissing, she led him to the bar, a progress that was slowed by the fact that he stopped to kiss eight or ten other women and shake the hands of as many men. A smiling bartender he had seen at a hundred parties gave him a gin-and-tonic, and Ned stood by the bar for a moment, anxious not to get stuck in any conversation that would delay his voyage. When he seemed about to be surrounded, he dove in and swam close to the side, to avoid colliding with Rusty's raft. He climbed out at the far end of the pool, bypassed the Tomlinsons with a broad smile, and jogged up the garden path. The gravel cut his feet, but this was the only unpleasantness.

The party was confined to the pool, and as he went toward the house he heard the brilliant, watery sound of voices fade, heard the noise of a radio from the Bunkers' kitchen, where someone was listening to a ball game. Sunday afternoon. He made his way through the parked cars and down the grassy border of their driveway to Alewives' Lane. He did not want to be seen on the road in his bathing trunks, but there was no traffic, and he made the short distance to the Levys' driveway, marked with a "Private Property" sign and a green tube for the *Times*. All the doors and windows of the big house were open, but there were no signs of life, not even a barking dog. He went around the side of the house to the pool and saw that the Levys had only recently left. Glasses and bottles and dishes of nuts were on a table at the deep end, where there was a bathhouse or gazebo, hung with Japanese lanterns. After swimming the pool, he got himself a glass and poured a drink. It was his fourth or fifth drink, and he had swum nearly half the length of the Lucinda River. He felt tired, clean, and pleased at that moment to be alone, pleased with everything.

It would storm. The stand of cumulus cloud—that city—had risen and darkened, and while he sat there, he heard thunder. The de Havilland trainer was still circling overhead, and it seemed to Ned that he could almost hear the pilot laugh with pleasure in the afternoon; but when there was another peal of thunder, he took off for home. A train whistle blew, and he wondered what time it had gotten to be. Four? Five? He thought of the station where, at that hour, a waiter, his tuxedo concealed by a raincoat, a dwarf with some flowers wrapped in newspaper, and a woman who had been crying would be waiting for the local. It was suddenly growing dark—it was that moment when the pinheaded birds seem to organize their song into some acute and knowledgeable recognition of the storm's approach. From the crown of an oak at his back, there was a fine noise of rushing water, as if a spigot there had been turned on. Then the noise of fountains came from the crowns of all the tall trees. Why did he love storms? What was the meaning of his excitement when the front door sprang open and the rain wind fled rudely up the stairs? Why had the simple task of shutting the windows of an old house seemed fitting and urgent? Why did the first watery notes of a storm wind have for him the unmistakable sound of good news, cheer, glad tidings? There was an explosion, a

THE ESCAPE

From my great-grandmother on,
My family lies at Fairmount
In a small rigid house of Tate marble.
A Civil War general, a small one,
Rises into the air,
Always fifty feet away,
And there are always flowers
Surrounding him, as he lifts
His sword and calls back over his shoulder
To his troops, none of which lie
Under the decent plots and polished stones
Of the civilian dead. Once I saw,
Or said I did, a lily wrapped
Around his tense hand and sword hilt.
An enormous glass-fronted hospital
Rises across the street, the traffic
Roars equally from all four sides,
And often, from a textile mill,
A teen-age girl wanders by,
Her head in a singing cloth
Still humming with bobbins and looms.
In summer, the hospital orderlies eat
Their lunches on the lawn
From wet-spotted brown paper bags,
While behind them the portioned glass
Of the hospital blindingly fits
The noon sun together:
A tremendous vertical blaze
From which one piece—off-center, northwest—
Is gone, where a window is open.

I have escaped from Fairmount
Through that square hole in the light,
Having found where that piece of the sun's
Stupendous puzzle resides. It is
Lying in the woods, in a small, unfenced
County graveyard in Alabama.
It is on an open book
Of cardboard and paper, a simulated Bible,
All white, like a giant bride's,
The only real pages the ones
The book opens to; light
From the trees is falling squarely
On the few large, handwritten words.
On a hunting trip I walked through
That place, far from all relatives
And wars, from bobbins and lilies and trucks.
Because of what I had seen,

I walked through the evergreen gates
Of the forest ranger's station,
And out to my car, and drove
To the county seat, and bought
My own secret grave-plot there
For thirty-seven dollars and a half.
A young deer, a spike buck, stood
Among the graves, slowly puzzling out
The not-quite-edible words
Of the book lying under
A panel of the sun forever
Missing from the noonlight of Fairmount.
I remember that, and sleep
Easier, seeing the animal head
Nuzzling the fragment of Scripture,
Browsing, before the first blotting rain
On the fragile book
Of the new dead, on words I take care,
Even in sleep, not to read,
Hoping for Genesis.

—James Dickey

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smell of cordite, and rain lashed the Japanese lanterns that Mrs. Levy had bought in Kyoto the year before last, or was it the year before that?

HE stayed in the Levys' gazebo until the storm had passed. The rain had cooled the air and he shivered. The force of the wind had stripped a maple of its red and yellow leaves and scattered them over the grass and the water. Since it was midsummer, the tree must be blighted, and yet he felt a sadness at this sign of autumn. He braced his shoulders, emptied his glass, and started for the Welchers' pool. This meant crossing the Pasterns' riding ring, and he was surprised to find it overgrown with grass and all the jumps dismantled. Had the Pasterns sold their horses or gone away for the summer and put them out to board? He seemed to remember having heard something about the Pasterns and their horses, but the memory was unclear. On he went, barefoot, through the wet grass to the Welchers', where he found that their pool was dry.

This breach in his chain of water disappointed him absurdly, and he felt like an explorer who is seeking a torrential headwater and finds a dead stream. He was disappointed and mystified. It was common enough to go away for the summer, but people never drained their pools. The Welchers had definitely gone away. The pool furniture was folded, stacked, and covered with a tarpaulin. The bathhouse was locked. All the windows of the house were shut, and when he went around to the driveway in front, he saw a "For Sale" sign nailed to a tree. When had he last heard from the Welchers—when, that is, had he and Lucinda last regretted an invitation to dine with them? It seemed only a week or so ago. Was his memory failing, or had he so disciplined it in the repression of unpleasant facts that he had damaged his sense of the truth? In the distance he heard the sound of a tennis game. This cheered him, cleared away all his apprehensions, and let him regard the overcast sky and the cold air with indifference. This was the day that Neddy Merrill swam across the county. That was the day! He started off then for his most difficult portage.

HAD you gone for a Sunday-afternoon ride that day, you might have seen him, close to naked, standing on the shoulder of Route 424, waiting for a chance to cross. You might have wondered if he was the victim of foul play, or had his car broken down, or was he merely a fool? Standing barefoot in the deposits of the highway—beer cans, rags, and blowout patches—exposed to all kinds of ridicule, he seemed pitiful. He had known when he started that this was a part of his journey—it had been on his imaginary maps—but, confronted with the lines of traffic worming through the summery light, he found himself unprepared. He was laughed at, jeered at, a beer can was thrown at him, and he

NORTH
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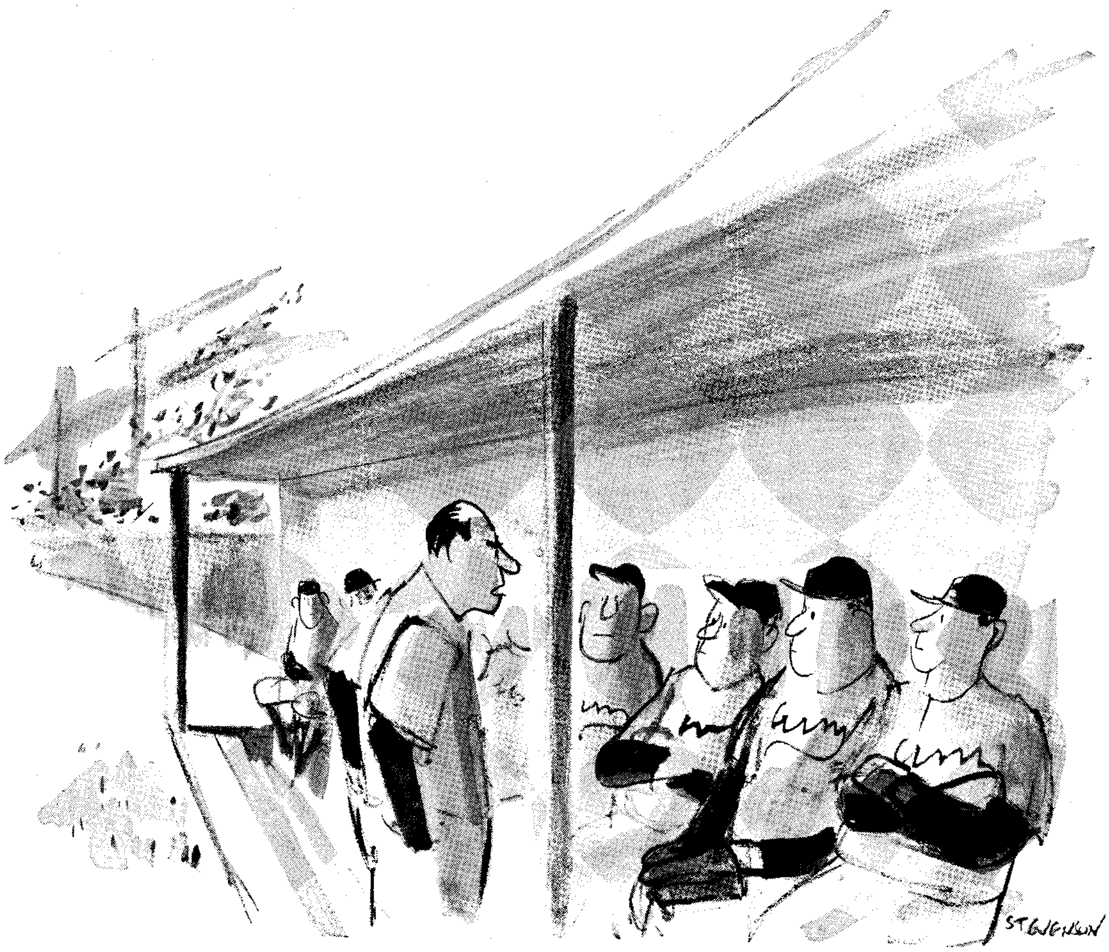
had no dignity or humor to bring to the situation. He could have gone back, back to the Westerhazys', where Lucinda would still be sitting in the sun. He had signed nothing, vowed nothing, pledged *nothing—not even* to himself. Why, believing as he did that all human obduracy was susceptible to common sense, was he unable to turn back? Why was he determined to complete his journey, even if it meant putting his life in danger? At what point had this prank, this joke, this piece of horseplay become serious? He could not go back, he could not even recall with any clearness the green water at the Westerhazys', the sense of inhaling the day's components, the friendly and relaxed voices saying that they had *drunk* too much. In the space of an hour, more or less, he had covered a distance that made his return impossible.

An old man, tooling down the highway at fifteen miles an hour, let him get to the middle of the road, where there was a grass divider. Here he was exposed to the ridicule of the northbound traffic, but after ten or fifteen minutes he was able to cross. From here he had only a short walk to the Recreation Center at the edge of the village of Lancaster, where there were some handball courts and a public pool.

The effect of water on voices, the illusion of brilliance and suspense, was the same here as it had been at the Bunkers', but the sounds here were louder, harsher, and more shrill, and as soon as he entered the crowded enclosure he was confronted with regimentation. "ALL SWIMMERS MUST TAKE A SHOWER BEFORE USING THE POOL. ALL SWIMMERS MUST USE THE FOOT-BATH. ALL SWIMMERS MUST WEAR THEIR IDENTIFICATION DISCS." He took a shower, washed his feet in a cloudy and bitter solution, and made his way to the edge of the water. It stank of chlorine and looked to him like a sink. A pair of lifeguards in a pair of towers blew police whistles at what seemed to be regular intervals, and abused the swimmers through a public-address system. Neddy remembered the sapphire water at the Bunkers' with longing, and thought that he might contaminate himself—damage his own prosperousness and charm—by swimming in this murk, but he reminded himself that he was an explorer, a pilgrim, and that this was merely a stagnant bend in the Lucinda River. He dove, scowling with distaste, into the chlorine, and had to swim with his head above water to avoid collisions, but even so he was bumped into, splashed, and jostled. When he got to the shallow end, both lifeguards were shouting at him: "Hey, you, you without the identification disc, get outa the water!" He did. They had no way of pursuing him, and he went through the reek of sun-tan oil and chlorine, out through the hurricane fence and past the handball courts. Crossing the road, he entered the wooded part of the Halloran estate. The woods were not cleared, and the footing was treacherous and difficult, until he reached the lawn and the clipped beech hedge that encircled the pool.

The Hallorans were friends, an elderly couple of enormous wealth who seemed to bask in the suspicion that they might be Communists. They were zealous reformers, but they were not Communists, and yet when they were accused, as they sometimes were, of subversion, it seemed to gratify and excite them. Their beech hedge was yellow, and he guessed it was suffering from a blight, like the Levys' maple. He called "Hullo, hullo," to warn the Hallorans of his approach. The Hallorans, for reasons that had never been explained to him, did not wear bathing suits. No explanations were in order, really. Their nakedness was a detail in their uncompromising zeal for reform, and he stepped politely out of his trunks before he went through the opening in the hedge.

Mrs. Halloran, a stout woman with white hair and a serene face, was reading the *Times*. Mr. Halloran was taking beech leaves out of the water with a scoop. They seemed neither surprised nor displeased to see him. Their pool was perhaps the oldest in the neighborhood, a fieldstone rectangle fed by a brook. It had no filter or pump, and its



"Let's start this stanza off with a solo blast from you, Kalouski, and then, if Blodgett can nick their twirler for a deuce and Spinelli can beat out a bunt, we'll have Terwilliger up with the bags heavily populated and none away."

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waters were the opaque gold of the stream.

"I'm swimming across the county," Ned said.

"Why, I didn't know one could!" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran.

"Well, I've made it from the Westerhazys'," Ned said. "That must be about four miles."

He left his trunks at the deep end, walked to the shallow end, and swam back. As he was pulling himself out of the water, he heard Mrs. Halloran say, "We've been *terribly* sorry to hear about all your misfortunes, Neddy."

"My misfortunes?" Ned asked. "I don't know what you mean."

"Why, we heard that you'd sold the house, and that your poor children . . ."

"I don't recall having sold the house," Ned said, "and the girls are at home."

"Yes," Mrs. Halloran sighed. "Yes . . ."

Her voice filled the air with an unseasonable melancholy, and Ned said briskly, "Thank you for the swim."

"Well, have a nice trip," said Mrs. Halloran.

Beyond the hedge, he pulled on his trunks and fastened them. They were loose, and he wondered if during the space of an afternoon he could have lost some weight. He was cold, and he was tired, and the naked Hallorans and their dark water had depressed him. The swim was too much for his strength, but how could he have guessed this, sliding down the banister that morning and sitting in the Westerhazys' sun? His arms were lame. His legs felt rubbery and ached at the joints. The worst of it was the cold in his bones, and the feeling that he might never be warm again. Leaves were falling around him and he smelled woodsmoke on the wind. Who would be burning wood in the fireplace at this time of year?

He needed a drink. Whiskey would warm him, pick him up, carry him through the last of his journey, refresh his feeling that it was original and valorous to swim across the county. Channel swimmers took brandy. He needed a stimulant. He crossed the lawn in front of the Hallorans' house and went down a little path to where they had built a house for their only daughter, Helen, and her husband, Eric Sachs. The Sachs' pool was small, and he found Helen and her husband there.

"Oh, *Neddy!*" Helen said. "Did you lunch at Mother's?"

"Not *really*," Ned said. "I *did* stop to see your parents." This seemed to be explanation enough. "I'm terribly sorry to break in on you like this, but I've taken a chill, and I wonder if you'd give me a drink."

"Why, I'd *love* to," Helen said, "but there hasn't been anything in this house to drink since Eric's operation. That was three years ago."

Was he losing his memory, had his gift for concealing painful facts let him forget that he had sold his house, that his children were in trouble, and that his friend had been ill? Ned's eyes slipped from Eric's face to his abdomen, where he saw three pale, sutured scars, two of them at least a foot long. Gone was his navel, and what, Neddy thought, would the roving hand, bed-checking one's gifts at 3 A.M., make of a belly with no navel, no link to birth, this breach in the succession?

"I'm sure you can get a drink at the Biswangers'," Helen said. "They're having an enormous do. You can hear it from here. Listen!"

She raised her head, and from across the road, the lawns, the gardens, the woods, the fields he heard again the brilliant noise of voices over water. "Well, I'll get wet," he said, still feeling that he had no freedom of choice about his means of travel. He dove into the Sachs' cold water, and, gasping, close to drowning, made his way from one end of the pool to the other. "Lucinda and I want *terribly* to see you," he said over his shoulder, his face set toward the Biswangers'. "We're sorry it's been so long, and we'll call you *very* soon."

He crossed some fields to the Biswangers' and the sounds of revelry there. They would be honored to give him a drink, they would be happy to give him a drink, they would, in fact, be lucky to give him a drink. The Biswangers invited him and Lucinda for dinner four times a year, six weeks in advance. They were always rebuffed, and yet they continued to send out their invitations, unwilling to comprehend the rigid and undemocratic realities of their society. They were the sort of people who discussed the price of things at cocktails, exchanged market tips during dinner, and after dinner told dirty stories to mixed company. They did not belong to Neddy's set—they were not even on Lucinda's Christmas-card list. He went toward their pool with feelings of indifference, charity, and some unease, since it seemed to be getting dark and these were the longest days of the year. The party when he joined it was noisy and large. Grace Biswanger was the kind of hostess who asked the ophthalmologist, the veterinarian, the real-estate dealer, and the dentist. No one was swimming, and the twilight, reflected on the water of the pool, had a wintery gleam. There was a bar, and he started for it. When Grace Biswanger saw him, she came toward him, not affectionately, as he had every right to expect, but bellicosely.

"Why, this party has everything," she said loudly, "including a gate-crasher."

She could not deal him a social blow—there was no question about this—and he did not flinch. "As a gate-crasher," he asked politely, "do I rate a drink?"

"Suit yourself," she said.

She turned her back on him and joined some guests, and he went to the bar and ordered a whiskey. The bartender served him, but rudely. His was a world in which the caterer's men kept the social score, and to be rebuffed by a part-time barkeep meant that he had suffered some loss of social esteem. Or perhaps the man was new and uninformed. Then at his back he heard Grace say, "They went broke overnight—nothing but income—and he showed up drunk one Sunday and asked us to loan him five thousand dollars. . . ." She was always talking about money. It was worse than eating your peas off a knife. He dove into the pool, swam its length, and went away.

THE next pool on his list, the last but two, belonged to his old mistress, Shirley Abbott. If he had suffered any injuries at the Biswangers', they would be cured here. Love—sexual roughhouse, in fact—was the supreme elixir, the painkiller, the brightly colored pill that would put the spring back into his step, the joy of life in his heart. They had had an affair last week, last month, last year. He couldn't remember. It was he who had broken it off, his was the upper hand, and as he stepped through the gate of the wall that surrounded her pool it seemed to be his pool, since the lover, particularly the illicit lover, enjoys the possessions of his mistress with an authority unknown to holy matrimony. She was there, her hair the color of brass, but her figure, at the edge of the lighted, cerulean water, excited in him no profound memories. It had been, he thought, a lighthearted affair, although she wept when he broke it off. She seemed confused to see him. If she was still wounded, would she, God forbid, weep again?

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I'm swimming across the county."

"Good Christ. Will you ever grow up?"

"What's the matter?"

"If you've come here for money," she said, "I won't give you another cent."

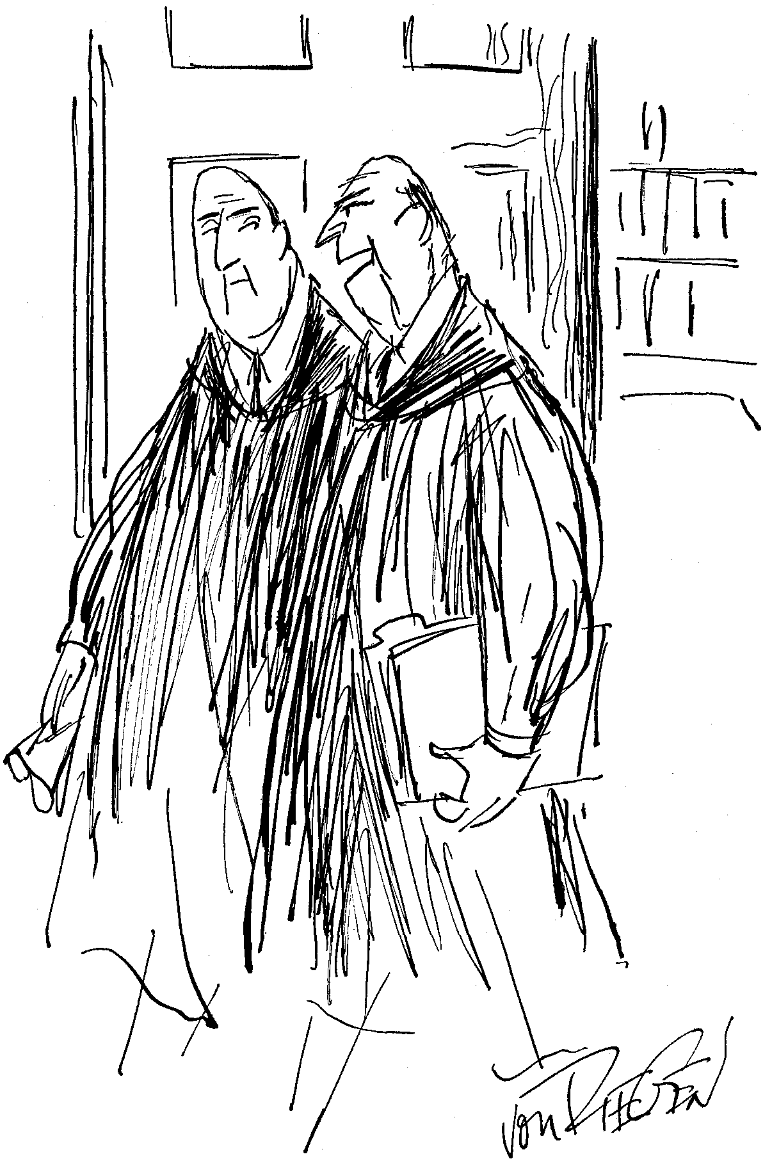
"You could give me a drink."

"I could, but I won't. I'm not alone."

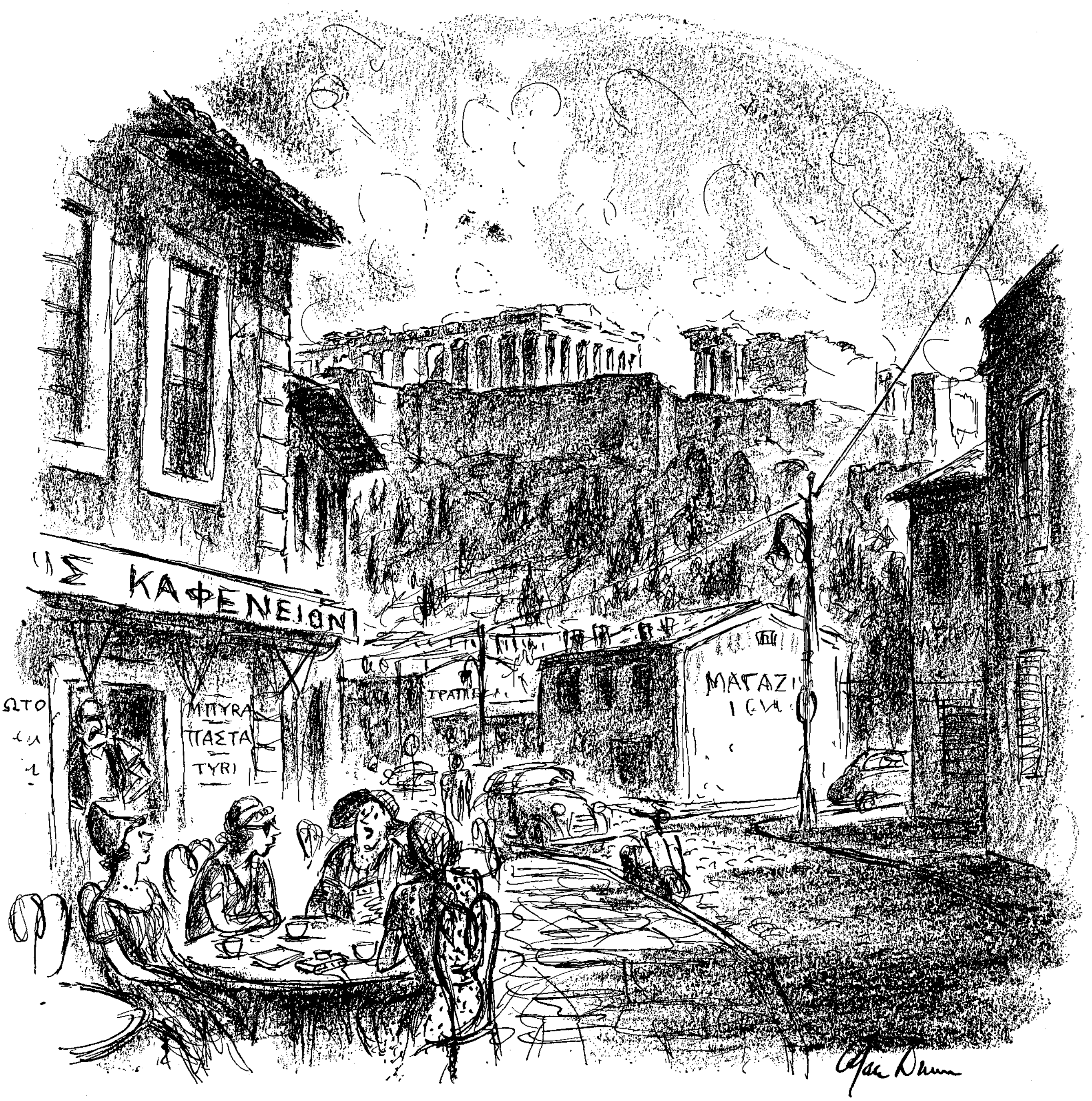
"Well, I'm on my way."

He dove in and swam the pool, but when he tried to haul himself up onto the curb, he found that the strength in his arms and his shoulders had gone, and he paddled to the ladder and climbed out. Looking over his shoulder, he saw, in the lighted bathhouse, a young man. Going out onto the dark lawn, he smelled chrysanthemums or marigolds—some stubborn autumnal fragrance on the night air, strong as gas. Looking overhead, he saw that the stars had come out, but why should he seem to see Andromeda, Cepheus, and Cassiopeia? What had become of the constellations of midsummer? He began to cry.

It was probably the first time in his adult life that he had ever cried—certainly the first time in his life that he had ever felt so miserable, cold, tired, and bewildered. He could not understand the rudeness of the caterer's barkeep, or the rudeness of a mistress who had once come to him on her knees and showered his trousers with tears. He had swum too long, he had been immersed too long, and his nose and his throat were sore from the water. What he needed



"Don't worry about it. One day you're feeling down and you dish out twenty years to some poor devil. The next day you feel great and everybody gets a suspended sentence. It all evens out in the end."



"Suppose we start by skipping the Acropolis."

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then was a drink, some company, and some clean dry clothes, and while he could have cut directly across the road to his home, he went on, instead, to the Gilmartins' pool. Here, for the first time in his life, he did not dive but went down the steps into the icy water and swam a hobbled sidestroke that he might have learned as a child. He staggered with fatigue on his way to the Clydes', and paddled the length of their pool, stopping again and again, with his hand on the curb, to rest. He climbed up the ladder and wondered if he had the strength to get home. He had done what he wanted—he had swum the county—but he was so stupefied with exhaustion that his triumph seemed vague. Stooped, holding onto the gateposts for support, he turned up the driveway of his own house.

The place was dark. Had Lucinda stayed at the Westerhazys' for supper? Had the girls joined her there, or gone someplace else? Hadn't they agreed, as they usually did on Sunday, to regret all their invitations and stay at home?

He tried the garage doors, to see what cars were in, but the doors were locked and rust came off the handles. Going toward the house, he saw that the force of the thunderstorm had knocked one of the rain gutters loose. It hung down over the front door like an umbrella rib, but it could be fixed in the morning. The house was locked, and he thought that the stupid cook or the stupid maid must have locked the place up, until he remembered that it had been some time since they had employed a maid or a cook. He shouted, pounded on the door, tried to force it with his shoulder, and then, looking in at the windows, saw that the place was empty.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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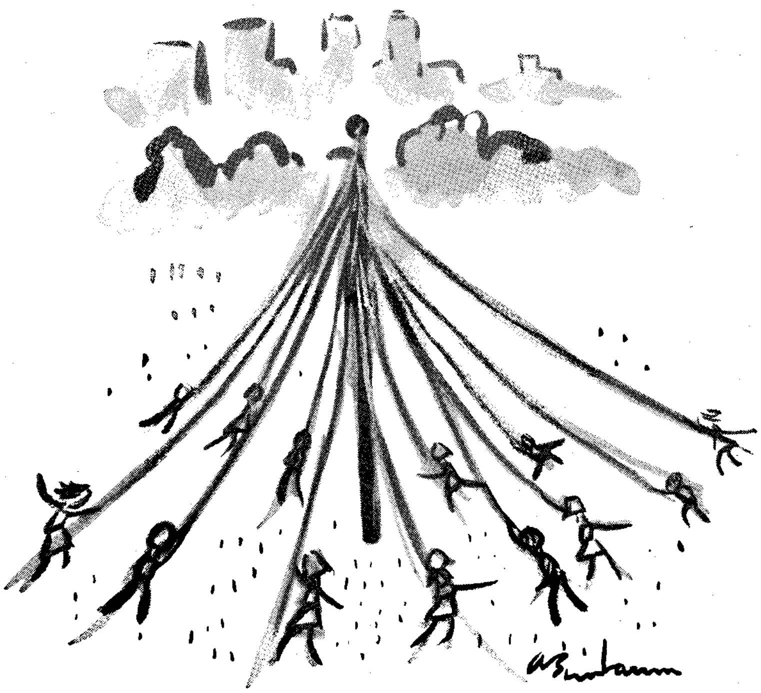
A native of Long Beach, Bresett is a graduate of Springfield College in Massachusetts, and has earned a master's degree from Rutgers University. He spent five years in the Air Force as an officer, and attained Eagle Scout rank.—*Trenton Times.*

Sounds like our old outfit.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DANCERS IN MAY



THE morning of Wednesday, February 5th, was bleak. Rain was threatening. Miss Marion Ross White, a pretty, soft-voiced woman in her twenties, who teaches a fifth-grade class at Public School 31, on the lower East Side, left home for school carrying—in addition to an umbrella, some notebooks, and an overstuffed two-foot-long pocketbook of black patent leather—a record album of folk-dance tunes to use in preparing a group of sixty P.S. 31 fifth-graders and sixth-graders to take part in the fifty-seventh annual festival of folk dancing late in the spring on the Sheep Meadow in Central Park. This yearly ritual, which is duplicated in each of the four other boroughs of the city, is known officially to the Board of Education as the Park Fête. It is sponsored jointly by the Girls' Branch of the Public Schools Athletic League and the Bureau for Health Education. In Manhattan, on the Sheep Meadow, this year's Fête would include nearly three thousand boys and girls of eleven and twelve, from fifty public schools. At lunchtime, for one hour, the children would dance around fifty Maypoles, as their counterparts had done each May for the past fifty-six years. (For forty-six Park Fêtes, only girls danced; boys were first included ten years ago.) Miss White was starting her preparations three and a half months before the event. With two other teachers, she was going to teach her own class of twenty-seven children, plus thirty-three more, from a couple of other classes, eight international folk dances, the climactic one being the "Maypole Dance," which had been danced in every one of the past fifty-six Park Fêtes.

Miss White lives on West Eighth Street, in Greenwich Village, in a one-room, third-floor, ninety-two-dollar-a-month walkup that does not have an air-conditioner but does have a wood-burning fireplace. She lives ten doors west of the Eighth Street Playhouse and directly over a Riker's restaurant. Her apartment measures roughly twelve by fourteen feet, and in it, besides the working fireplace, she maintains a working upright piano, a small working pump organ, a clarinet, a guitar, eight recorders of various sizes, an Israeli clay-and-canvas drum, a flute, a sagging day bed, a blue canvas butterfly chair, a couple of shelves of books (mainly paperbacks), and an ironing board. On the ironing board, which is usually stationed, open, between the back of the organ and the front of a four-by-four-foot wall kitchen, Miss White has her daily breakfast, of toast and instant coffee. She eats it standing up at the ironing board and facing the piano, which is against the far wall, between two small windows looking out on Eighth Street.

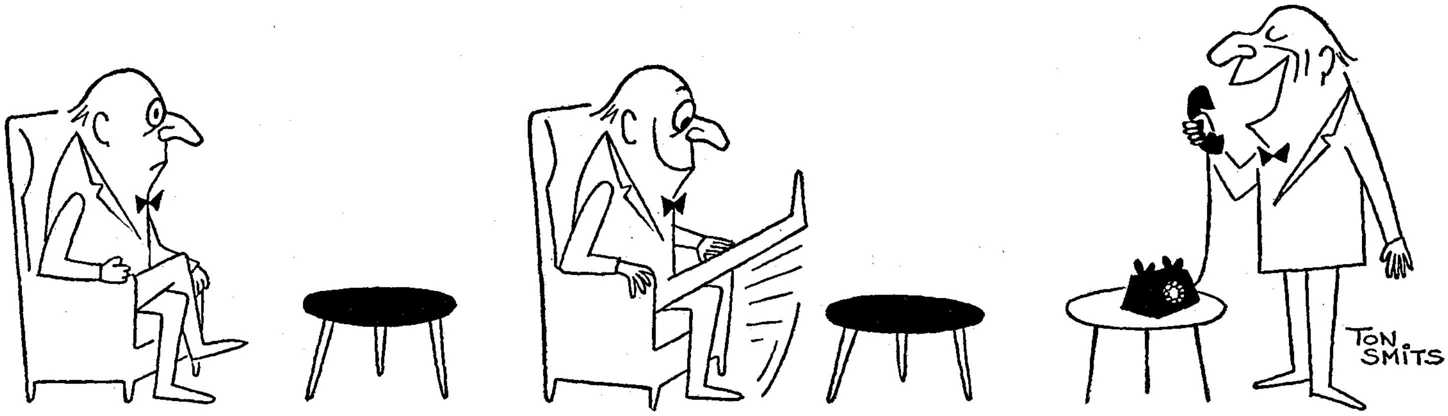
Miss White knows how to play all the musical instruments she has, but her main instrument is the flute, and she is still studying it. Her father, the late Frank White, was the first organist hired to play at the Roxy Theatre, where he worked for five years. In 1935, he became the choir director and organist at the Holy Family Church in New Rochelle and stayed there until his death in 1950. Miss White's mother then took over his job, leaving St. Gabriel's Church in Riverdale, where she had been organist for ten years. Miss White's mother, now Mrs. Myles Frank, has taught music at the Holy Family School in New Rochelle, and at St. Brendan's School in the Bronx, for about twenty-five years and is still the organist at the Holy Family Church. As a child, Miss White helped her parents at the church organ, turning pages, and she grew up presiding musically over Masses, weddings, christenings, and funerals. From the age of six to fifteen, she sang soprano in the Holy Family Church choir, leaving it when her father died. She went to Hunter College, majored in music, and decided in her senior year that she wanted to become a teacher. She originally wanted to teach in the high-school system, but she was somewhat intimidated by teen-agers, and while she was getting up her courage to take them on, she became a "permanent substitute" teacher in the elementary-school system. She came to P.S. 31 six years ago. Her salary for this past school year was sixty-six hundred dollars. In addition to teaching her class (which has, like all the other classes at the school, a mixture of Negro and white children, with a large percentage of Puerto Ricans) such regular fifth-grade subjects as social studies, reading, English, spelling, mathematics, geography, and science, Miss White teaches a subject known as band. First, she teaches her fifth-graders to play one or more instruments—clarinet, tuba, trumpet, trombone, saxophone, flute, bass drum, and snare drums—and then she teaches them to play in the band, of which she is the conductor. On her own time, and using her own piano, she gives free piano lessons to half a dozen children from the school. In the evening, often working past midnight, she writes her own arrangements for the band to play. In a recent concert given at P.S. 31, her band had played her arrangements of such numbers as "Tonight," from "West Side Story," and "St. James Infirmary," along with a Bach chorale. In April, her class was going to put on a production of "Oliver!," with book and songs rearranged by herself—three performances at the school in one day, and a fourth, in the evening of another day, at St. Augustine's Chapel of Trinity Parish, on Henry Street, a block from the school. (Many of P.S. 31's pupils attend this church.) Last year,

Miss White's class put on its own production of "My Fair Lady," also with book and music rearranged by Miss White. It came as no surprise to anyone at P.S. 31 when the principal, a cheerful, enthusiastic, hard-working man named Hyman Terner, asked Miss White to serve again, as she had several times before, as the grade teacher responsible for the plans for the Park Fête.

As Miss White, wearing a heavy black raincoat and no hat, left home for school with the folk-dance album that Wednesday morning, she looked thoughtful, serious, and controlled. Her expression remained immobile as she glanced routinely at the clock inside Riker's and checked the time—seven-thirty—on the watch on her wrist. She skirted a Sanitation Department sweeping truck on the street, her expression still fixed, and walked quickly to the subway entrance around the corner. Her route took her on a D train of the Independent subway to East Broadway; upstairs to Madison Street; north along a block of ancient tenements, their stoops littered with refuse, and past clusters of Negroes and Puerto Ricans standing or sitting on the curb, who appeared to be completely indifferent to Miss White as she walked quickly by; past a pink stucco synagogue at the corner of Madison and Montgomery Streets, from which a lone worshipper, a bearded Moses in a broad-brimmed black hat and a black robe reaching to the ground, emerged (he, too, seemingly indifferent to Miss White); and, on the next block, past a new middle-income housing coöperative smelling of wet cement and bearing a banner that read, "GOUVERNEUR GARDENS—APTS. AVAILABLE, 1-2-3 BEDROOMS." A garbage truck passed by, with the message "A Cleaner New York Is up to You" on its side. A skinny Negro boy ran up behind Miss White, calling to her. She stopped and turned, and for the first time since she had left her walkup, twenty minutes before, her expression broke. She gave the boy a sudden, open grin—something like his own. He waved to her and ran off. She turned down Montgomery Street, and P.S. 31, which is on Monroe Street, came into view—a dirty-gray stone building five stories high, with baroque windows and a roof playground enclosed by a wire-mesh fence and covered with a grilled canopy of iron beams. The school was put up in 1903. P.S. 31's chief claim to distinction, other than its having been the education center for about fifty thousand children of European immigrants, is that its principal just before Mr. Terner, who took over in 1957, was Mrs. Virginia Douglas, the famous Virginia who in 1897 wrote to the editor of the New York *Sun* to ask if there really was a Santa Claus.

As Miss White turned in at the entrance to her school, her face was again immobile. It was eight o'clock—forty minutes before the second, and final, bell. An asphalt-pavement roller was busily at work on the street in front of the school. A few early-comers edged alongside Miss White at the entrance, smiling up at her and receiving one of her grins. Across the street, near Gouverneur Gardens, Mr. Terner, who lives in Stuyvesant Town, was approaching the school. Miss White waved to him and went inside. The children followed her into the school, started up the stairs with her, and dropped off at the second, third, or fourth floors, depending more or less on whether they were in the second, third, or fourth grades. By the time she reached the fifth floor, she was alone. In front of her door, which was marked at the top with a black-and-white enamel plate reading "506," the corridor was deserted except for one small figure, seated opposite the door. He sat on a rectangular instrument case, and he was wearing high black canvas sneakers trimmed with white rubber; torn trousers a couple of sizes too large for him; and a dungaree jacket over a green knit shirt. He had freckles, and his hair, light brown, fell over his forehead. His face was pale, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He sat drumming with his fingers on his knees and staring at the brass doorknob of Room 506's door, which, like all the other doorknobs in sight, was embossed with the words "Public School." His name was Willy Crespo, and he was in the sixth grade. Miss White had been his teacher in fifth grade. His present teacher was Mr. Allen Guskin, whose room, 504, was right next door to Miss White's. Back when Willy was in Miss White's class, he had been found to possess musical talent; a saxophone owned by the Board of Education had been entrusted to him for the school year, and then he had won a Henry Street Settlement House music scholarship for additional lessons. When Willy was a year old, his father had died, at the age of thirty, of diabetes. Willy now lived, with his mother and four older children, in the Vladeck housing project, across the street from the school. Although he now officially belonged to Mr. Guskin's class, which was known as 6-2, he spent a good deal of time hanging around Miss White's class, 5-2. He regularly came to school three-quarters of an hour early and waited for Miss White, so that he might spend half an hour or so practicing his saxophone in her room, with her as his audience. Several weeks earlier, he had informed Miss White that before he was given his instrument he had felt like nothing, and that now he cared about music more than anything else.

As soon as Miss White appeared on the fifth floor, Willy greeted her with a wave of the hand, and they exchanged



smiles. She unlocked her door, and Willy picked up his saxophone case and followed her into her room. Still carrying the case, Willy automatically trailed her as she got the room ready for her class—switching on the lights, hanging up her coat in a corner closet, arranging papers on her desk. Her desk, which was cluttered with—in addition to the papers—confiscated comic books, a volume entitled "Our Country's Story," and a small metal bust of Abraham Lincoln fixed to a wooden base, was in the corner of the room opposite the door and was surrounded by music stands, used by the band. An American flag hung over the blackboard at the front of the room. The far side of the room was taken up by four large windows, their small, square panes decorated with paintings of flowers in various colors. On the doors of the coat closets along the wall opposite the windows, and on bulletin boards around the room, and over the blackboards at the front and back of the room, were drawings done by the children, along with pictures, clipped from books and magazines, of various historical figures, such as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Louis Armstrong, John F. Kennedy, Mahatma Gandhi, the Beatles, and Martin Luther King. As Miss White picked up some chalk and started to write "Lesson Plan" on the blackboard, Willy opened his case, attached the mouthpiece to his saxophone, and started to practice an arrangement that Miss White had written for him of the song "Moon River." On the blackboard, Miss White wrote:

1. Salute to the Flag
2. Band
3. Current Events
4. Phonetics—adding ER, EST, ING to words ending in LE and one-syllable words
5. Social Studies—Lewis and Clark Expedition

Then Miss White paused and turned around. Willy paused, too, and Miss White said that rehearsals were going to start that day for the Park Fête. "I'd like you to be in it," Miss White said.

"Sure, I'll be in it," Willy said, with a small, pleased shrug and a quick smile. "What is it?"

"You remember. You were in it last year," Miss White said. "We fixed the Maypoles, and we all went to Central Park and did all the dances."

"Sure," Willy said, with another little shrug. "I liked the one where we yelled '*Olé! Olé!*' "

Miss White laughed. " 'Fado Blanquita,' " she said. "That's the name of *that* dance." They exchanged looks of understanding, and Miss White turned back to the blackboard, and Willy started in again on "Moon River."

Outside the school, the children were heading toward P.S. 31 from all directions—from the old tenements on Madison Street, from the Vladeck Houses, from yellow school buses. Magdalena Ramirez, one of Miss White's best pupils, who also played the tuba in the band, came from the Vladeck house just next to the one where Willy Crespo lived. Magdalena was a gentle, observant, awkward, strong-minded little girl with dark hair hanging to her shoulders, and, like Willy and a large number of the other children in her school, she had no father in her home at this particular time. She had three brothers, one of them fourteen and the others eight-year-old twins. Her mother, who, on a monthly welfare allowance, maintained an immaculate four-room apartment in the project, was due to give birth to a fifth child late in the spring, about the time of the Park Fête. Magdalena came to school dressed meticulously, as always; that day she wore a brown coat with a matching hat, a blue dress with a white Peter Pan collar, a red ribbon in her hair, white socks, and black Mary Jane slippers. Magdalena was scheduled to play the Artful Dodger in Miss White's production of "Oliver!," and would surprise everybody by having the stage presence of a pro. From another Vladeck house came John Sidoti, a sallow, undersized boy with blond hair in need of cutting, who had left home with his younger brother, Dennis, after an urgent admonition from his mother to leave a pack of twelve hundred and twenty-eight baseball cards behind. From Clinton Street came Irod Daley, a skinny, loose-jointed boy wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Irod's mother saw him off to school every morning—accompanied by *his* younger brother, Winston—with a strong embrace. Irod was to play the part of Fagin in "Oliver!," overwhelming all of P.S. 31 with the passion and persuasiveness of his performance. Irod's father works as a porter at Grand Central Station; his eldest brother, Nimrod, was a student of government at City College. Lois Weiss, a pretty, fair-haired girl who was known to the rest of Class 5-2 as "the best artist," came from Montgomery Street. Lois and Magdalena were best friends.

Others coming to Miss White's Class 5-2 were Gloria Tucker, a decorous, deliberate girl, excellent in mathematics, whose father is a Sanitation Department worker; Louis Feldman, a chubby, noisy boy who lived with his mother and grandmother; Yvonne Palmer, a tiny, scrawny, moody girl who habitually wore her house key on a string around her neck and who lived alone with her mother, a domestic worker operating on a schedule that got her home several hours after Yvonne returned from school; Michael Harris, a restless, thin-faced boy, the eldest of four sons of the driver of a Pepsi-Cola delivery truck; Quentin Holley, quiet, alert, and eager, whose father helps build missiles in New Jersey; Sibyl Albritton, a watchful, quiet girl who was good on the clarinet; Yvette Garcia, a delicate and

"And that goes for Henry David Thoreau, too!"

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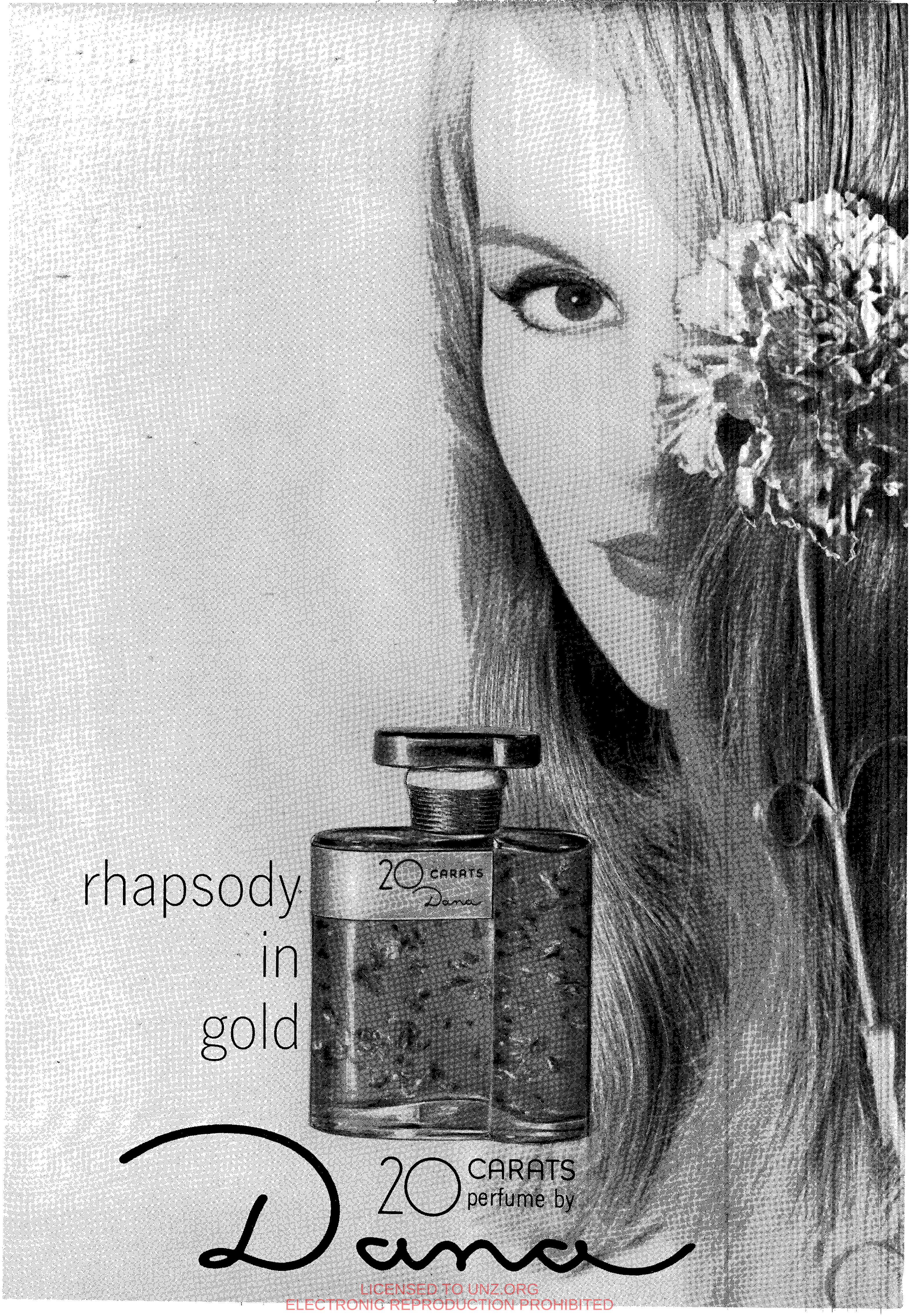
lovely child with tiny pearls in her pierced ear lobes; Harold Thompson, a wide-smiling boy who kept a varied collection of small objects, including a plastic turtle and a couple of metal buttons, on his desk and who lived alone with his aunt; Susan Deyo, a placid, good-natured, motherly girl; and Tony Ortiz, a lively, wild-haired boy who was renowned in the class for his impersonations of James Cagney. And there were about a dozen more, all of them scheduled to dance in the Park Fête.

From Mr. Guskin's class, the dancers would include—in addition to Willy Crespo—Mark Knerick, a cousin of Lois Weiss; Margie Rivera, a striking girl who was conscious of being attractive to boys; José Rivera (not related to Margie Rivera), an amiable boy who was known to everybody as "Peppy" (his spelling) and whose two upper front teeth were missing; David Gomez, Willy Crespo's closest friend, who was the son of an automobile-school driving teacher, and who had been chosen to play the part of Oliver in Miss White's musical production, while Willy would play Mr. Brownlow, Oliver's benefactor. Mr. Guskin, the members of whose class had been taught by Miss White in the fifth grade, is thirty-two years old and has been teaching at P.S. 31 for eight years. This summer, he is working as the teacher in charge of the summer playground of another public school in that lower East Side neighborhood. He is married, has three children, and was drawn to teaching elementary-age children because he believed that, as a teacher, he could reach them more effectively than he could reach the older ones. Like Miss White, Mr. Guskin is musical. He plays the clarinet and the saxophone, and in informal jam sessions with Miss White (flute) and other teachers during the lunch hour he liked to play the banjo and guitar.

The balance of the Park Fête cast—and including a talented young band drummer with a reserved manner named Arturo Vanderpool; a lithe, dreamy girl named Sonya Hernandez; a stocky, reliable Chinese boy, George Yik, a traffic monitor, never without his official white belt; and a bright little girl, Miriam Maldonado, who wore loose, ill-fitting, blue plastic-framed glasses and was scheduled to be transferred in the fall to a special class (at another school) known in educational jargon as an I.G.C. (Intellectually Gifted Children) class—would come from the 5-1 class, taught by Miss Susan Goldberg, a quiet, attractive, ladylike veteran of two years in the public-school system. Miss Goldberg, who is twenty-two, lives with her parents and fourteen-year-old brother in one of the middle-income housing developments on Monroe Street. During the teachers' jam sessions at lunch, Miss Goldberg plays the recorder. Her mother had attended P.S. 31 as a child and had loved the school. Miss Goldberg, who went to another public elementary school, and her mother had both danced in Park Fêtes in years gone by, and it was a source of special pride for both of them that Miss Goldberg was going to work with Miss White as one of the three teachers preparing for the spring event.

The third teacher assigned by Mr. Terner to work with the dancers was Irwin Gordon, whose rank in the hierarchy of the Board of Education was that of a Quota Teacher of Health Education. Mr. Gordon is twenty-four; his wife, Carol, teaches still another fifth-grade class at P.S. 31. The Gordons had been married a little over a year. They drove to school from Jamaica, Queens, every morning in a 1963 Chevrolet and held hands as they entered the school. Mr. Gordon made up his mind at the age of twelve that he would become a physical-education teacher. He got his inspiration, he says, from a physical-education teacher he had in his junior high school, in Queens. The inspiring teacher, Mr. Gordon thinks, probably doesn't even remember him. It is Mr. Gordon's hope that someday he will be a similar inspiration to a boy somewhere in the public schools, and he is building his own teaching qualifications by attending City College three nights a week and working toward a Master's degree in Health Education. In his present job, which he has held for two years, Mr. Gordon, who is a very muscular, firm-jawed, heavyset young man, with the voice (when required) of an Army drill sergeant, supervises the physical-education periods (running, jumping, tagging, playing baseball) of all the students of P.S. 31, from kindergarten through the sixth grade—and there are nine hundred and seventy-six of them. Mr. Gordon oper-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ates in the playground outdoors in good weather, and on cold or rainy days in what is known at the sixty-one-year-old school as the Yard. This is the big, open ground-floor area of the school—dark and badly aired, with supporting pillars cutting through it every few yards—which serves not only as a playground but as a lunchroom (where free lunches of soup, frankfurters, milk, cake, and fruit, for example, are provided for about four hundred and fifty children each school day), and as a gymnasium, an auditorium ("Oliver!" would be presented in the Yard), and a rendezvous point for children and mothers. In addition to his other duties, Mr. Gordon goes from class to class teaching health and safety education. He is a good athlete and a good dancer—very light on his feet—and Miss White and Miss Goldberg were very glad to know that he would be in charge of teaching the folk dances to their sixty children. At the outset of the venture, Mr. Gordon, who has done considerable thinking about modern physical education, reminded Miss Goldberg and Miss White that though the Park Fête children from P.S. 31, like most of the children with low-income backgrounds he had observed in the neighborhood, were below average in high-organization physical skills, they were extremely well endowed with endurance and strength. In something like folk dancing, Mr. Gordon said, the children were "fabulous." None of the three teachers doubted for a moment that the sixty children from their school would dance very well in the Sheep Meadow in the spring.

AT 1:40 P.M. that Wednesday, immediately after Class 5-2 had polished off Lewis and Clark in social studies, Miss Goldberg came into Miss White's room, accompanied by Arturo Vanderpool, George Yik, Miriam Maldonado, and the other children from 5-1 who would dance in the Park Fête. They all had their coats on. Peppy Rivera, Margie Rivera, Mark Knerick, and David Gomez came in from Class 6-2, next door. Willy Crespo had already established himself, somehow, behind Miss White's desk. Within a minute or two, Mr. Gordon, wearing freshly whitened sneakers, the gray wool trousers and shirt of his trade, and a padded nylon windbreaker, and with a whistle on a string around his neck, entered the room, looking very businesslike. Mr. Gordon takes considerable pride in his job and in his appearance. He has thick, curly black hair, and it glistened as if it were freshly combed. He assumed a position in front of the children, who gazed at him with respect.

"Now, listen carefully," Mr. Gordon began, in the tone of a man who has often met with resistance to this request. "Stop your talking. Face me. Now, listen. Listen *carefully*. To begin with, we're going up to the roof. We're going to set up the record-player—the Califone. We're going to start rehearsals for the Park Fête. The Park Fête is a big outing, in the spring, in Central Park, with several thousand boys and girls. It's a very, very beautiful sight. All the children dance, and there are many people watching, and it's a lot of fun."

Mr. Gordon stroked one side of his face and glanced at Miss White. A few of the children looked interested, but most of them appeared wary or bored. Behind Miss White, Willy Crespo leaned against the blackboard, his legs crossed and his hands in his trouser pockets; he seemed to be daydreaming.

"Do you have any questions?" Miss White asked.

No questions.

In a rear seat, John Sidoti was looking at a baseball yearbook. Louis Feldman was tying the arms of his sweater around his middle. Susan Deyo and Michael Harris were chewing gum. From the rear of the room, Miss Goldberg, apparently disappointed at the lack of questions, gave some of her pupils a hurt glance. Miriam Maldonado pushed her glasses up on her nose and tried to look thoughtful.

"Doesn't anybody want to ask a question?" Miss White asked. She seemed to be looking at Irod Daley. In response, he let his head fall swiftly into the crook of one arm. "Some of you may remember the Park Fête from last year," Miss White said, not straining for enthusiasm. She maintained the controlled expression she had worn that morning. She didn't seem to display any of the bounding energy or joyous high spirits that many teachers apparently feel their profession calls for. As a matter of fact, she, like most of her pupils, seemed to play it cool.

From a seat directly in front of Miss White's desk, Magdalena Ramirez raised her hand.

"Maggy?" Miss White said.

"How will we go to the Park?" Magdalena asked. "Will we go by bus?"

"We may go by bus or we may go by subway," Miss White said. "Last year, when we went by bus, we had a lot

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of trouble, because, after the Fête, we had to wait from two until four-thirty for the bus to come for us and then we had to start getting everybody together to board the bus."

A murmur about bus vs. subway went quickly around among the children, and their interest in the Park Fête seemed to liven up.

"Now, listen, boys and girls," Mr. Gordon said. "The dance you're going to do today is a square dance. It is called 'Life on the Ocean Wave.' We're going to start off with *square* dancing."

"Boys!" Miss White said. "Stand! Get your coats!"

There were some objections from the boys to the idea of wearing coats.

"You *must* wear a coat," Miss White said. "It's too cool on the roof not to wear a coat. Girls! Stand! Get your coats!"

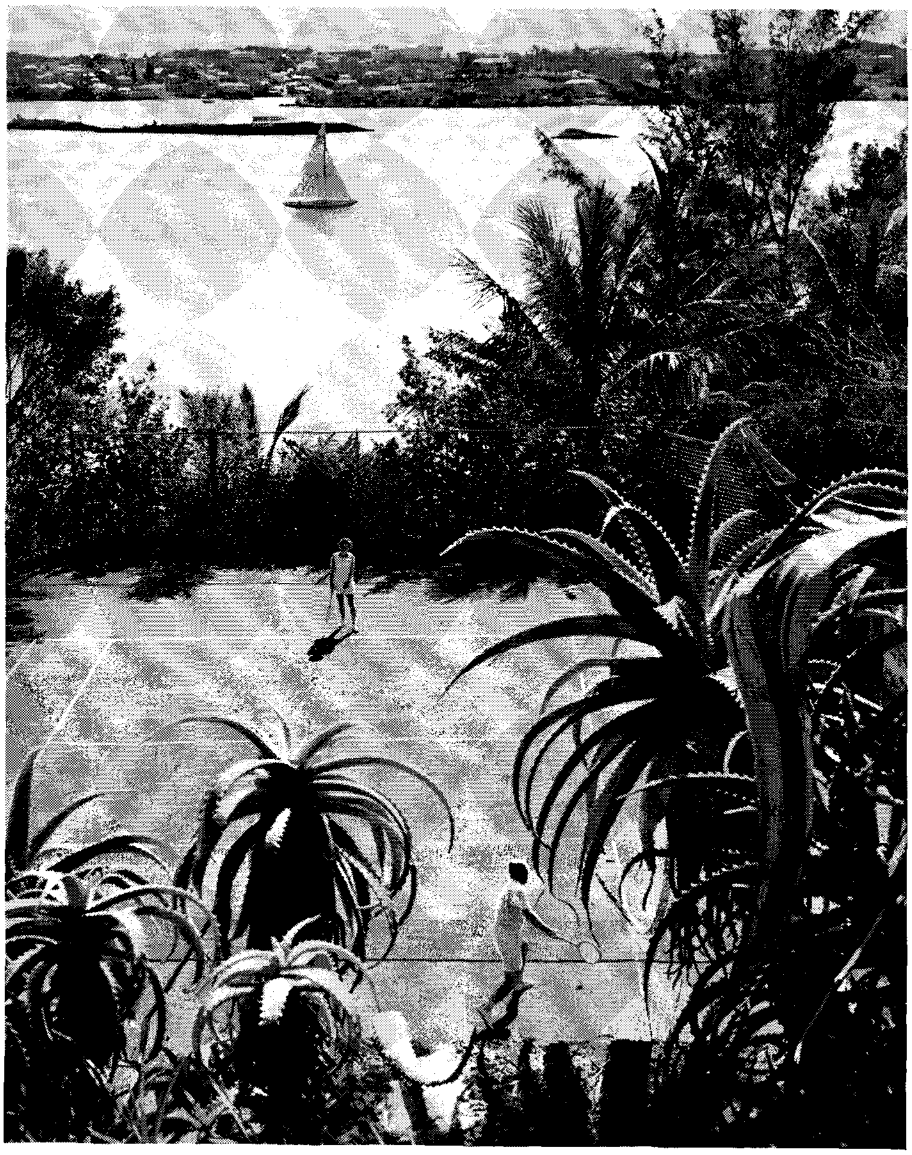
"Not a sound!" Mr. Gordon said, raising his voice to the top-sergeant level. "Line up! You don't talk. You just move your feet."

The children put on their coats, lined up in double file—boys in one line, girls beside them—and marched upstairs to the roof.

On the roof, Mr. Gordon stationed himself in front of the children and said, "All right! Stand up tall! Hands at sides! Hup!" He looked them over grimly. Then he said, "At ease! Face the Califone!"

The Califone was set up against the fence on the south side of the roof, looking toward the Manhattan Bridge. The view from the opposite side consisted of housing projects. The west side afforded a view of the Empire State Building and the buildings surrounding it, and the remaining view was of smokestacks and tugs and barges on the East River. It was a cool, windy day, and the sky overhead was gun-metal gray. All the children looked cold. They were assigned partners for the day; as the rehearsals would proceed, the partners, in some cases, would be changed around from time to time. Willy, near the end of the line, was paired off with Magdalena. He kept his hands in his pockets, looked at his feet, and shivered. Near the head of the line, Yvonne Palmer, a wool scarf tied around her head, also shivered and hugged herself. In the middle of the line, John Sidoti, who was wearing a quilted windbreaker and a baseball cap, took a paperback book entitled "Warren Spahn, Immortal Southpaw—An Original Life Story" from his hip pocket and studied it.

Mr. Gordon put on a record of



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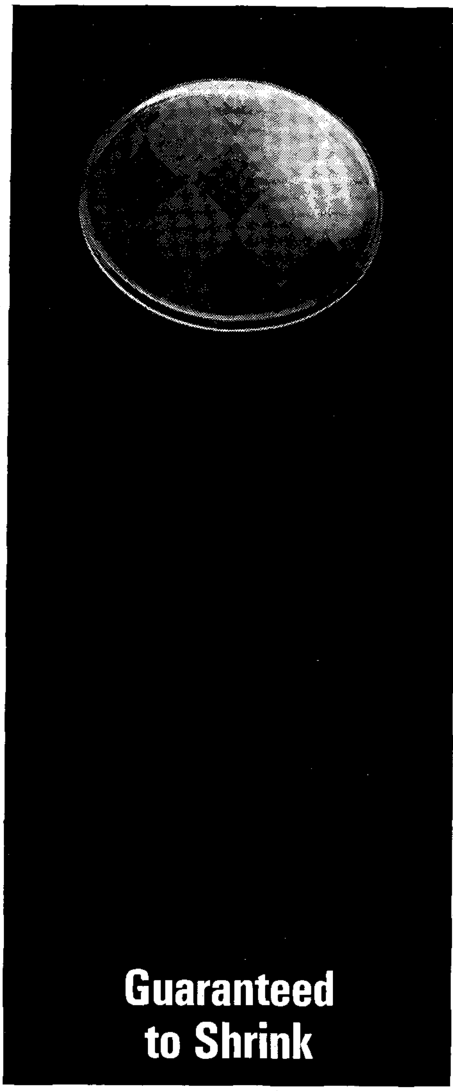

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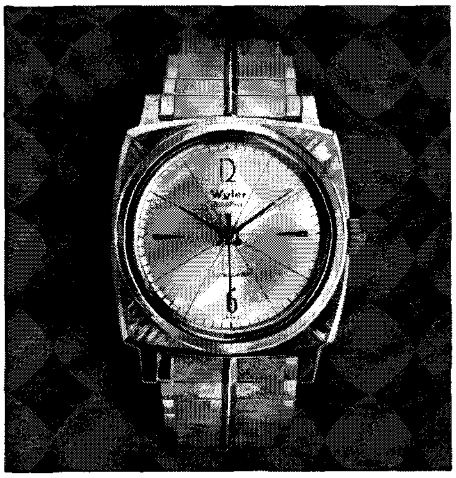

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"Life on the Ocean Wave," and as the music started, Miss White and Miss Goldberg organized the children into squares of eights. Willy and Magdalena were in a square with John Sidoti and Lois Weiss, Irod Daley and Miriam Maldonado, and Louis Feldman and Yvonne Palmer.

"Join hands in a circle," Miss White told them.

"Listen to the music," said Miss Goldberg.

"Clap hands," said Mr. Gordon, and as a man on the record sang the calls, Mr. Gordon sang along, instructing the children: "Head two la-dies cross o-ver and by the gentlemen stand."

"Join hands," Miss White told them.

Willy took up Magdalena's hand in a gingerly clasp, and looked off toward the Manhattan Bridge.

"Drop hands," Mr. Gordon instructed them. "Take a step next to your partner. Now. That's a square set. Bow to your partner. Shake *hands* with your partner. This person is your *partner*. That person is your *corner*. Shake hands with your *corner*. All right. Face your set. Now, the record is sliding a bit, because it's so windy. Now go!"

The children's first effort did not strike the teachers as much of a smash.

"You're not watching a parade!" Mr. Gordon commented. "You're *danc*ing!"

It took about fifteen minutes to get the dancers through the motions of hooking elbows with their corners, swinging their corner ladies, squaring their sets, getting the head two ladies to cross over and by the gentlemen stand, and getting the side two ladies to cross over and promenade. Then they had a complete run-through.

"Sort of rough," Miss White said to Miss Goldberg.

"Well, it's a good start," Miss Goldberg said.

It looked as though it would be a long pull to spring.

"I think you deserve a hand," Mr. Gordon said. "I think you did a fabulous job. I think you ought to applaud yourselves."

The children looked mildly encouraged. Irod Daley led their applause, with great authority. Susan Deyo, looking pleased, blew a bubble with her gum.

"Boys and girls, we know you're cold, we know it's a little chilly!" Mr. Gordon called out. "So jump up and down! Now run!"

The children started to run around.

"Faster!" Mr. Gordon yelled. "Faster!"

They ran. They jumped. They screamed. They tagged each other. The teachers let them go for a few minutes. Then Mr. Gordon used his drill sergeant's bellow. "Freeze!" he called out. To a man, they froze.

"At ease!" Mr. Gordon called.

The children started to talk.

"Hup!" Mr. Gordon called, to see if he had their attention.

The children shut up.

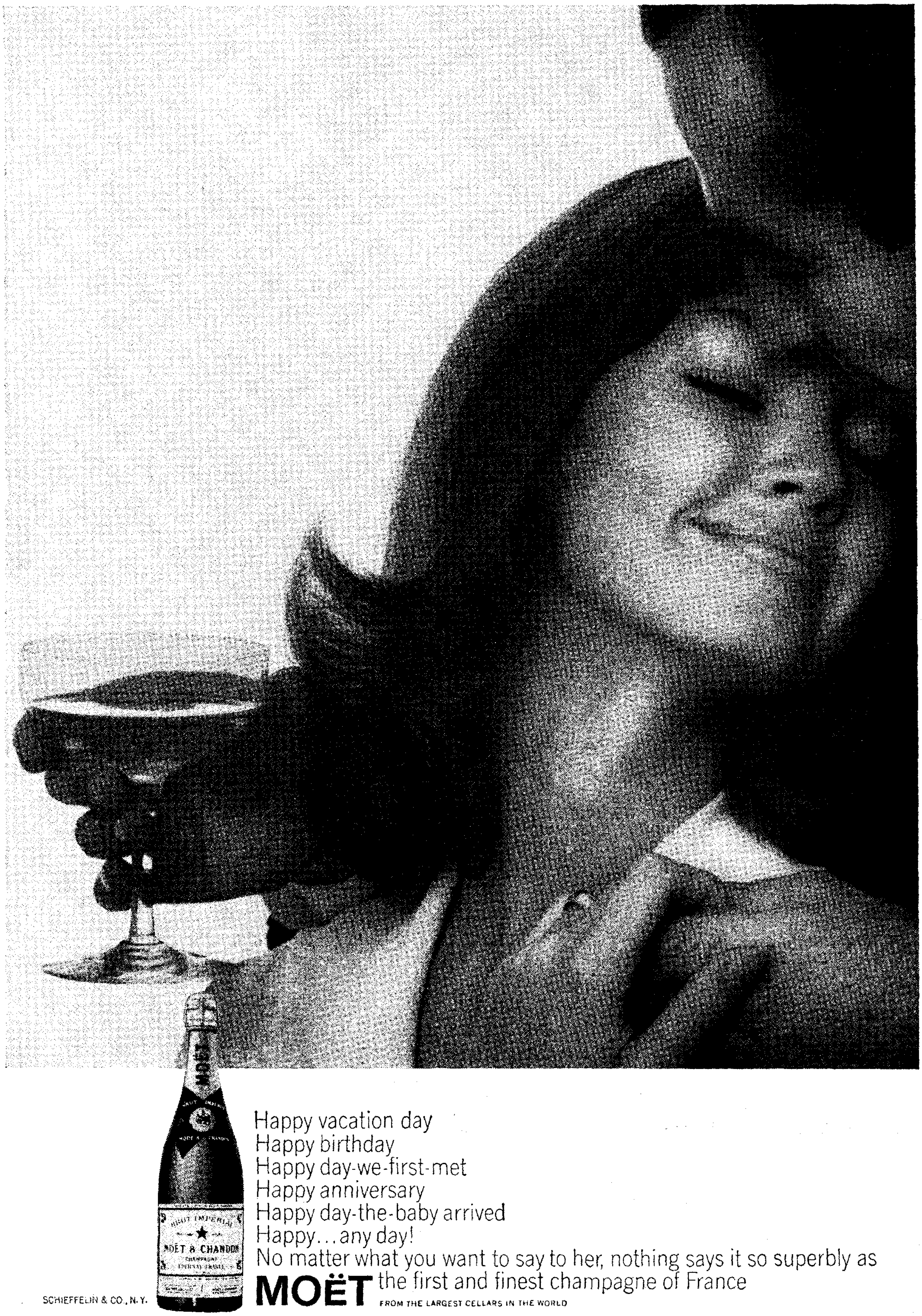
"Good!" Mr. Gordon said.

"Life on the Ocean Wave" was started up again on the Califone. Unwillingly, Willy took Magdalena by the hand. The second run-through was somewhat smoother. And then it was ten minutes to three. The children were lined up again. Led by the teachers, they marched downstairs, and were dismissed at the street door.

Miss White discussed things with Mr. Gordon and Miss Goldberg. They agreed that Willy, John, Arturo, and many of the others were not really lifting their feet. They agreed that the girls looked down instead of up. They agreed that hardly any of the dancers smiled as they danced. And they agreed that the first rehearsal had been a success.

Just inside the school door, Willy lingered, saxophone case in hand, waiting for Miss White. Magdalena waited, too. Miss White said goodbye to Mr. Gordon and Miss Goldberg, and the two children walked out of the school with Miss White. On the steps outside, they casually went through a farewell ritual known as "giving five"—a currently popular kind of cool semi-handshake. First, Miss White held her hand out to Magdalena, and Magdalena slapped Miss White's palm lightly with her own. Then Magdalena and Willy gave each other five, and Magdalena ran off across Gouverneur Street to her home. Willy accompanied Miss White in the opposite direction; it was part of their routine for him to escort her to the subway. At the entrance, Willy, in a reluctant fashion, offered Miss White his five, and then he headed for the Henry Street Settlement House for his music lesson.

THE next Park Fête rehearsal was scheduled for 2:20 P.M. the following day, Thursday, and by that time the children had accepted the idea of rehearsing four times a week. That Thursday, it rained, so the Califone was brought downstairs into the Yard, and there the children demonstrated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what they remembered of the steps of "Life on the Ocean Wave." Most of the head two ladies of the groups crossed over and by the gentlemen stood, but there was no joy evident in the way they did it, and a few of them got stranded in the squares.

"As you can see, boys and girls, many of us have forgotten what we learned," Mr. Gordon told them. "All right. Hup! Hup! Square your set. Show me your right foot. . . ."

The following run-through of "Life on the Ocean Wave" was, without a doubt, a real bust. And for some reason, Willy Crespo was mad at the world. He refused to hold Magdalena's hand, and his feet dragged, as did quite a few other feet. The teachers seemed not to notice. Apparently, the midwinter pall had combined with the dark airlessness of the Yard to produce a general mood of resignation. Seeking relief, Irod Daley and Louis Feldman tried for a while to hit each other on the back of the neck, and Yvonne Palmer struck out at the midriffs of several of the boys near her. But since nobody tried to stop them, they soon sank, in a desultory way, into the dance.

BETWEEN Park Fête rehearsals, life for most of Miss White's pupils was taken up by (1) regular schoolroom work and (2) home. The best part of home for Willy Crespo was the likelihood of being able to use the phonograph in the living room without interference. If he did not find his mother or anyone else at home, he would put on a record of Charlie Parker playing "On a Slow Boat to China" on the saxophone. He would listen, and then take off the record and try playing a similar version of the song. For Yvonne Palmer, home meant sitting alone in a dark, quiet three-and-a-half-room apartment until six-thirty, when her mother returned, or, on nice days, jumping rope with neighboring children in the inner yard of the housing project. For John Sidoti, there were baseball cards and comic books to look at, or else he could play outside, on the bulldozers and heaps of construction materials left by the workers building Gouverneur Gardens. Magdalena Ramirez and Lois Weiss spent most of their after-school time together, interminably discussing two subjects: Willy Crespo and Miss White. (When Willy Crespo was with his best friend, David Gomez, or was kidding around with Louis Feldman or Irod Daley, they discussed two subjects: baseball and Margie Rivera.) Gloria Tucker liked being at home. (The family had moved into the proj-

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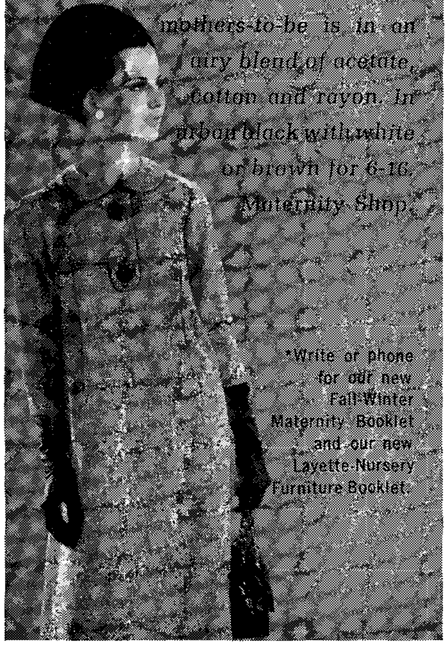

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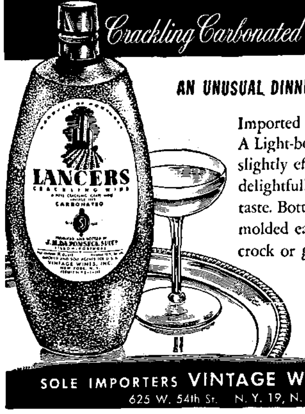

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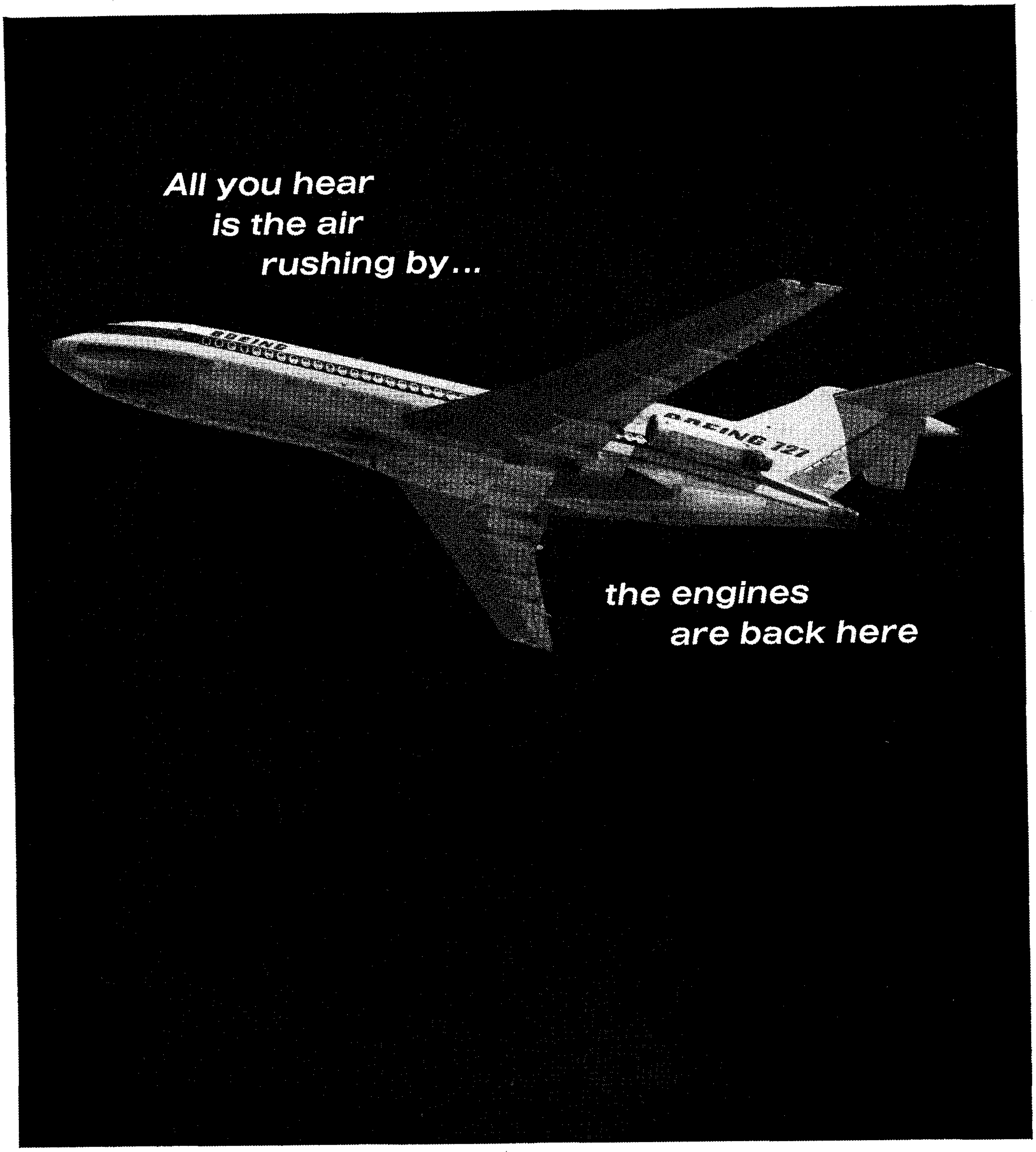

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That quietness is one reason why your trip in a Boeing 727 is so very comfortable. The big, roomy cabin is another. Altogether, you'll find your flight in a 727 the most exhilarating part of your trip.

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ect from a tenement in Harlem.) In her bedroom, a bright haven with crisp white curtains and a white lace bedspread, she kept an assortment of dolls; she had her own desk, in a corner outside the room, and it was neatly provisioned with pencils of various colors, notebooks, and items like rubber bands, erasers, paper clips, and a ruler; she had a new bicycle, blue and white, with still fresh-smelling rubber tires, stationed in the hall. There was a television set in the living room, and there was a large, cheerful kitchen with a window, where her mother set out homemade apple pie to cool. For constant company, wholly under her own control, there was her six-year-old cousin, also named Gloria, who was just up from North Carolina for an indefinite stay. Irod Daley often went directly from school to St. Augustine's Chapel for special religious instruction, or else ran errands for his mother.

The favorite out-of-school activity of most of these children was visiting Miss White at her apartment on Tuesday afternoons. They would arrive at three-thirty, the group of regulars consisting of Willy, Magdalena, a sixth-grader from Class 6-1 named Raoul Ramos, David Gomez, Peppy Rivera, a former pupil of Miss White's named Joseph Clanton and known as J. C., who was now in 6-1, and Nelson Vega, from Mr. Guskin's class, and his year-younger brother, Jimmy. The afternoon's program rarely varied. Miss White would give Peppy a couple of dollars, and he would go out and buy potato chips, cans of soda pop, and chocolate-covered cookies. Miss White would then take each of the children in turn for a piano lesson, while the others sat around eating, and after the lessons they would listen to Willy play his saxophone. When he had finished, they would build a fire in the fireplace and sit in front of it holding a kind of jam session they called a *habayo*, in which they would sing Spanish songs, with Peppy playing the Israeli drum, the others banging soda-pop cans or rattling castanets, and Willy drumming on the back of the guitar. Miss White sat alongside, listening, occasionally breaking into a grin. At about six, they would begin to help clean up the apartment; then they would give Miss White fives, and leave. Irod didn't come to Miss White's. He took independent piano lessons on Saturdays from a teacher in Harlem.

CLASSWORK at P.S. 31 was of the standard variety prescribed by the Board of Education for all fifth and sixth grades in the city. One day, Miss Goldberg, in Room 509, was teaching her class about the War Between the States. Room 509 was gaily decorated. A number of wire hangers that had been fashioned into mobiles were hanging from the ceiling. On the bulletin board, near the classroom door, there was a picture of a pioneer entitled "The Flintlock and the Axe." The caption beneath it read, "With his flintlock rifle, the pioneer killed animals for food and skins. He also protected himself from unfriendly Indians. With his axe, he cleared the land and split wood for fences." On the blackboard, Miss Goldberg had written the "Plan for the Day," which read:

Opening Exercises
Health Inspection
Current Events
Reading I, II
Mathematics
Practice Play
Social Studies
Park Fête

"Why did the people of the South not vote for Lincoln?" Miss Goldberg asked her class.

"Because Lincoln was so far away from what the South was," Miriam Maldonado replied.

"What does it mean to secede from the Union?" Miss Goldberg asked next.

"It means to leave," Arturo Vanderpool said.

Q. Who was elected President of the Confederacy?

A. John Davis.

MISS GOLDBERG: That's not quite right. Does anyone else have an answer?

Nobody did. "*Jefferson* Davis," Miss Goldberg said.

Q. Why do we celebrate Lincoln's birthday?

A. He kept the Union together.

ANOTHER ANSWER: He said that everyone is created equal.

Miss Goldberg seemed satisfied with the mastery that Class 5-1 was achieving of the War Between the States.

THAT same day, in Room 506, the Class 5-2 band, with a few players from Class 6-2, was working toward a mastery of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." Miss White went from one brass player to another, urging them to put some air into it.

"We're all out of tune," she told the band at one point, in her usual cool, calm way. "Let's tighten up those embouchures. Let's put some air into it. Let's try 'St. James Infirmary.' " And she gave them the beat.

The band played "St. James In-

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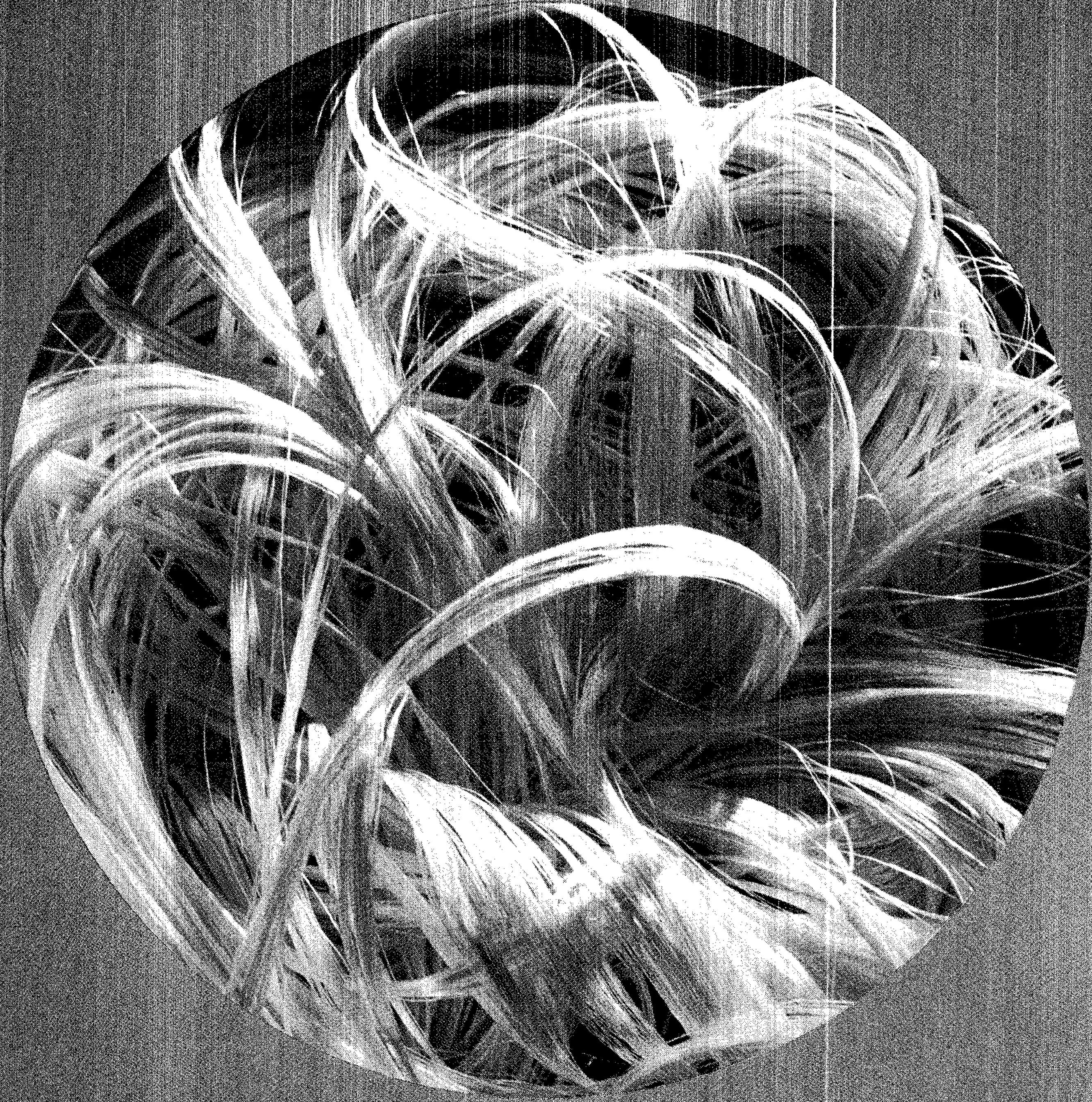

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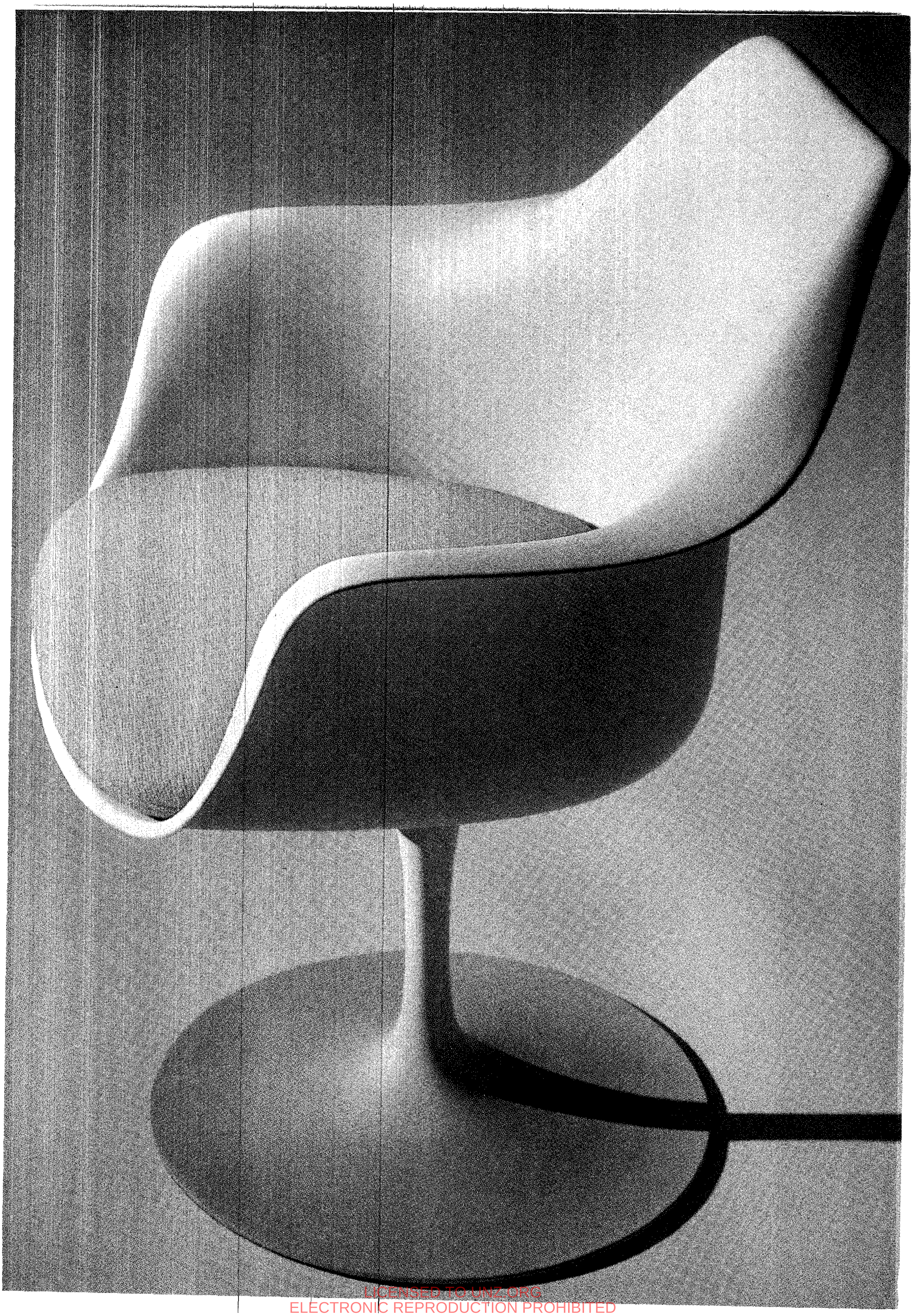

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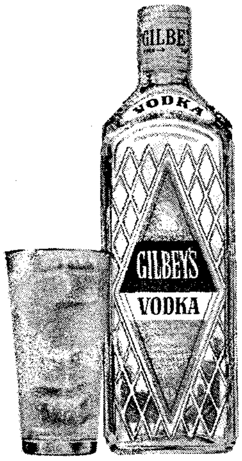

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firmary," approximately. Willy played his saxophone with a real jazz feeling. Magdalena's tuba clomped along, sounding solid. Gloria, Lois, Sibyl, and Yvette, who were lined up together, blew in near unison on clarinets. Arturo drummed efficiently, his face deadpan, his attention riveted on Miss White. Yvonne wandered about in the background, holding a tambourine and looking lost. Louis Feldman played clarinet along with John Sidoti. Irod, another saxophone, tried to keep up with Willy. Harold and Quentin were on trumpet. Toward the middle, the band's performance sagged, and the musicians barely made it to the end.

"It sounded sad," Miss White observed evenly. "It sounded really sad. But we'll get back to it. Let's try something else now. 'Yankee Doodle.' All set? One-two-three-four. . . ."

OUTSIDE, in the corridor, Mr. Terner, the principal, was walking the halls. Opposite the door to Mr. Guskin's room was a bulletin board, to which was pinned a newly made poster, the joint creation of David Gomez and Quentin Holley. The poster read, "PARK FÊTE," each letter being cut from crêpe paper and surrounded by crêpe-paper cutouts of dancing figures. A pin through the leg of one of the paper dancers had worked loose. Mr. Terner paused, put the pin firmly in place, and went on down the corridor.

FEBRUARY continued wet and dismal, so the next few Park Fête rehearsals were held in the Yard.

"Miss White is going to give you a dance today," Mr. Gordon told the children at the fourth rehearsal. "It is called 'Fado Blanquita,' and it is quite difficult. But it is an *enjoyable* dance."

Miss White stepped forward and, not raising her voice, asked the children to form a circle, in couples, the girl on the boy's right and everybody facing the center. "Join hands," Miss White said.

Willy had his hands in his pockets and was standing with one leg crossed over the other. His partner, Magdalena, offered her hand. It was not taken.

"Willy!" Miss White said.

Willy slowly held out his hand, and took Magdalena's loosely by the top. Patiently, Magdalena shifted her hand into position in his. Irod Daley clutched the hand of Yvette Garcia firmly and authoritatively. Louis Feldman held Gloria Tucker's hand. Quentin Holley held Lois Weiss's hand. David Gomez

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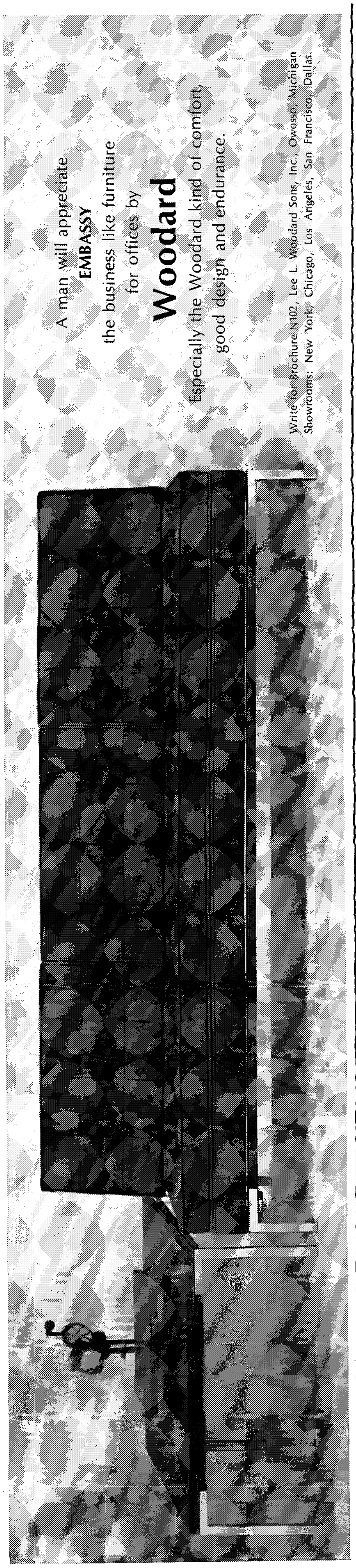

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held Yvonne Palmer's hand. John Sidoti held Miriam Maldonado's hand. Arturo Vanderpool held Sonya Hernandez' hand. Michael Harris held Susan Deyo's hand—both chewing on bubble gum. None of the boys looked with any interest at their partners.

"Now," Miss White said. "The first part of this dance is sixteen steps to the left, then sixteen steps to the right. Little, light running steps." She illustrated. "Now you try it."

Mr. Gordon started up a record of "Fado Blanquita." The children tried the thirty-two steps. Irod Daley took big, confident, hopping steps instead of small ones; Louis Feldman giggled and leaped; and Willy dragged his feet, letting the force of the other dancers move him. Miss White then instructed everybody in the rest of the dance: partners face, joining right hands, and stepping on right foot first, then transferring weight from one foot to the other four times, swaying to right, left, right, and left; doing right-hand turns with partners; doing left-hand turns with corners; repeating circle left and circle right; jumping in place on both feet; hopping on right and swinging left leg; jumping in place and hopping on left and swinging right leg; jumping in place on both feet; jumping and turning right about; joining hands in circle, walking forward four steps toward center, raising joined hands upward, shouting "*Olé!*," then walking back four steps and lowering hands.

"Jump! Jump! Jump! Faster! Faster!" Mr. Gordon urged them.

Willy kept his hands in his pockets. He pivoted when the time came to jump.

"Wake up, Willy! Hands out of your pockets, boy!" Mr. Gordon said.

Susan blew her bubble gum as she jumped.

"*Olé!*" the children called, coming to the center of their circle.

"Can't hear you!" Mr. Gordon yelled.

Miss Goldberg gave Arturo, George, and Miriam pleading looks.

"*Olé!*" the children called, a bit louder.

It took about a week of rehearsals to master "Fado Blanquita."

AROUND the second week in March, the children's "*Olé!*"s were rocking the neighborhood. They were so loud, in fact, that Mr. Gordon told them, "We don't want you to *scream* '*Olé!*' We just want you to *say* '*Olé!*' You can scream '*Olé!*' when you get to the Park."

Mr. Terner prowled the halls and straightened posters. A large poster on a ground-floor wall read:

WELCOME PARENTS!
COME AND SEE OUR WORK!
BIENVENIDOS PADRES!
VENGA A VER NUESTRO TRABAJO!

Another poster, next to it, read:

FOR DENTAL REFERRALS
1. Get pass for General Office Room 302
2. See Miss Kennard Room 205

PARA REFERENCIAS DE DENTISTA
1. Consiga permiso de la Oficina General Cuarto 302
2. Vea Miss Kennard Cuarto 205

Another, over a low water fountain, read:

P.S. 31 PARENTS WORKSHOP
WELCOME PARENTS
Come and learn about our school
Come and hear what we want your child to learn
Come and ask questions
Come and get acquainted with the principal, Mr. Terner
Let us all work for a wonderful P.S. 31
When? What? Where?
Jan. 23—The after school study center—How it serves your child
Feb. 13—All children are getting ready for promotion
March 5—Guidance services of neighborhood agencies
April 9—What opportunity does your child have for supervised play?
April 30—Does your child know how to study?
May 21—How can your child make a good impression?

A poster on the outside wall of the school, near the entrance, urged parents to enter their children in kindergarten (born 1959) and the first grade (born 1958).

On a bulletin board on the third floor, there was a display of compositions entitled "My Autobiography." One read:

My name is Richard. I am ten years old. After school I like to play ball. I live in a big house. I wish I had a dog. But I do not.

IN Room 506, classwork proceeded according to schedule.

"In what year was the present southern border of Canada settled?" the children were asked by Miss White.

John Sidoti said that the year was 1783.

Miss White asked, "Where did you find such an answer?"

"Richard told me," John said. "So Richard is wrong. I'm not wrong."

Boys in the classroom stuck pencils in each other's backs, and, in the best tradition, teased the girls. Louis Feldman pointed a finger down over his

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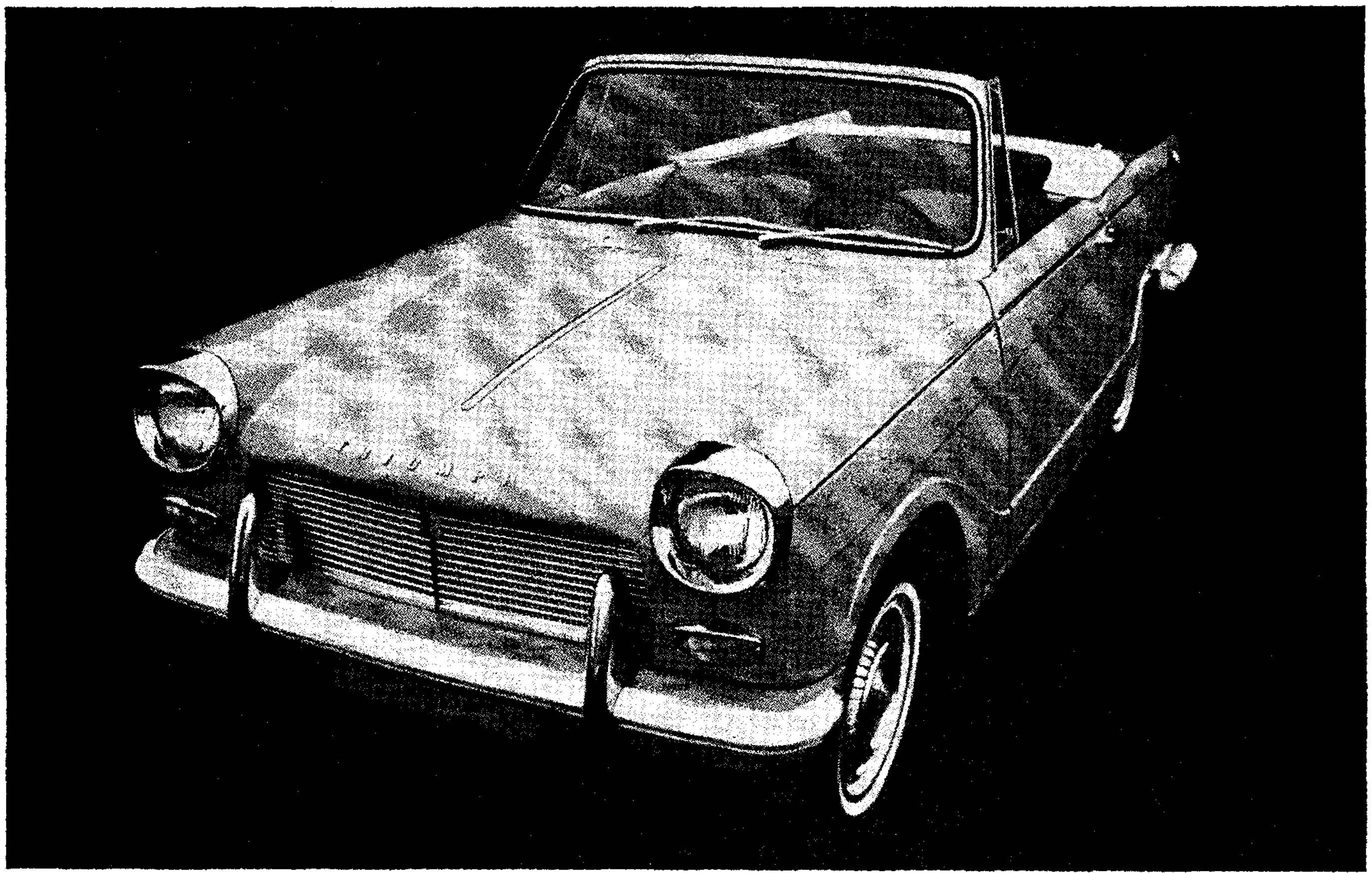

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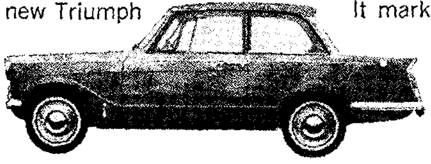

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head toward a spot midway on his forehead and gave Yvonne Palmer the benefit of a terrible crossing of his eyes. She responded by giving him a push.

SOON the children were learning a third Park Fête dance, called "All American Promenade." The formation for this dance consisted of one large circle of couples, all facing counterclockwise, the girl on the boy's right. Miss White asked them to join inside hands and, starting with the outside foot, to take four walking steps forward, then to release hands and pivot, making a one-half inward turn. They were to finish facing clockwise, with the inside foot now free and inside hands joined. Next, they were to take four walking steps backward, moving counterclockwise. Then they were to repeat the four walking steps forward, moving clockwise. After that, they were to balance toward and then away from their partners, and to change places. And so forth. All this was danced to a Sousa march—very spirited.

First, Miss White and Mr. Gordon had the children walk through the dance on the roof. Then the record of "All American Promenade" was started on the Califone, and Mr. Gordon danced with Miss White, showing how he balanced toward and away from his partner. The children watched moodily. While they were watching, Michael Harris gave David Gomez, who was in front of him, a punch in the back. Irod Daley grabbed John Sidoti by the arm. Louis Feldman pulled his cap over his eyes and pretended to be blind.

Mr. Gordon took Miriam Maldonado as his partner, and Miss White took Willy for a while and then changed to John. Miss Goldberg took Arturo Vanderpool. The record was played again, and everybody danced.

"That was a *mess!*" Mr. Gordon reported to them when they finished the dance. "Now, I don't want to see this." He pushed Miriam Maldonado away from him in an exaggerated manner. "Together, away, and cross in front," Mr. Gordon then intoned, balancing Miriam Maldonado away in a graceful execution of the step. "Not this!" Again he demonstrated the violent, ungraceful push, and the children came awake and laughed. "You can't throw your partner away," Mr. Gordon warned them.

They tried the dance again. Irod Daley was taking giant steps, throwing his hands out violently, and tossing his

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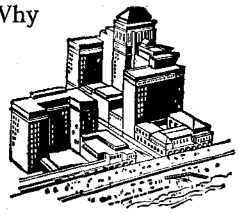

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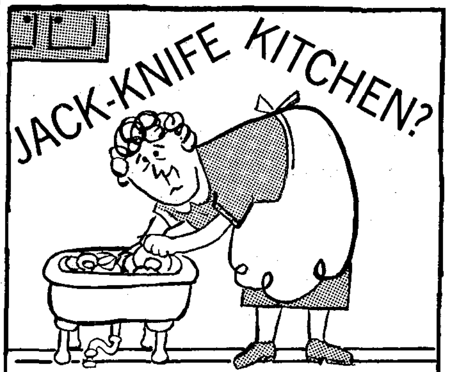
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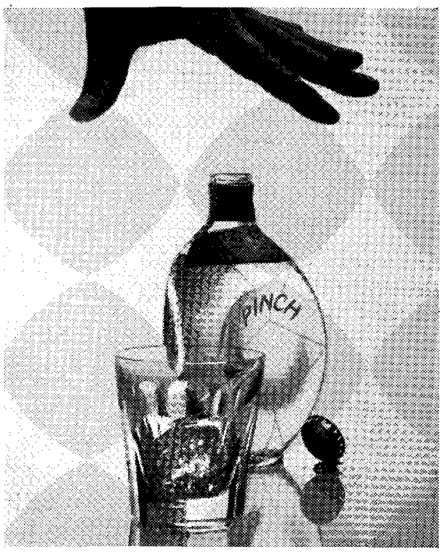

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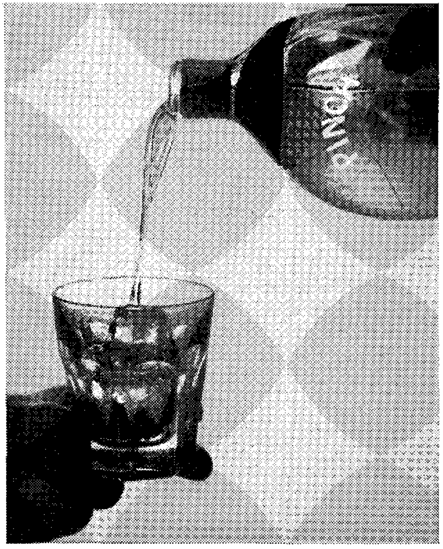

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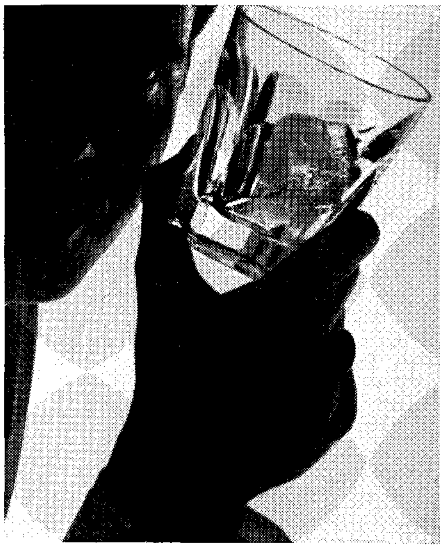

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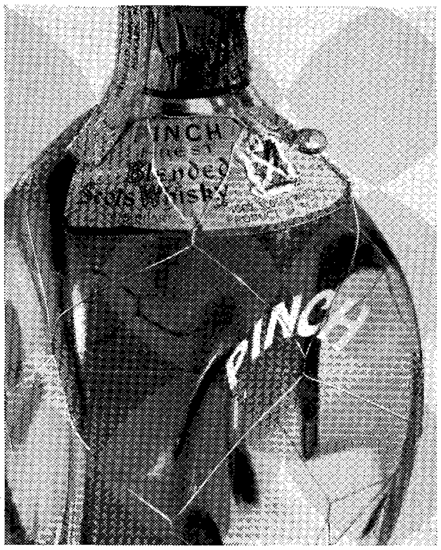
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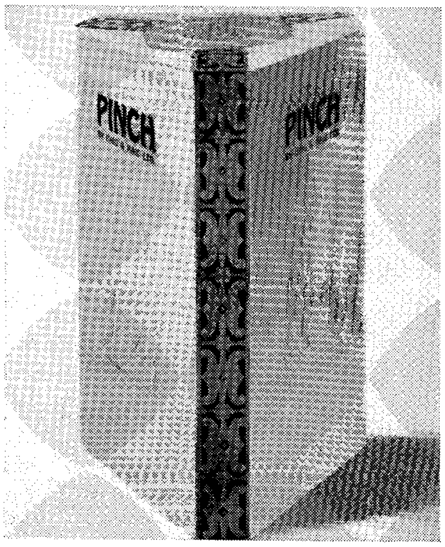
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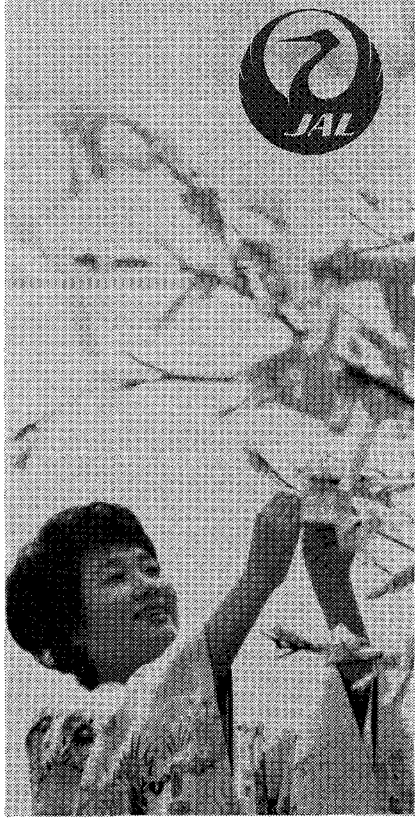

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partner, Lois Weiss, away from him with gusto.

"*Little* steps, Irod," Miss White said, showing no displeasure.

Miss Goldberg looked distraught.

John, doing the step with Gloria, put out his tongue in concentration and moved his feet listlessly and with resentment. Susan, dancing with George Yik, blew with good nature on her bubble gum. Willy, doing together-and-away with Magdalena, pretended that she had hurt his hand, and he put on an exaggerated act of being wounded.

Mr. Gordon sighed heavily and looked at his wristwatch. The children were cutting up in the zest that followed throwing and being thrown away. Mr. Gordon did not use his whistle. Mr. Gordon rarely had to use his whistle. "Freeze!" he yelled, à la Army.

Order was restored, and the children were freed for the day.

Irod Daley departed dancing, and, not having a partner to throw, walked as though he was trying to throw himself away.

A FEW minutes later, as Willy Crespo was escorting Miss White to the subway, she asked him why he danced without lifting his feet, why he resisted giving Magdalena his hand, and why he never looked—except with disgust—at his partners while dancing.

"The girls are so stupid," Willy said. "They're supposed to go one-two-three hop, they go one-two-three *turn.*"

"Everybody makes mistakes," Miss White said. "Nobody is perfect."

"Everybody always says, 'Dance with Lois, dance with Lois, dance with Lois,' " Willy said. "Or else they say, 'Dance with Maggy, dance with Maggy, dance with Maggy.' " He shrugged, and knocked his saxophone case against his legs.

"You have to have somebody as a partner," Miss White said. "Each of the boys has a girl as a partner."

"They see me dance with Lois, they say I'm in love with Lois," Willy said. "They see me dance with Maggy, they say I'm in love with Maggy. Why do they have to talk about it?"

"Maybe they know that the girls like you," Miss White said.

"They don't say that about David," Willy said. "They don't say it about Peppy or anybody. Just me."

"It's not that important," Miss White said. "When you hold a girl's hand while dancing, it doesn't mean anything. Just that you're dancing."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Willy said.

"That's all it means," Miss White said. "And try to remember. Don't walk through the dance. You're a good dancer when you want to be. All you have to do is lift your feet."

They had reached the subway entrance, so they gave each other five and went their separate ways.

AROUND this time, at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Miss Frances O'Connor, a tall, vigorous, attractive woman with pink cheeks and a throaty laugh who has been in the city's school system, as a physical-education teacher and high-school dean and now as a Board of Education official, for thirty-nine years, was getting the Park Fêtes organized for all five boroughs. Miss O'Connor's official title is Supervisor in the Girls' Branch of the Public Schools Athletic League and the Bureau for Health Education of the Board of Education. The instruction sheet she sent out for the Annual Park Fête was called Special Circular 35, and included the information that in Queens, the Park Fête would be held in Cunningham Park, on May 5th; in Richmond, in Clove Lakes Park, on May 12th; in the Bronx, at Fordham University, on May 13th; in Brooklyn, in Prospect Park, on May 26th; and in Manhattan, in Central Park, on May 20th. Alternate dates were set in each borough in case of rain, and it was announced that each pupil attending the Fête must have his parents' consent to do so. "Principals are granted permission on the day of the Park Fête to permit pupils and teachers who are participating to leave school early enough to allow ample time to reach the park and to set up the Maypole," Special Circular 35 stated. "Every precaution should be taken for the safety of the children in transit and in the park. The children should also be impressed with the fact that they are representatives of their schools and that their conduct must be impeccable."

Along with the circular, Miss O'Connor sent a mimeographed sheet entitled "Suggestions for Making Maypole Top." It began, "Schools may use their own creative ability in designing a top for their Maypole. The only essentials are a secure attachment for the streamers and the correct number and length of streamers. The following directions will serve as a guide. Materials needed—wooden disc eight inches in diameter, three-quarters of an inch thick, with hole in center large enough for nail; twelve screw eyes; a basket,

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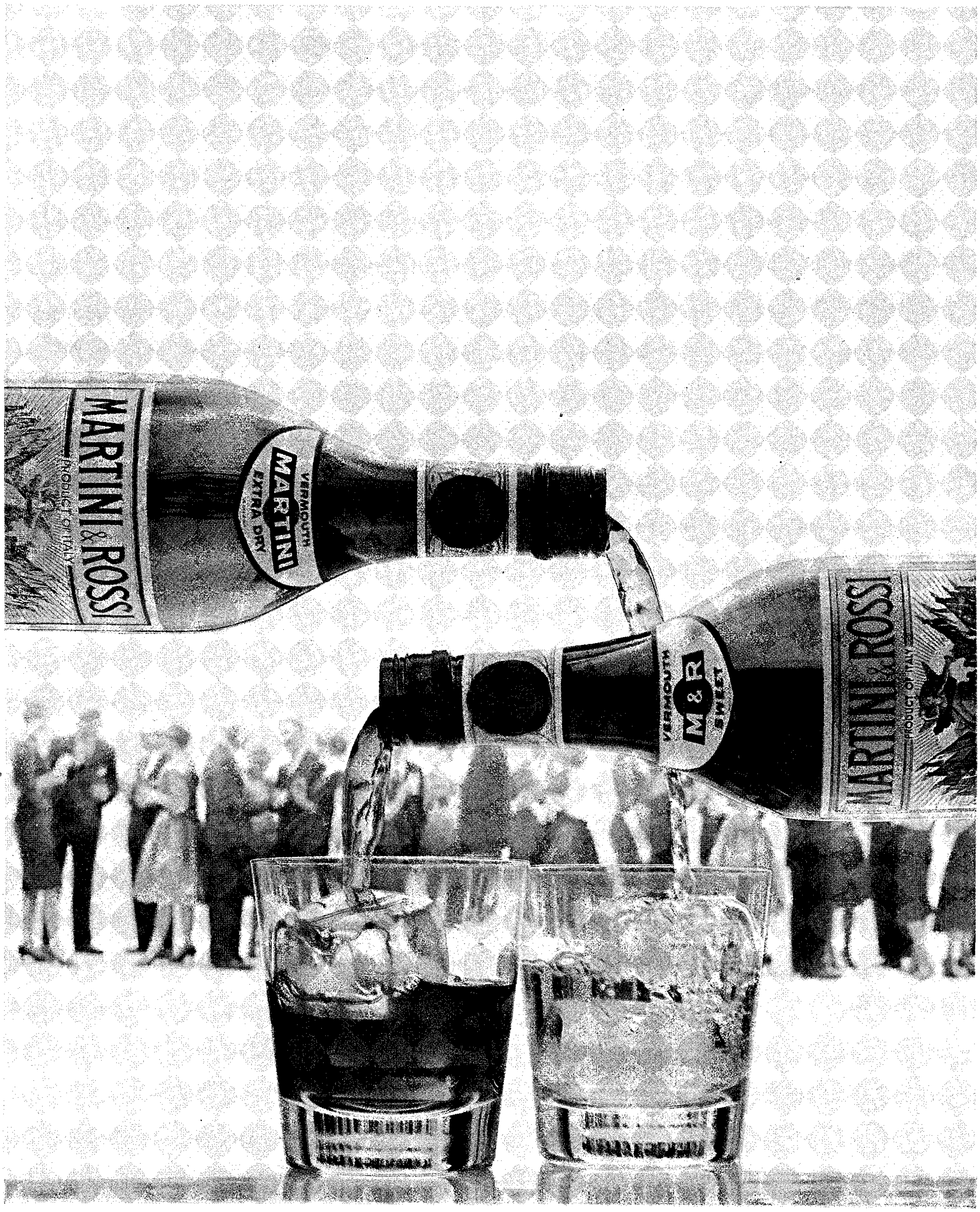
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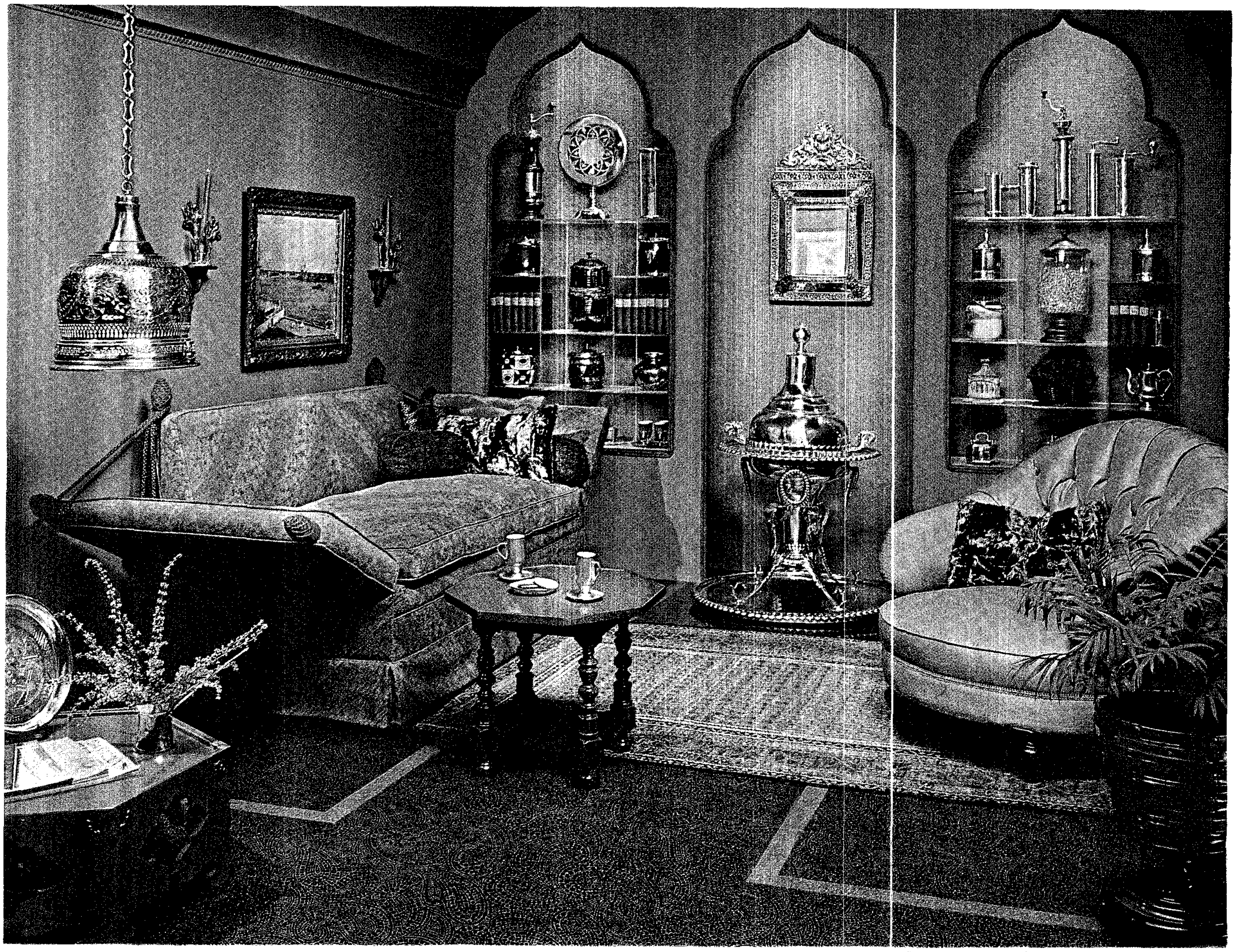

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lampshade or some similar shaped top about eighteen inches in diameter; twelve streamers, cambric or similar material, each at least five yards long and four inches wide; nails, long and strong; hammer; twelve metal meat skewers, wooden clothespins, or extra strong, long nails to fasten streamers to ground; twine."

Another mimeographed sheet dealt with the starting time for each Fête ("1 P.M. promptly"); the problem of unfavorable weather ("Decision regarding postponements will be made before 10:30 A.M."); "Procedure in Park" ("Headquarters and pole will be tagged with school number," and "All participants must be kept in a group in charge of a teacher," and "All announcements will be made from the bandstand."); and "Safety Precautions" ("See that every child has a sweater or jacket," and "Bring a small First Aid Kit," and "Instruct children who are lost to go to bandstand," and "Keep check on number of children and *be sure all are accounted for before you leave the field*").

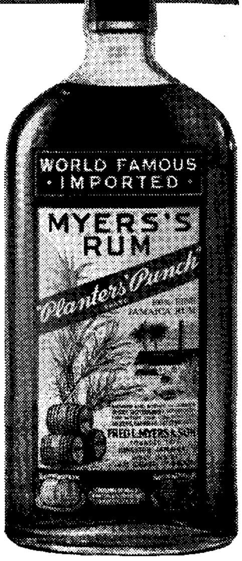
Along with the circular and the sheets of instructions, which went to all teachers in charge of groups participating in the Park Fêtes, Miss O'Connor sent red-white-and-blue striped lapel guest badges lettered in gold:

BD. OF ED.
P.
S.
A.
L.
GIRLS

IN Room 506, Harold Thompson had asked for and received permission to remove the statue of Abraham Lincoln from Miss White's desk and keep it, permanently, on his own. He sat in the row nearest the door, beside Irod Daley. The statue, made of brass and about six inches high, was fixed to a rectangular black wooden base. Occasionally, during classroom consideration of mathematics, science, reading, geography, and social studies, Harold and Irod liked to hold on to Lincoln's head.

Irod was holding on to Lincoln's head the day the class took up "The League of Nations and How to Make This Country Safe for Democracy." Miss White's idea was to show what P.S. 31 and the rest of the country were made safe *for* by having a demonstration of democracy in action in Class 5-2. After a review of the First World War, during which John Sidoti named

There are really two kinds of coolers:
hers
his



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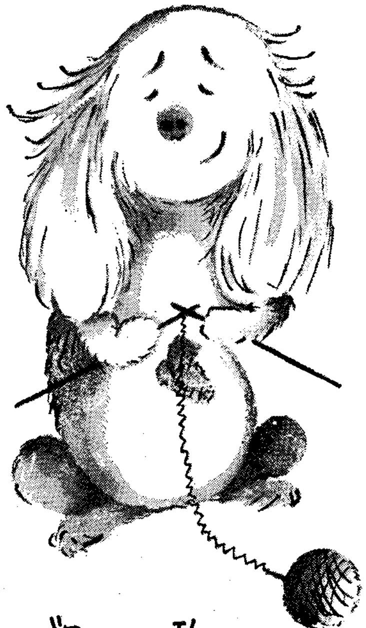

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the Central Powers (Germany, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey) and the class called out en masse the names of the Allied Powers (Serbia, Russia, France, Belgium, Japan, Great Britain, the United States, and Italy), Quentin Holley said that the United States came into the war in 1917.

"Why?" Miss White asked.

"Because a boat was torpedoed," Irod said.

"The name of the boat?"

"Lusitania," said Louis Feldman.

Miss White asked, "How can we, as a class, help to make this country safe for democracy?"

Lois Weiss suggested, "You could send clothes or money to poor children in other countries."

Miss White asked what had happened to Woodrow Wilson, and Magdalena said, "He died of a broken heart."

Since Class 5-2 now seemed to have some idea of what their country was safe for, Miss White said that the time had come for it to decide democratically on the colors for its Maypole and for the costumes it would wear at the Park Fête.

Miss White held up several squares of paper as color samples—shades of blue, red, green, and yellow, along with black and white. Magdalena had been very morose lately—preoccupied, Miss White decided, with the new baby expected in her home. Miss White made a special point of encouraging her to suggest color combinations for the Fête.

"Black and white," Magdalena said, without heart.

"*Yellow* and white," Yvonne Palmer said.

"Black and *red*," Yvette Garcia said.

"Red and white," Willy said, and Michael Harris agreed with him.

Miss White urged the children to consider whether black and red were right for the warm days approaching. "Do black and red make you feel cool?" she asked.

"Yellow and red," Quentin Holley suggested.

"Red and white," Lois Weiss said.

"Red is my favorite color," Willy said.

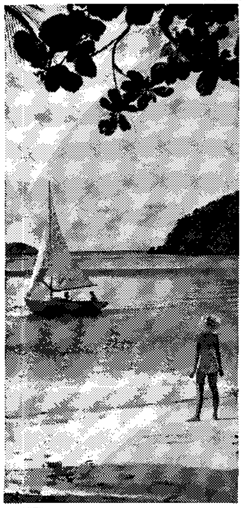
"Here's a pale blue and a dark blue," Miss White said.

"Blue and white," Louis Feldman said.

That seemed to strike a sympathetic chord all around.

"Light blue and white," Magdalena said, managing a brief, sad smile.

"I like the blue," John Sidoti



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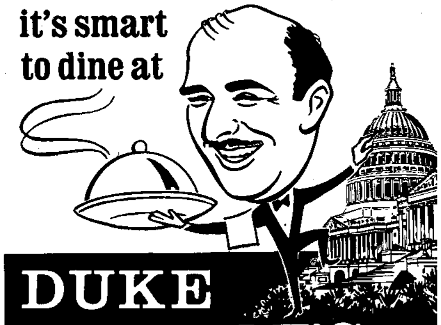

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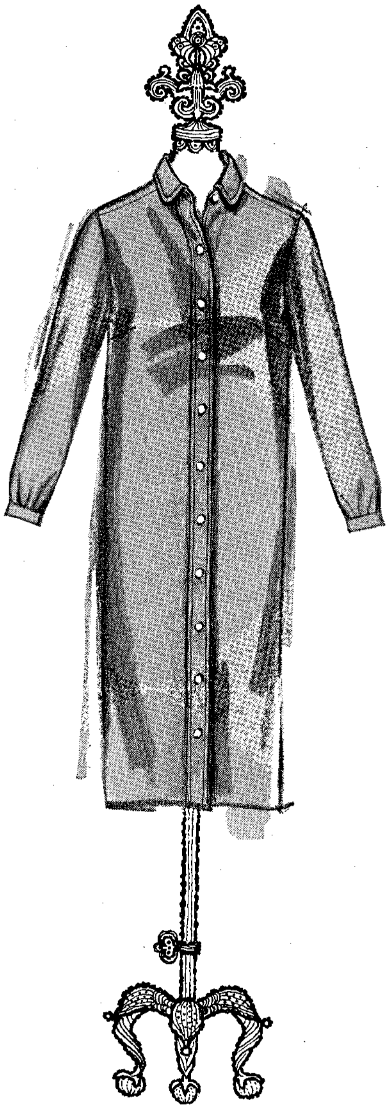

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said. "It will look pretty with the green trees and green grass."

"Any other ideas?" Miss White asked.

"Brown and pink," someone said.

"Blue is very nice," Magdalena said.

"All those in favor of closing the colors now, raise hands," Miss White said.

Most of the children waved their hands in the air.

"The majority rules," Miss White said. "We'll take a vote. I'll call the colors. Keep your eyes closed and think of how the colors will look in the Park."

The first vote narrowed the selection down to blue and white vs. red and white.

"All those in favor of light blue and white?" Miss White asked.

Twenty-seven voted in favor. Among them was Arturo Vanderpool, who was there as the official representative of Miss Goldberg's class.

"Red and white?"

Two voted in favor—Michael Harris and Willy Crespo.

"The colors are light blue and white," Miss White said. "Everybody now abides by the democratic decision."

THE Maypole streamers, then, would be blue and white, and the Maypole top would have the streamers tied decoratively around a lampshade or its equivalent. The girls would wear blue skirts and white blouses. The boys would wear black slacks and blue vests over white shirts. As a finishing touch, there would be string ties of yellow ribbon for the boys and yellow hair ribbons for the girls.

The Parents Association of P.S. 31 was alerted. In the next issue of a mimeographed bulletin called the *Principal's Letter*, which was addressed, bilingually, to "Dear Parents" and "Estimados Padres," there appeared, in addition to items about the new Assistant Principals (Mrs. Roberta Jones and Mr. Howard Shapiro) and the serious problem of lateness of pupils, the following announcements, side by side:

PARK FÊTE	PARK FÊTE
May 20 at Central Park will present dances prepared by the teachers and pupils. This is a city-wide event to which we are happy to send our representatives. Maps for the parents who wish to attend will be available in the school yard and Room 208.	*El 20 de Mayo en el parque Central se presentarán bailes preparados por los maestros y un grupo de nuestros niños. Este es un acontecimiento de la ciudad entera al cual gozamos de mandar nuestros representantes. Mapas para los padres que desean asistir al programa estarán disponibles en el patio escolar y el salon 208.*

For the next meeting of the Parents Association, which was conducted bilingually by Mrs. Mary Lopez, the Spanish-speaking Auxiliary Teacher at P.S. 31 (a full-time job), sixty-nine parents—all mothers—were present. The P.A. meets on the third Thursday morning of every month, and baby-sitters are provided at the school for those mothers who need them in order to come to the meetings. Mrs. Lopez, who is a volatile and quick-tempered young woman, told the mothers that a friend of the school would pay for the Park Fête costume material if the mothers would volunteer to make the skirts and vests. She went on to explain that costumes would be needed for about thirty boys and thirty girls but that the costumes would be simple, and the mothers would have no trouble sewing them.

The parents looked around at each other, nodding and smiling. Yvette Garcia's mother volunteered to make costumes. Margie Rivera's mother volunteered. And two mothers with children in the school but not in the Park Fête also volunteered—Mrs. Aurelia Lugo and Mrs. Estelle Zablidowsky. Mrs. Lopez asked for more costume-makers to volunteer. Eleven mothers in all said they would.

THE weather in April was erratic, but there were some fairly warm days. New posters went up on the corridor bulletin boards. One was devoted to a display of children's paintings on the theme "Flowers in Bloom." Another featured "A Poem by Phoebe Allnut," which began:

I am so glad of the colors of things
Night, of course, is blue
And morning red and yellow . . .

Mr. Gordon began taking his nine hundred and seventy-six charges outdoors regularly for their exercise. He organized baseball games, sometimes doing all the pitching himself. The boys of Class 5-2 played the boys of Class 5-1 and won. The girls of Class 5-2 played the girls of Class 5-1 and lost. Miss White and Miss Goldberg stood on the sidelines in full emotional and vocal involvement with the games. Baseball loomed with ever-growing importance in class as well as out. Miss White's pupils brought their collections of baseball cards to class, and the cards were confiscated. Concentration on mathematics, history, geography, and other regular subjects faltered. John Sidoti put a copy of *Action Comics* featuring "The END of Superman's Secret Identity" inside his copy of "Our Country's Story." During mathematics, Irod Daley grabbed the statue of

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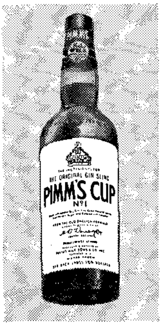

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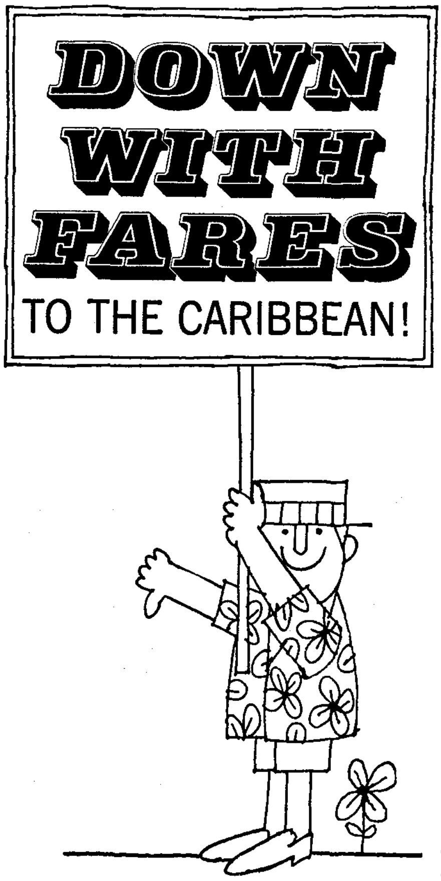

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Abraham Lincoln away from Harold Thompson and, with a pencil, scribbled on Lincoln's head the notation "9 × 8 = 72." Harold Thompson objected. The Lincoln statue was pulled back and forth in anger. Harold let go suddenly. The statue fell to the floor. The base broke off. Irod blamed Harold. Harold blamed Irod. Lincoln's head, Harold said, was no place to scribble "9 × 8" on. Miss White stepped in. The story was repeated several times, from Irod's point of view and from Harold's. Miss White suggested that Harold find a new base for the statue and that Irod help make repairs. Crankily, Irod agreed.

"Any ideas about what you can use for the new base?" Miss White asked, not trying for any fake jollity in her tone.

"How about using the desk?" Irod said.

"I don't think the Board of Education would care for that," Miss White said. "You and Harold will think of something."

The head of Lincoln lay on its side on Harold's desk. When classes were dismissed, children from other classes passed by Room 506 and noticed the broken Lincoln with shock.

Most of the Park Fête rehearsals now took place on the roof. Before Mr. Gordon sounded his "Freeze!" and "Hup!," some of the children warmed up with the Twist. One day, the children learned a new dance called "Sicilian Tarantella." It called for sets of two couples—boys in one line, girls in another, partners facing, left foot free. Willy was paired with Magdalena, John Sidoti was paired with Yvonne Palmer, Louis Feldman was paired with Gloria Tucker. Margie Rivera danced with George Yik. David Gomez was paired with Lois Weiss. Almost none of the children looked happy.

"Try to smile when you dance, children," Miss Goldberg said quietly to Quentin Holley and Sonya Hernandez. "Aren't you enjoying it?"

They nodded, looking miserable.

Miriam Maldonado looked cheerful. She stood with Raoul Ramos. Her glasses were still too loose. She kept pushing them up and smiling good-naturedly at Raoul.

Miss Goldberg noticed that Magdalena looked even more unhappy than the others. She asked Miss White about her.

"I can't get through the sadness," Miss White said. "She's worried about her mother."

"When they're sad that way, you

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just can't reach them," Miss Goldberg said.

Willy made things worse by turning his back on Magdalena when the boys were told to face their partners. Miss White was forced to come over and pay some attention to him in order to get him to turn around.

"Freeze! Don't move! Hup!" Mr. Gordon said. "Boys, make sure your partner is on your right."

They learned two step-swing steps, starting with the left foot, stepping in place on the left foot, clapping hands, hopping on the left foot and swinging the right leg in front of the left, then partners, clapping hands, and four steps in place. Then they took four light running steps forward, toward their partners, clapping hands, and four light running steps backward, clapping hands. The partners then hooked elbows, swinging once around. And so on.

It was a shambles.

"Terrible!" Mr. Gordon bellowed at them.

"Don't kick as though you were trying to get rid of your foot, John," Miss White said. "And, Yvonne, the boy swings *you*. You don't swing the boy."

Yvonne looked solemn and moody.

"Swing!" Mr. Gordon yelled at them. "Swing!"

The rehearsal ended in a very low key.

THE next day, Miss White told her class that she was going to Orchard Street after school with a committee of mothers to buy the material for the Park Fête costumes. The children came to life and began offering suggestions about where to go for the best buys. Miss White said that she had picked out a store called Beckenstein's. At three o'clock, when Miss White started out, she found herself surrounded by Willy, David, Magdalena, Lois, Yvonne, Gloria, Peppy, Irod, Tony, Susan, and Yvette. They all wanted to go along to Orchard Street and give advice on the selection of material for costumes. Within a few minutes, Miss White was also joined by Mrs. Garcia, Mrs. Lugo, and Mrs. Gwendolyn Taylor, vice-president of the Parents Association. In a body, led by Miss White, the fifteen of them set out on the ten-block walk to Orchard Street.

On Orchard Street, still in a body led by Miss White, they entered the shop of Samuel Beckenstein, Inc. (Woollens, Imported & Domestic, Silks, Rayons, Cotton, Lace, Large Selection in Remnants — Established 1918), where they were greeted by a small eld-

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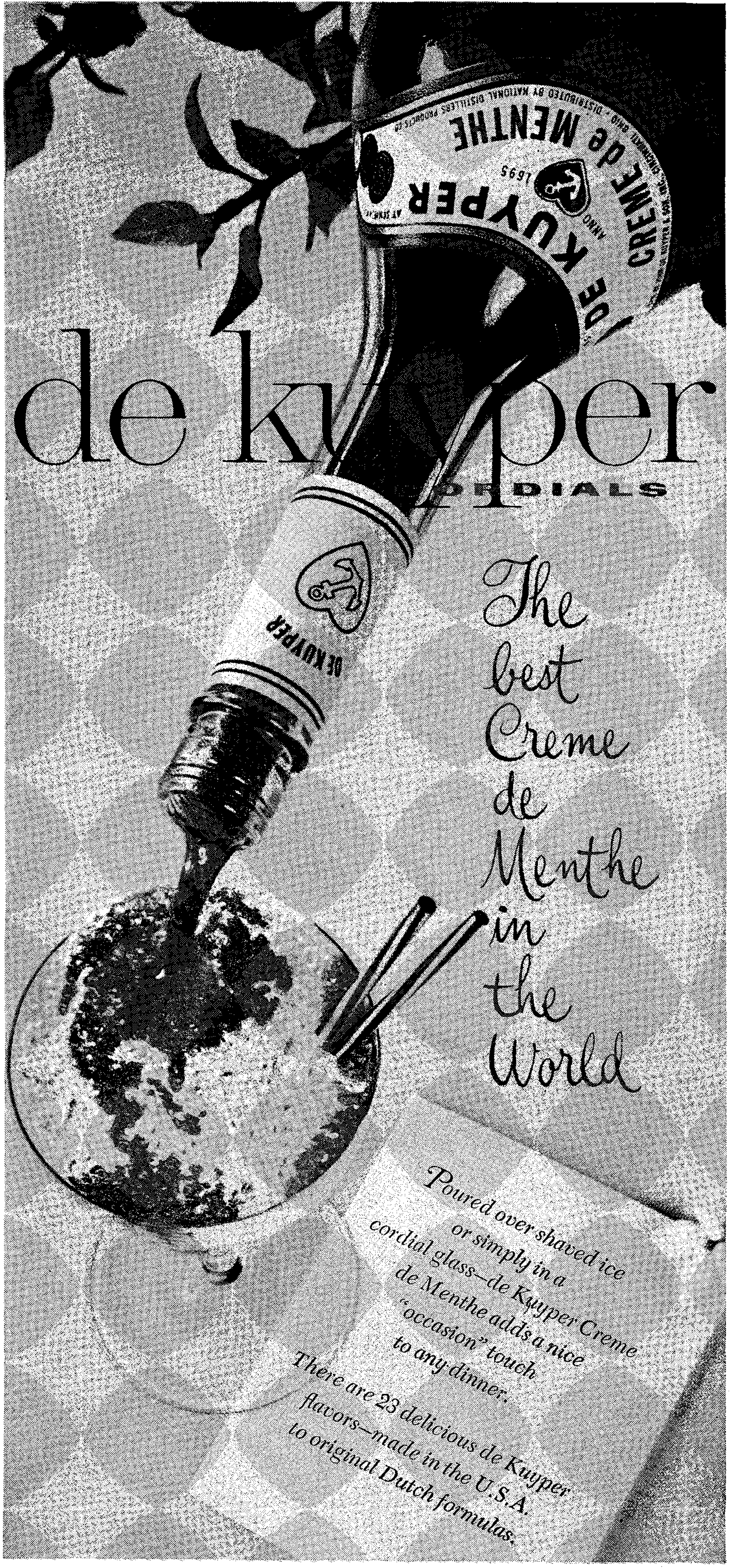
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erly salesman named Julius Levine. The children looked with awe at the bolts of cloth, stacked vertically and horizontally. They reverently touched some samples that were within reach.

"We want material for sixty costumes—skirts and vests—for the Park Fête," Miss White told Mr. Levine.

"Yes," Mr. Levine said with great sympathy, as though he knew the Park Fête as well as he knew his own brother. "You need material for sixty costumes. What color? Solid color?"

"Blue. Light blue," Miss White said.

"Something washable?" Mr. Levine asked.

Magdalena said, "Miss White, here are two blues."

"Don't touch," Mr. Levine said. "You want denim?"

"Something lighter," Mrs. Taylor said, looking at Mrs. Lugo and Mrs. Garcia, who nodded in agreement.

"About two yards for each skirt, one yard for each vest," Miss White said. "That means ninety yards."

"By the piece," Mr. Levine said. "Some nice drip-dry broadcloth, no starch necessary." He was pulling out a bolt of blue cloth.

"Something lighter, something more cheerful," Mrs. Taylor said. "We need something lively." Again, she looked at the two other mothers and they nodded in agreement.

Magdalena put a forefinger on a bolt of lighter-blue broadcloth, and the other children crowded alongside her, adding their forefingers to hers.

"That looks very pretty," Mrs. Taylor said.

"The Parakeet blue," Mr. Levine said. "Fifty cents a yard." With an impressive air, he unrolled the bolt with great slaps and held the material up for them. The children stared, hypnotized.

"Is it washable?" Miss White asked.

"Will it shrink?" Mrs. Taylor asked.

"Washable. Drip-dry. Pre-shrunk. No starch necessary. Everything," Mr. Levine said. "I'll start cutting?"

Miss White looked at the three mothers and at the children, and they all smiled and said they liked the Parakeet blue. Mr. Levine started cutting.

Ninety yards—sixty cuts—of Parakeet-blue drip-dry broadcloth were cut, and made up into three packages. Tony, David, and Irod grabbed them and led the parade, Indian file, out of the store. Willy brought up the rear.

"That blue is going to look very pretty against the grass in the Park," Miss White said.

Everybody agreed.

THE following day, Magdalena's mother went to the hospital to have her baby. Since nobody else was available, Miss White went to stay with Magdalena and her brothers while Mrs. Ramirez was away. The next morning, Magdalena was able to report to her classmates that she had a sister, one day old, by the name of Lisa. When Willy came to Room 506 during lunch hour to practice his saxophone, Magdalena, who had polished off the free lunch downstairs and had come up to hang around, told him there would be a baby in her house in a few days.

"You want to come over to see it?" Magdalena asked him.

"What is it?" Willy asked. "She or he?"

"A girl," Magdalena said. "Lisa."

Willy shrugged. "Sure. Let me know when it comes home."

"She's going to sleep in my doll's crib until she gets her own crib," Magdalena said. "You sure you want to come?"

"Yeah," Willy said. "Sure."

Willy stayed on in Miss White's room for a while after the bell. Mr. Guskin came in and asked, with a good-natured smile, when he could have Willy back where he belonged. Miss White said that they had to measure the children for their costumes, so the mothers could get to work on them, and that, as a matter of fact, she needed not only Willy but David and Peppy and Margie and Mark from his class for the measuring.

David used a tape measure on the boys, and Miss White noted down the figures he read off to her. Willy was measured by David as being nineteen and a half inches from shoulder to shoulder. Miss White herself measured the girls. Magdalena wrote down the dimensions: "Lois—waist—25," "Yvonne—waist—21." Then the list of measurements was turned over to Mrs. Lopez, who called a meeting of the mothers in her room. It was agreed that black elastic would be used for the waistbands of the skirts, and that the yellow ribbon, which had been bought in the meantime, would be cut up for the string ties and hair ribbons after the vests and skirts were made. Mrs. Lopez then demonstrated the way the vests should be cut, with a paper pattern modelled by one of Miss White's

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students, Anmiell Medina, a chubby, smiling boy.

"*Bueno, aquí está el material—tres madres lo compraron el viernes,*" Mrs. Lopez said, some urgency in her tone, as she looked around the table at a dozen or so of the mothers. She said it again in English, and then, in English, went on to say that now they all had to cut the skirts and vests. "*Ahora tenemos que cortar las faldas y los boleros,*" she said. "*Miren el material!*" She held up a two-yard piece of the Parakeet-blue fabric that had been cut by Mr. Levine.

The mothers gave small sighs of approval.

"*A Ustedes les gusta?*" Mrs. Lopez asked.

The mothers nodded.

Mrs. Lopez said that she wanted the skirts to be halfway up the knee, and that the skirts would be easy to make but that the vests might give them some trouble. "*Las faldas son faciles, pero cómo creen Ustedes que se deben de cortar y hacer los boleros?*" she asked them.

Mrs. Zablidowsky said that she had made a lot of vests, and would take on most of those if the other mothers would do the skirts. Her offer was accepted, the Parakeet-blue fabric was distributed, and the mothers went home.

THAT afternoon, Miss White taught a science lesson demonstrating, by means of pencils on sandpaper, the principle of friction and heat. When she took up the principle of friction, she neatly brought in the subject of the Park Fête: "Supposing I had a Maypole. Would I be able to climb up the Maypole if someone had put grease on it?"

In Room 504, Mr. Guskin, who had finally got Willy back, was putting him to work. The children were developing their reading ability by reading aloud from *My Weekly Reader—6—News Report.* It led off with material on Shakespeare.

"Why is April 23rd an important date?" Mr. Guskin asked. "Willy?"

"April 23rd is Shakespeare's birthday," Willy said.

"We'll now read," Mr. Guskin said. "You start, David."

" 'Shakespeare's fame lies also in the number and variety of the characters he created,' " David Gomez read, following the text with a forefinger. " 'He wrote about pickpockets, fools, countryfolk, stablemen, merchants, and kings. He examined deepest feelings: love, hate, pride, revenge. But it is, above

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all, Shakespeare's mastery of language that has made his fame so lasting. He helped to give the English language the form it has today. He gave us such words as *assassination*, *gloomy*, *lonely*, and *suspicion* . . .' "

"Very good," Mr. Guskin said. "Now you read, Willy."

Willy fished in his hip pocket, brought out a pair of shell-rimmed glasses, and put them on. He slowly read: " '. . . such phrases as *mind's eye* and *shadow of a dream;* such lines as *All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players* . . . and *The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.* . . .' "

In Miss Goldberg's class, Arturo Vanderpool, wearing a knit shirt with wide red-and-black horizontal stripes, stood and read from "Our Country's Story" the chapter entitled "A Larger and Stronger Nation." " 'New People,' " Arturo read, as the subtitle. Then he read: " 'Before long the manufacturers were able to sell more than they could make. They needed more workers to keep the factories going. Where were they going to get such workers? The answer was simple. Thousands and thousands of people in Europe were waiting for a chance to come to the United States. To the poor people of other lands, our country was a land of promise. Our government "opened the doors" to these people. Year after year, thousands of *immigrants* came here from England, Ireland, Germany, Italy, and other countries of Europe. (An immigrant is a person who comes into a country to make his home.) The immigrants went to work in the factories and mines, on the farms and railroads. They helped make the country strong.' "

AT the Board of Education headquarters, Miss O'Connor wrote letters to the Mayor and other city officials inviting them to the Park Fête. ("We hope that you will be able to find time in your busy schedule to honor us with your presence," Miss O'Connor wrote to the Mayor.) Then she paid a visit to the Parks Department supervisor at the Arsenal in Central Park and arranged to have barriers set up in the Sheep Meadow on the day of the Fête, to mark off the area to be used for dancing. She also requested that a combination bandstand and speakers' stand be set up in front of the Recreation Building, so that the sound could bounce off its façade. (A truck with sound-amplification equip-

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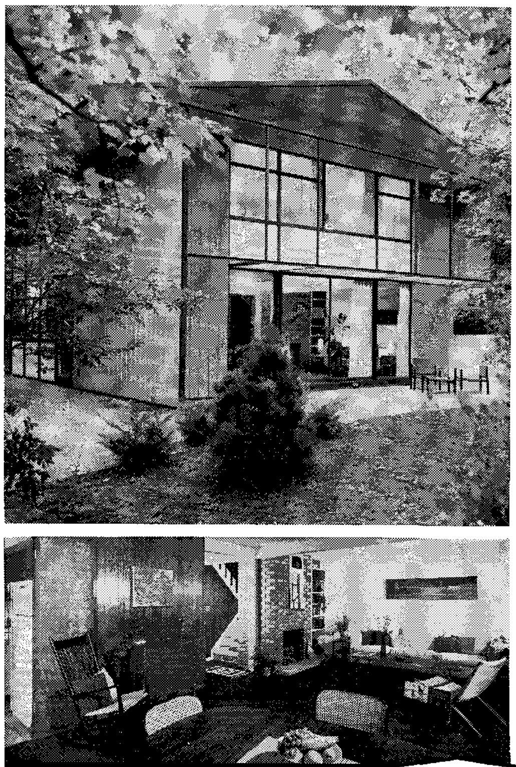

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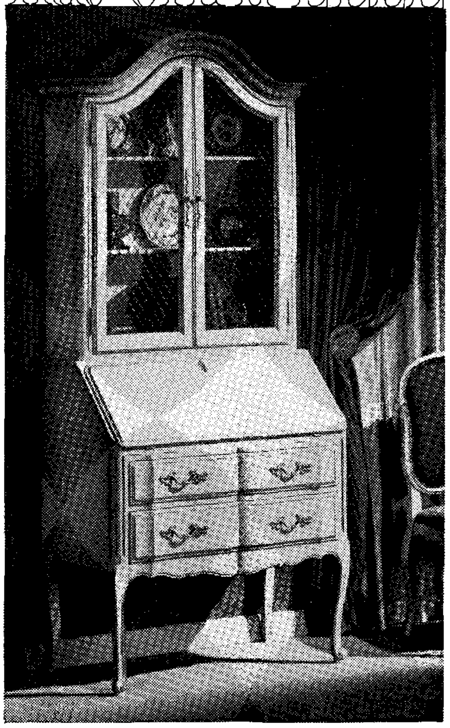

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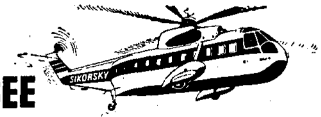

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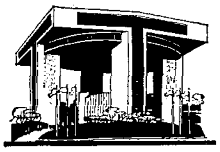

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ment was to be provided by Station WNYC.) In addition to the bandstand, she asked for eighty chairs, fifty music stands, a small table for a record-player, and a large American flag. The Parks Department supervisor promised to give Miss O'Connor everything she needed.

THE weather was mild now, in early May, and the children went up to the roof for rehearsals without coats or sweaters. The next dance they learned, "Road to the Isles," was grasped quickly and performed with considerable spirit. The children who had helped in the excursion to Orchard Street for the costume material now seemed to spark more interest—for the moment—in the Fête. All the children now formed couples in *varsovienne* position, the boy facing in the same direction as the girl, hands held above shoulder height, the boy holding the girl's left hand in his own left and reaching across her back to hold her right hand in his right. The main problem, the teachers felt, would be to get the boys to hold their partners with grace. Most of them, to the teachers' surprise, did.

Next, the children learned a dance called "Red River Valley." This one consisted of a formation of threes facing threes, a trio of one boy and two girls alternating with two girls and a boy. Each line of three walked forward, bearing right and passing the opposite set, to meet a new line of three; they joined hands with the new set to form a circle of six. And so on.

After that one, they learned the "Swedish Schottische," which required a double-circle formation, the girl's left hand on the boy's right shoulder, the boy's right hand around the girl's waist, outside hands on hips.

"You're acting as though it hurt, fellows!" Mr. Gordon said. "And you're not dancing to the music."

By this time, everybody was really throwing himself into the Park Fête. Miss Goldberg patrolled the lines of dancers, reminding the girls not to look at their feet. Miss White watched Willy, asking him patiently, as though she had never brought up the subject before, to dance, not walk, and to pick up his feet. John Sidoti's shirttail kept slipping out, and Miss White kept reminding him to tuck it back in. During pauses, Irod Daley, who seemed to be full of surplus energy, improvised extra little dances of his own. Susan Deyo blew more frequently on her bubble gum. Mr. Terner came up to the roof for a quick visit and gave cheerful nods

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of encouragement to the teachers and dancers all around.

"Fellows, you have muscles in your arms. *Use* them," Mr. Gordon said. "I want you to do it as though you *cared*. Even if you *don't* care."

A couple of days later, they were doing the "Swedish Schottische" as though they cared.

IN Room 506, an early-May preoccupation was the children's appointment of themselves as representatives to a classroom United Nations, in connection with their social studies. John Sidoti, as President of the United Nations General Assembly, stood at the front of the room and called on the various countries to stand and tell what they were. In a second role, John represented Russia. Irod was Hungary; Quentin was Italy; Anmiell was Bulgaria; Magdalena was England.

"The General Assembly is now in session," John said, consulting a notebook he had made for himself, entitled "United Nations General Assembly Meeting Book." He turned to the page at the top of which he had written "U.N. Delegates." He recognized England.

Magdalena went to the front of the class. "My country's name is England," she said, holding up a crayon drawing she had made of the British flag. "In my country, England is a kingdom joined with Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, to form the United Kingdom. . . . In England, they have a queen. Not a king. The queen's name is Queen Elizabeth. The schools in England are all free. The boys and girls wear uniforms. The boys wear brown pants and dark-brown tops and straw hats only in the public schools. There are many universities. There are some universities in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, and in many other places. All churches are free to go to. We may go to any church we want, or go to no church. In England, they have many different kinds of accents. . . ."

Irod Daley and Harold Thompson listened attentively to Magdalena as the representative of England, and simultaneously applied black paint to a rectangular wooden block found and brought to class by Harold to serve as a new base for the bust of Lincoln. They got some black paint on a report Irod had written as the representative of Hungary, and Miss White, upon coming over to examine their handiwork, got some black paint on her dress. But after the session of the General As-

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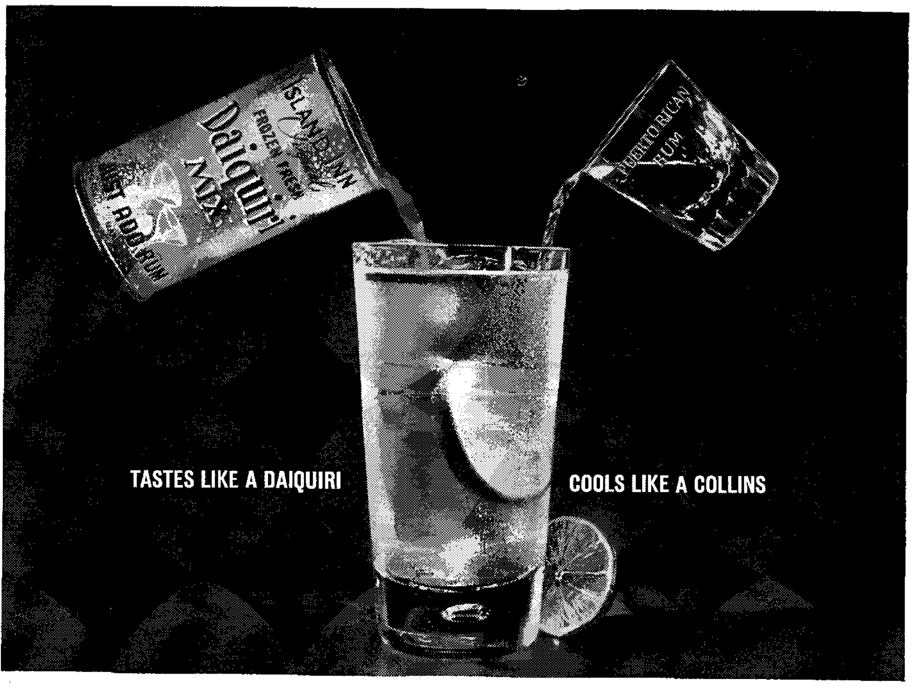

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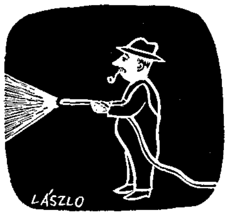
sembly had been adjourned by John, Miss White called the attention of the class to the repair job on Lincoln. Everybody seemed to approve.

ONE warm May day, Miss White asked the members of her class to tell what they wanted to be when they grew up. Five—Yvette Garcia, Magdalena Ramirez, Gloria Tucker, Lois Weiss, and Joyce Wright—said they wanted to be teachers. Four—Michael Harris, Peter La Rocca, John Sidoti, and Harold Thompson—wanted to be baseball players. One—Sibyl Albritton—wanted to be a doctor. One—William Sanchez—wanted to be "may-be-a-doctor." Two—Quentin Holley and Tony Ortiz—wanted to be a scientist-and-a-doctor. Two—Susan Deyo and Yvonne Palmer—wanted to be movie stars. Two—Elizabeth Galindez and Linda Rentas—wanted to be secretaries. Two—Mildred Rivera and Rebecca Sepulveda—wanted to be airline stewardesses. Three—Milagros Cruz, Norberto Soltren, and José Velez—said they didn't know what they wanted to be. One each said he wanted to be an electrical engineer (Louis Feldman), a singer (Beverly Edwards), a detective (Richard Gomez), a scientist (Anmiell Medina), and a millionaire (Irod Daley). In a similar poll in Room 509, it was established that Miriam Maldonado wanted to be a teacher and a nuclear physicist, and Arturo Vanderpool wanted to be both a drummer and a baseball player. In Room 504, Peppy Rivera said he wanted to be both an artist and a musician, Mark Knerick said he wanted to be a marine biologist, David Gomez said he wanted to be both a Marine and a baseball player, and Willy Crespo said he wanted to be both a baseball player and a music teacher.



THREE weeks before the day of the Park Fête, the children learned their eighth, and final, dance, the "Maypole Dance." It was a *happy* dance, Mr. Gordon told them—a festival dance.

The children looked as though they couldn't care less.

"We dance the 'Maypole Dance' at the end of the program," Miss White said. "It's really great."

The children granted her a few smiles.

"There are exactly twelve rehearsal days left," Mr. Gordon told them, on the roof.

A soft May breeze was blowing. The tooting of tugs on the East River sounded near and very clear. The feeling of spring was definitely in the air. The children looked sleepy. They looked badly in need of new sparking. Their interest drooped.

Mr. Gordon woke them up. "We haven't started to learn the 'Maypole Dance,'" he told them. "We haven't really begun. That means you will have to work very, very hard. You're not doing any of the other dances perfectly. It is not good enough yet. It is not *nearly* good enough yet."

A practice Maypole was rolled out to the middle of the roof, and tattered, soiled practice streamers were unwrapped from around the pole. Four boys without dancing partners were enlisted to sit on the base of the pole to keep it steady.

"The 'Maypole Dance' is a beautiful dance, boys and girls," Miss White told them.

"Lovely!" Miss Goldberg said, with passion.

"And you're going to look beautiful in the Park," Mr. Gordon said. "You're going to *be* beautiful."

Twelve streamers were to be held by twelve children dancing in an inner circle around the pole—Magdalena, Yvonne, Gloria, Lois, Sonya, and Miriam, alternating with Willy, David, Irod, Louis, Quentin, and John. In an outer circle, forty-eight boys and girls, not holding streamers, were to face each other as partners, joining hands and skipping for eight measures counterclockwise around the circle. Then they were to skip toward the pole. Sitting on the base of the pole, Mark Knerick, Michael Harris, and Nelson Vega got somewhat stepped on, and they complained. Holding the ribbons, the inner-circle boys would face counterclockwise, the girls clockwise, and, with skipping steps, do a grand chain—like a grand right and left but not using hands—passing partners by right shoulders, and passing the next person by the left shoulder, lifting the ribbons over and under as they went. They would move around the circle until the pole was plaited. In the outer circle, the partners would skip four steps forward and four steps back, swinging hands.

Plaited, the practice pole looked even more seedy than it had at the start.

"People on the outside, you are supposed to clap!" Mr. Gordon called.

The children weren't paying attention to him. Some of the boys were

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using the pause to dance the Mashed Potato.

"Hup!" Mr. Gordon yelled. "Freeze!"

They froze.

"Not *nearly* good enough yet," Mr. Gordon said. "We have to polish, so that we look almost professional!"

"They're bumping into each other on the grand chain," Miss White said mildly to Mr. Gordon.

"We're going to have to *work* and work *hard*," Mr. Gordon told the children.

LATER on that afternoon, Miss White suddenly noticed that Peppy Rivera wasn't dancing; he hadn't attended the last few rehearsals. She sent word for him to come and see her, and he turned up in the middle of a rehearsal of the "Maypole Dance." She took him aside after the rehearsal and asked him why he had quit the Fête.

"I didn't know I quit," Peppy said, looking puzzled and planting one torn black-and-white sneaker on top of the other.

"But you were dancing in the rehearsals, and then I looked for you, and all of a sudden there was no more Peppy," Miss White said.

"I didn't know I *quit*," Peppy said. "I came and I didn't have a partner, so I left, but I didn't know I *quit*."

"Well, do you want to be in the Fête?" Miss White asked. "As long as you didn't quit officially, it means you're still in."

Peppy nodded, and stepped on his own foot again.

"Then you come tomorrow to the rehearsal and we'll find a place for you again," Miss White said.

Peppy looked relieved. "I didn't know I quit," he said.

UNDER Magdalena's supervision, Lisa Ramirez, five days old, received Willy Crespo, her first visitor. He was very admiring. The baby lay in Magdalena's doll crib, dressed in an immaculate handmade white lace dress and looking much older than her age. Willy admired, in turn, her eyes, her nose, her mouth, her hands, her fingers, her feet, and her toes. He touched her nose, her fingers, and her toes. Magdalena lifted up the baby's head and fed her a bottle. Then Magdalena picked up the baby and turned her head full upon Willy.

"She's so cute, she's so little," Willy said. "She's pretty. She's unresistible. I love her. Look at her feet!"

The visit seemed to be a success.

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Magdalena put the baby back in the crib.

"I think I'll marry her," Willy said, moving closer to the baby in the crib.

"When you're twenty-one, she'll be ten," Magdalena said. "You can't marry her."

"You're stupid," Willy said to Magdalena, and grabbed one of Lisa's feet.

"You're too old for her," Magdalena said, looking quite happy.

UPON receiving the first batch of finished skirts turned in by Mrs. Lugo for the girls in the Park Fête, Mrs. Lopez called for a few of the girls to come down to Room 208, and sent Yvonne Palmer back up to Room 506 wearing a Parakeet-blue skirt with a black elastic waistband. Fixed to the back of the skirt was a note: "This is the only skirt that fits!" The other girls in the class gathered around Yvonne admiringly. They clamored for their skirts. A few days later, word came up from Room 208 that the measurements for the boys' vests were all crazy. A vest arrived for Willy, and he was called to Room 208 to try it on. It was much too big. He was remeasured. The width of his shoulders was sixteen and a half inches, not nineteen and a half. His vest was returned for alteration.

But now everyone wanted to know when she'd get a skirt, when he'd get a vest. Their interest again was up. Mr. Gordon stopped in at Room 506 one lunch hour as Miss White and Willy, in a duet, were improvising on "Red River Valley." Mr. Gordon said they had to dress up the dancing; they really had to improve a lot. "They're *stepping* in, rather than jumping in," he complained.

Miss White gave a patient nod.

"What will happen in the Park, Miss White?" Irod Daley wanted to know in the next lunch hour, when he stayed in Room 506 to practice his saxophone. "What if it rains? What if it's windy? Will the poles blow down?"

If it rained, the Fête would be postponed, Miss White told him, and it would take a real hurricane to blow the Maypoles down. "The only surprising thing is the grass," she said. "You can't hear your feet when you dance on the grass, the way you do on the roof."

"Who's going to set up the Maypoles?" Irod asked.

"Mr. Gordon, Willy, other boys," Miss White said. "Maybe you could help us, too."

Irod smiled bashfully, and started to swing himself from side to side against her desk.

"You dance beautifully, Irod," Miss

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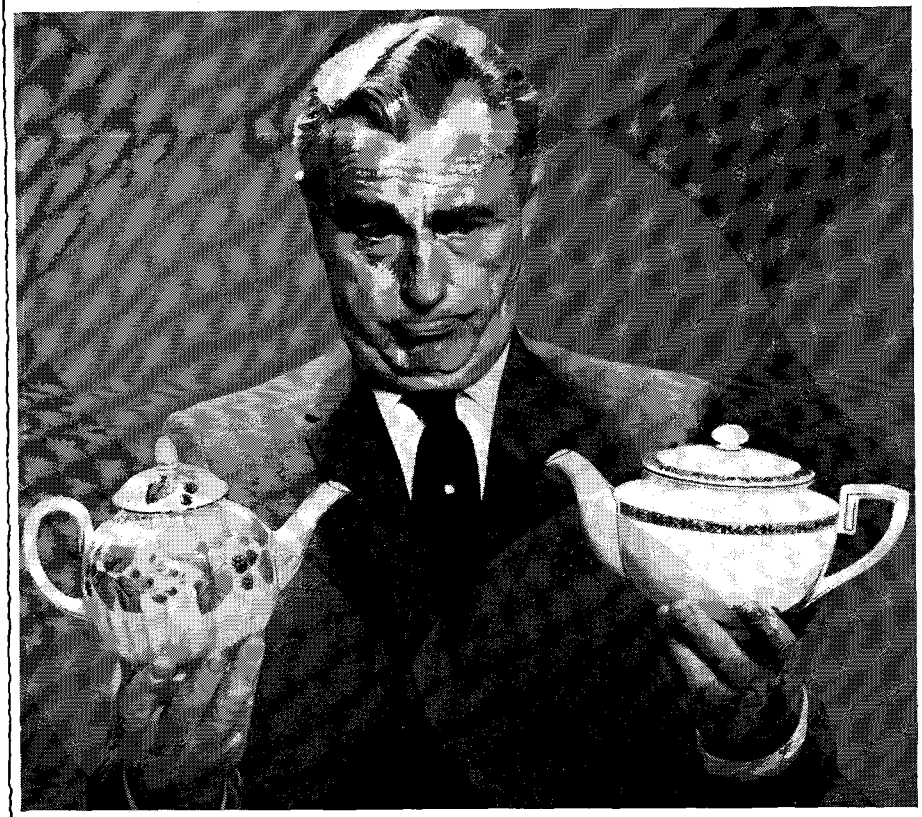

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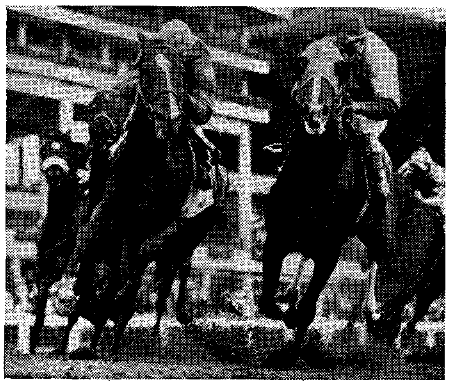

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White said to him. "But there's one thing you do wrong. When you take the four steps forward in the 'Tarantella,' you take them too fast. You get there too fast. Let me show you." She showed him. "Now you do it, Irod," she said. "One-two-three-four. Step, swing, step, swing. One-two-three-four. Step. Step. Good. Forward and back. Very good."

Willy Crespo came into the room. Miss White reminded him that he wasn't shouting "*Olé!*" with the other children in "Fado Blanquito." And he was supposed to jump, in doing the turn in that dance, she said, but instead he swivelled, staying on the ground. He was supposed to lift his feet when doing the "Schottische," she said. She ran through the step with him. He smiled and jumped and lifted his feet.

WITH only a few rehearsals left to go, Mr. Terner sent a message to Miss White asking her to drop into his office to talk about the Park Fête. She arrived looking shy.

"Miss White! Come in! Come in!" Mr. Terner said, and urged her to take a chair at his desk. He took out a check list he had prepared for her. He wanted to know how the children would be transported to the Sheep Meadow. By subway, she said. He wanted to know how many adults would escort them there. Three, she said—Miss Goldberg, Mr. Gordon, and herself. He wanted to know whether the children would wear costumes. Yes, she said—skirts for the girls and vests for the boys, both of Parakeet blue, with yellow hair ribbons for the girls and yellow string ties for the boys. After asking a dozen questions having to do with safety and first aid, Mr. Terner appeared satisfied that all was well with the plans for the Park Fête, and he wished Miss White and the children the best of luck. He wanted to go to the Fête himself, he said, but he couldn't; he had to work.

THE day before the Park Fête, Miss White came to school wearing a pretty blue linen dress with a matching jacket. Her pupils reminded her that the day was Teacher Recognition Day and presented her with an orchid, which she pinned to her lapel.

After lunch, Mr. Guskin came into Miss White's room, looking, as usual, for Willy. Miss White said that Willy would be there in a few minutes to practice his saxophone. Mr. Guskin asked about the Park Fête, and Miss White told him that they had suddenly

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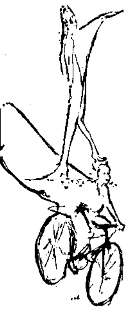

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discovered the day before that they were short four vests. She had rushed over to Orchard Street and bought some extra Parakeet-blue material, and she was cutting some last-minute patterns; Mrs. Zablidowsky was going to make the vests overnight. "And tonight," Miss White announced, "I'm taking my oral exam to become permanent as an elementary-school teacher."

"Congratulations!" Mr. Guskin said, with a grin. "Welcome to the club. What made you decide to do it?" He had been a permanent elementary teacher from the start.

"I guess I felt I could do more for the younger children," Miss White said. "In elementary school, it's important to find the children with talent and develop that talent. Like Willy. And I guess you usually find out that the age you want to work with is the age you were happiest at yourself."

The two teachers exchanged looks of understanding.

Miss White gave Mr. Guskin a small, controlled smile. "One of the hardest things, at the beginning, was when the time came for the term to end and the children left me," she said. "The first couple of years, every June, when they left me, I'd cry. Then, in the fall, when I saw them again, I found, to my surprise, that they hardly knew me."

"It still comes as a shock, every time," Mr. Guskin said, with a grin.

"Now I don't cry," Miss White said hastily.

"In the summer, the kids around here get so bored they can't wait until school starts again," Mr. Guskin said. "Of course, they can always find me right over in the summer playground."

Miss White looked a little depressed. "I think this year, again, it'll be hard for me to say goodbye," she said. "Harder than any other year. I guess they managed to penetrate the armor that I thought was so tough. You really get attached."

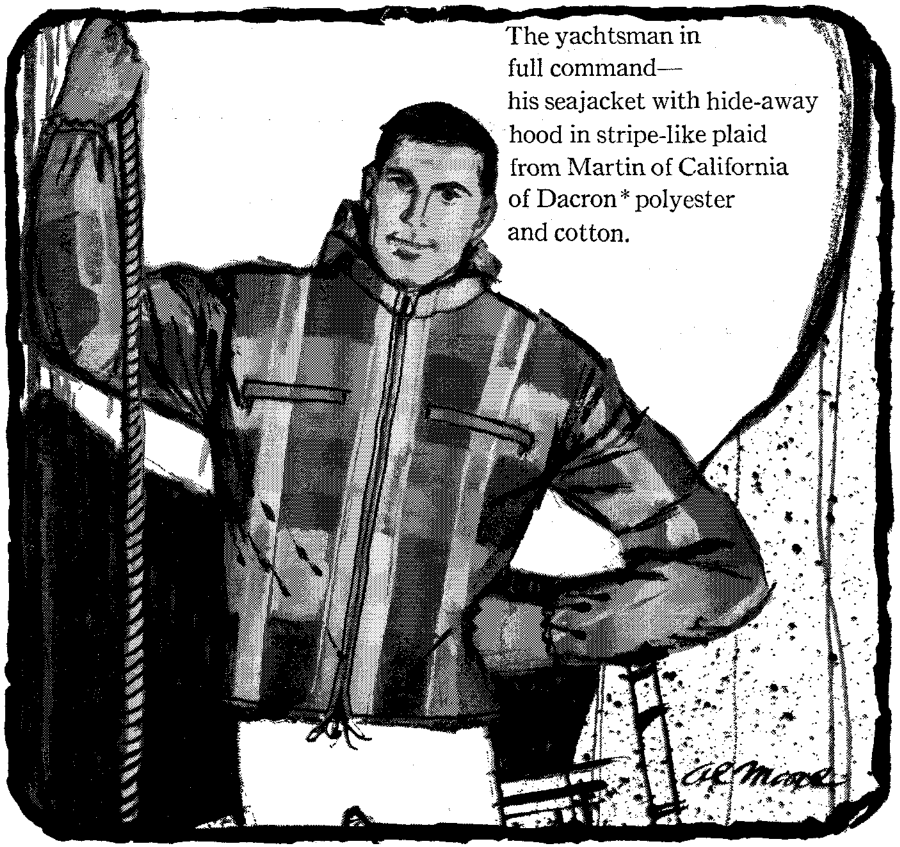
"I know, I know," Mr. Guskin said, with another grin, and then asked, "You worried about the exam?"

"Yes," Miss White said. "When they give an oral exam, they make faces at you. I find it difficult to speak to people who make faces at you."

"Don't worry about it," Mr. Guskin said. "The main thing is to just act natural. Be yourself. Answer everything just the way you're now speaking to me. Be the way you are, and you'll have it made."

Miss White smiled. "All right," she said.

Miss Goldberg, whose teacher status



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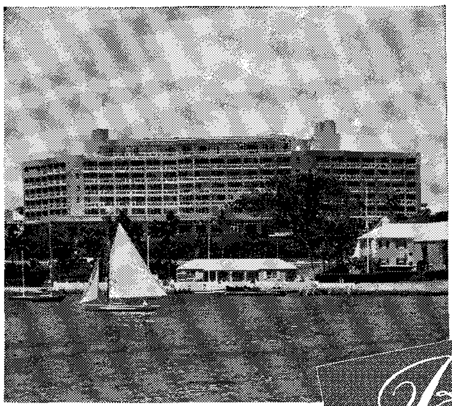

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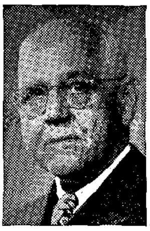

A ward politician once confronted Horace Greeley with an editorial he considered defamatory.

"I'll have you know, sir," he told the famous editor, "I am a self-made man!"

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was also permanent, came in to say she wished Miss White luck.

"Just be calm and relaxed," Mr. Guskin said to Miss White. "Be flexible. And if you know you're wrong, change."

"But if you know you're right, *don't* change," Miss Goldberg said.

Mr. Terner came in then, and Mr. Guskin and Miss Goldberg left.

"Just want to wish you luck on the examination!" Mr. Terner said, in his usual hearty manner. "Don't be nervous. Don't be afraid. Just tell them anything they want to know." He shook Miss White's hand. "It will be a pleasure to know that you have the license and the permanent status. The best of luck. I *know* you're going to make it."

"Thank you," Miss White said in a low voice.

ON the roof that afternoon, Mr. Gordon took over, looking his charges up and down at the start as though they were a troop of Marines.

"Hup!" Mr. Gordon said. "All right. This is the final rehearsal, and we're going to run through all the dances," he said. "All the dances! And you'd better shape up! All right. We'll start with 'Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

Peppy had turned up for the rehearsal, and Miss White quickly fitted him into the dance as Yvette Garcia's partner. Peppy looked puzzled but pleased.

They did the run-through. At the end, Miss White told Miss Goldberg and Mr. Gordon that she thought the children looked pretty good. Gloria and Lois, the "head two ladies" in a square with Yvonne and Magdalena, and with Irod, Louis, Willy, and John, slapped at each other's backs as they crossed over. Yvonne was swinging her partner, instead of the other way around—in this case, Willy.

"Yvonne, let Willy swing *you*," Miss White said. "Willy's strong enough to swing you."

Willy made a muscular gesture, assuming the pose of a strong man.

They danced "Fado Blanquita."

"Move!" Mr. Gordon yelled, dancing beside them. "Looks like a death march! Pick it up!"

Miss White went over to Willy in the middle of the dance, just before he was due to jump and turn around. He jumped. Miss White moved away. The other children stepped in and yelled "*Olé!*," but Willy still was not one of them.

By the end of the rehearsal, the children were limp and exhausted.

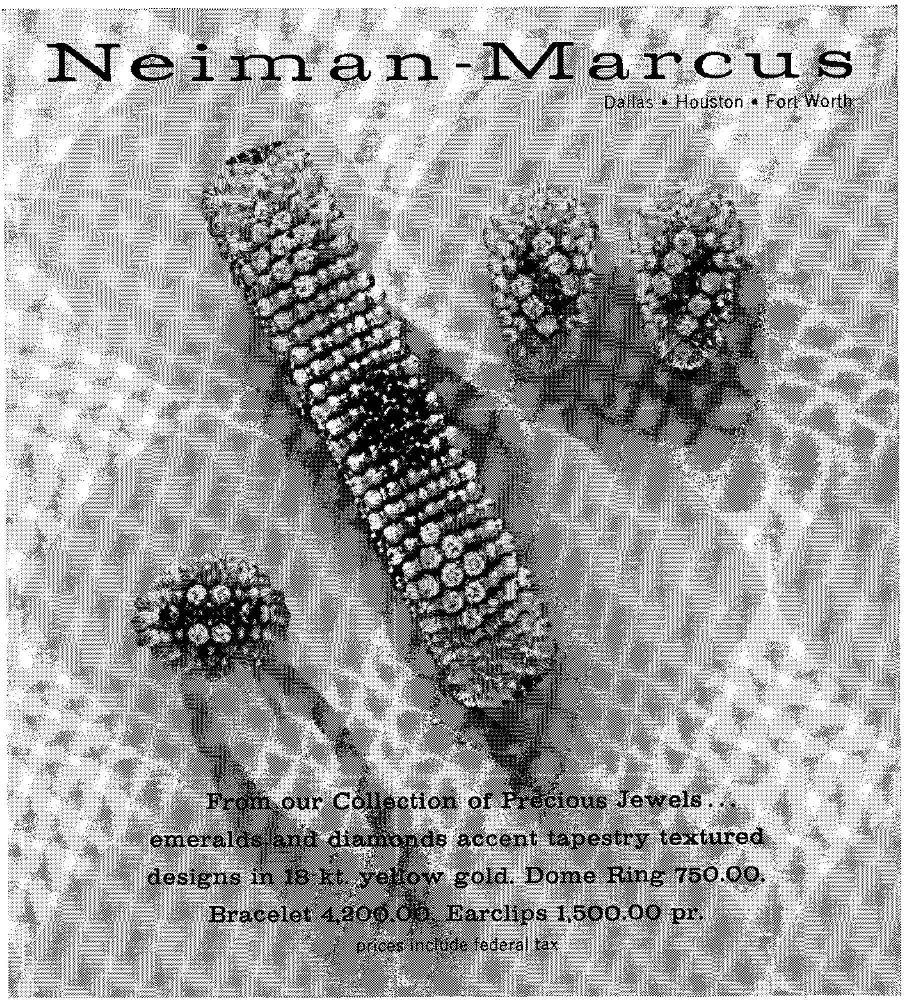
"Tomorrow is the day," Mr. Gordon said. "And that will be *it!*"

MR. GORDON spent the rest of that afternoon, after school, making the top for the Maypole to be set up in the Park. Miss White had given him an old umbrella—one of the props left over from her production of "Oliver!," which had come and gone in April—and he wound chicken wire around it in such a way as to create the shape of a large porkpie hat. Then he wove streamers of blue and white crêpe paper around the wire, making an elaborate floral design at the top and also working in "31" in blue against a white crêpe-paper background. Then he sprayed the whole thing with lacquer and put the Maypole top in a storeroom, where he'd pick it up the next morning. Miss White went to a novelty store on Orchard Street and bought sixty yards of blue satin ribbon and sixty yards of white satin ribbon and turned the ribbon over to Mr. Gordon. He took the ribbon home and cut it into lengths of five yards each, for streamers. He would bring the streamers back to school the next morning. Mrs. Lopez delivered the last of the skirts, eighteen of them made by Mrs. Lugo, and vests, made mostly by Mrs. Zablidowsky, and Miss White turned them over to the children to take home. "Iron the skirts and make sure they look pretty for tomorrow," she told the girls. Then Miss White went off to face the examiners from the Board of Education, at the Brooklyn Technical High School, and take her exam to become a permanent teacher in the elementary-school system.

LATE that afternoon, Magdalena met Lois and Yvonne, by prearrangement, in front of the school, and the three girls walked over to Clinton Street together. Each girl had a dollar, given to her by her mother. The girls were wearing torn, scuffed, muddy, formerly white sneakers. Together, on Clinton Street, near Delancey, they marched into John's Bargain Store, whose windows were plastered with signs advertising "$1 DAY BARGAINS." A few minutes later, the three girls marched out wearing brand-new, clean white sneakers, ready for the next day.

THE day of the Park Fête turned out to be one of the most beautiful days of the month of May—very bright, clear, and dry, with more than enough breeze to keep the air cool and the Maypole streamers fluttering. The first person to appear that morning in the Sheep Meadow, just across the West Drive from the Tavern-on-the-Green, was a lone mounted policeman, who rode his horse slowly across the grass at seven-thirty. A few minutes later, a green-painted truck drove slowly along one edge of the field and stopped near the red brick Recreation Building. Lettered on the door of the truck were the words "Engineering Bureau Police." Several men in work clothes started unloading barriers carrying the familiar legend "Police Line—Do Not Cross." The men placed the barriers in a large circle around the meadow. Next, at about seven-forty-five, Miss Frances O'Connor, who was wearing a gray print dress and matching jacket, and dark horn-rimmed glasses with tinted lenses, arrived, smiling, but anxious about the combined speakers' platform and bandstand. A Parks Department truck drove up to her, and several workmen chomping on cigars climbed out to tell her that it contained the component parts of the stand and to discuss its placement. Miss O'Connor instructed them about its position—on the other side of the walk, in front of the Recreation Building. A Parks Department supervisor appeared, carrying a folded American flag. Another truck came jolting over the grass, and workmen from *it* started to unload bare Maypoles. The mounted policeman reappeared, this time at a gallop. Across the sunny meadow, the line of buildings along Central Park South, with the Essex House as the center peak, was outlined in clear detail. The day was so clear that the view took in much of the city behind Central Park South, including the Chrysler Building and the Empire State Building. Three of Miss O'Connor's associates—Miss Mary Fitzgerald, assistant director of health education at the Bureau for Health Education, and Mrs. Genevieve Hanafin and Miss Margaret O'Connell, who are health counsellors—turned up, and together the four women followed the workmen around as they set up the poles. The four women, who were firmly corseted, and were all wearing large hats and had large handbags swinging on their arms, went from pole to pole and stapled a tag on each of them designating the public-school group that would dance around it. The pole tagged "P.S. 31" was directly in front of the bandstand.

AT P.S. 31, the children who were to dance in the Park arrived at their usual time, wearing their costumes. Willy's vest had been altered to the sixteen-and-a-half-inch shoulder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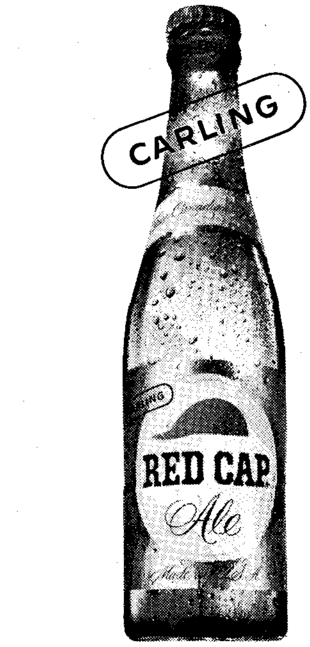

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width, and it fitted perfectly. The girls took their seats carefully, trying not to crease their Parakeet-blue skirts. The boys enlisted the help of Miss White and Miss Goldberg in getting their yellow ribbons tied around their necks in Western-type bows. Miss White had put on a white sheath dress, with a matching jacket, for the occasion. She was carrying her long black patent-leather pocketbook under one arm. Miss Goldberg had on a black-and-white striped summery dress. Mr. Gordon had on a seersucker jacket. Somehow, he had found time to get a fresh haircut, and his hair shone in the sun. At 11 A.M., they lined up the children and marched them down to the Yard in double file. Mr. Gordon produced the Maypole top and the blue and white streamers. Then he handed the Maypole top to Willy, and the dancers, looking tired and numb, marched in double file out of P.S. 31 and headed for the subway. Almost all of them were carrying paper-bag lunches. Irod had his paper-bag lunch slung over one shoulder. Willy led the way, carrying the Maypole top. He carried it sidewise against his right shoulder, and the top, being almost as big as he was, hid him from view. When they reached the subway, Willy ran down the steps a few paces ahead of the rest. The Board of Education had arranged with the city to give the dancers free transportation. Miss White produced their passes, and they filed through the gates and boarded an IND train uptown. They all got into the last car. Magdalena sat down next to Lois, and the two girls immediately began whispering to each other. A group of the boys stood at the rear of the car, watching the tracks recede behind them. A priest standing in the aisle came over to Willy and asked him about the Maypole top, and Willy explained that it was for the Fête in the Park.

At eleven-thirty, the P.S. 31 group marched off the train and out of the Fifty-ninth Street station to Columbus Circle, and then, with everybody tense and nervous, the children were herded quickly across streets by the teachers. As the group walked north on Central Park West, Miss White pointed out a sight or two, but the children seemed now to be transfixed by her. They didn't look at the trees. They seemed dazed by the change of scene. They passed a Good Humor man and ignored even *him*. At Sixty-seventh Street, they entered Central Park, and marched past the Tavern-on-the-Green toward the Sheep Mead-

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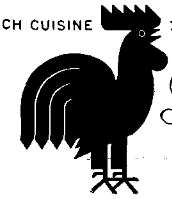

Le Manoir

ow. The Parakeet blue of their skirts and vests came fully alive against the green. They passed a group from another school—a very handsomely outfitted bunch, all with crisp white ribbons bearing the name "Revere" draped diagonally across their chests. Revere stared noncommittally at P.S. 31, and P.S. 31 stared noncommittally back.

By now, many school groups were arriving. Like the group from P.S. 31, they carried paper-bag lunches and they hardly looked at the trees, the grass, or the early lunchers at the Tavern-on-the-Green. They kept their attention glued on their teachers. They were instructed to leave their lunches and their sweaters or jackets at their "headquarters"—benches set up behind the barriers, the benches for each school being opposite its Maypole. They did. Then they were instructed to eat. They did.

Miss White, Mr. Gordon, and Willy lowered the pole, and fixed the P.S. 31 top and streamers to the top of it, and then John, Quentin, Michael, Peppy, David, and Irod helped raise the pole again. Miss White arranged the streamers so that they would be ready for the Maypole dance. The wind was blowing hard, and the ends of some of the streamers flew out of her hands, but Willy caught them and handed them to her, and she made them fast. The pole was swaying quite a bit, so Nelson, Michael, Anmiell, and Mark sat on the base to keep it steady. All over the Sheep Meadow, boys were sitting on the bases of Maypoles to keep them from tipping over.

Once the P.S. 31 children had disposed of their lunches, they seemed to relax. A few chased pigeons. Some chased each other. Half a dozen boys climbed into the lower branches of a nearby tree. Magdalena, Lois, Yvonne, Miriam, and Gloria sat in a little circle playing "Whisper." Irod came over and pushed his head into their ring, but they didn't permit him to remain. Other school groups were raising their tops, bearing floral designs in other colors they had chosen.

A Central Park hansom went clomping down the West Drive with four men and women seated inside. None of the four gave the children gathering for the Park Fête so much as a glance.

Miss O'Connor watched as the finishing touches were put on the speakers' platform and bandstand, and then supervised the placement of chairs on the stand. A few guests of the city wandered over, some of them wearing the

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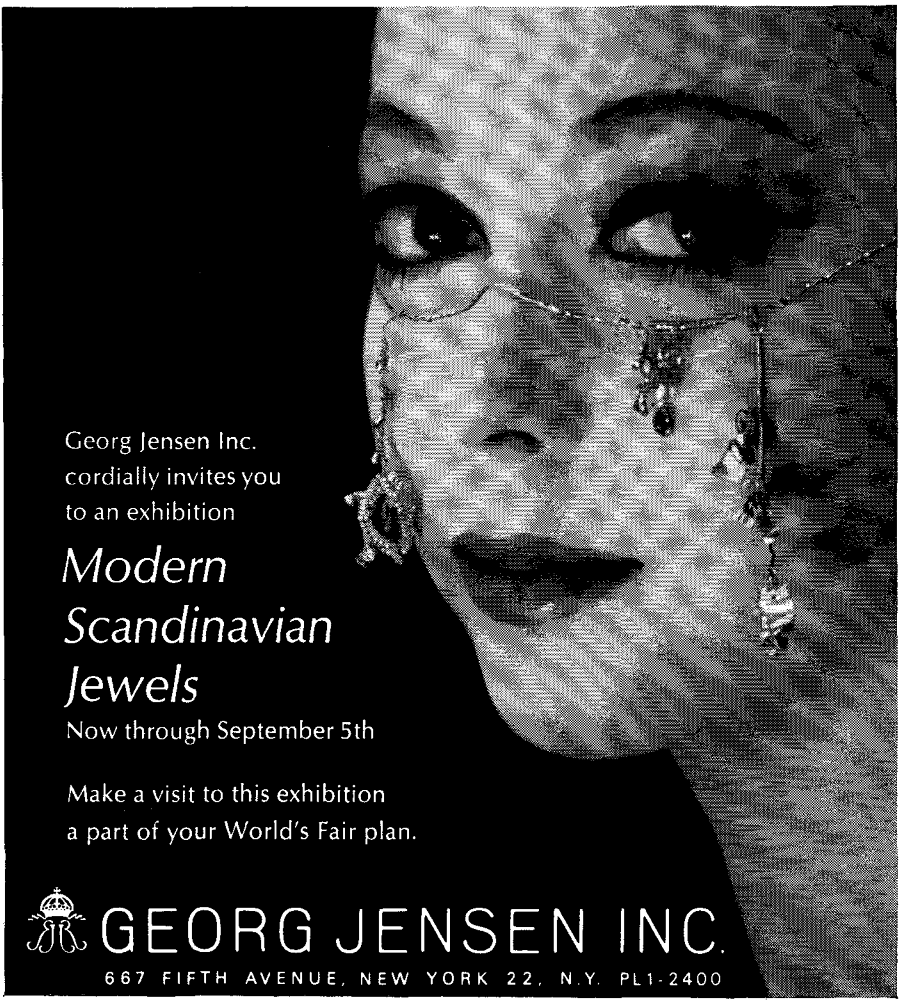
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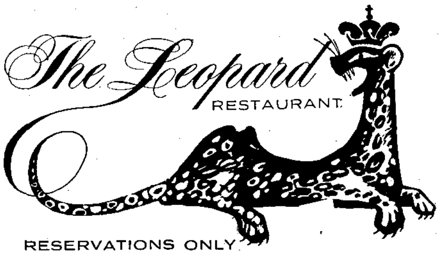

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small red-white-and-blue lapel tags that Miss O'Connor had sent out weeks before. She now produced a batch of green mimeographed programs and handed them out to the teachers in charge of the groups, to the guests sitting in front of the platform, and to anybody else who asked for one. The program read:

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Life on the Ocean Wave
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Road to the Isles
Sicilian Tarantella

PART II

Red River Valley
All American Promenade
Swedish Schottische
Maypole Dance

FINALE

Carrying Off the Maypoles
Star-Spangled Banner

IT was twelve-thirty—half an hour before the Park Fête was scheduled to begin. A few mothers of P.S. 31 children arrived—Mrs. Daley, Mrs. Garcia, Mrs. Zablidowsky—and sat down together at their children's headquarters. Then slowly down the walk, past the Tavern-on-the-Green, came Mrs. Ramirez, carrying Lisa—now twenty-one days old—wrapped in a white blanket. Magdalena spotted them and ran over to greet them, her brand-new sneakers looking very white on the green grass. Magdalena shook hands with the baby and adjusted the baby's hat, which was a white hand-knit one. Mrs. Ramirez said she felt tired, and Magdalena led her over to headquarters, where she took a seat next to Irod's mother, Mrs. Daley. The baby blinked in the bright sunlight. Mrs. Daley leaned over and pulled the blanket over the baby's eyes.

The wind blew up harder. The blue-and-white crêpe-paper floral top on P.S. 31's pole tilted a bit. Miss White and Miss Goldberg studied it in silence. "It's all right. It'll hold," Mr. Gordon said, and everybody looked relieved. Miss White and Miss Goldberg walked among the children, straightening hair ribbons, straightening ties. Yvonne Palmer bought a box of Cracker Jack and fed some of it to pigeons, but she couldn't get any of the

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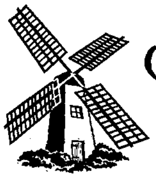

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pigeons to come up close. The Sheep Meadow was now filled with decorated Maypoles—fifty of them, swaying in the wind. Many of the school groups gathered around their poles and rehearsed a couple of dances. A seventy-five-piece band from the William Ettinger Junior High School took up a position on the platform, near P. S. 31's Maypole.

At last, Miss O'Connor walked up to the microphone that had been set up at the front of the stand. A Parks Department man raised the American flag on the stand. It was five minutes before one. The taxicabs and private cars heading down the West Drive kept going at their usual speed, and nobody in the cars seemed to take any notice of what was happening in the meadow. In the outdoor dining area of the Tavern-on-the-Green, lunchers were studying their menus, and apparently didn't bother to look across the road. The Mayor hadn't come. No important official representing the City of New York had come. There were scatterings of onlookers near the headquarters of each dancing group. Otherwise, the only people in the city who were paying attention to the Park Fête were the ones who were getting ready to dance in it.

"All right, boys and girls, teachers—everybody," Miss O'Connor said. "Everybody. Quickly. Clear the field. Clear the field, everybody." Miss O'Connor's voice broke a little, but she steadied it. "Everybody. Off the field." Miss O'Connor passed her tongue over her lips and looked from one side of the meadow to the other.

Mr. Gordon, Miss White, and Miss Goldberg lined their group up, ready to march to the bandstand. It was now exactly one o'clock. Miss O'Connor signalled to the conductor of the William Ettinger Junior High School Band. There was a roll of drums. Miss O'Connor said, "Advance to the bandstand, everybody. Please advance." The band played a march. All groups marched up toward the bandstand.

Miss O'Connor passed her tongue over her lips again. "The first thing I want to say is, I hope some good strong boys are sitting on the bases of our Maypoles, because the wind is really blowing our poles and we don't want them to blow down, do we?" She laughed, looked around her, and went on, "I want to welcome you to our fifty-*seventh* Park Fête." She stopped again, beamed at the children, and continued, more slowly, "For fifty-seven years, we have been holding Park Fêtes, and there has never been a pause; all during the First World

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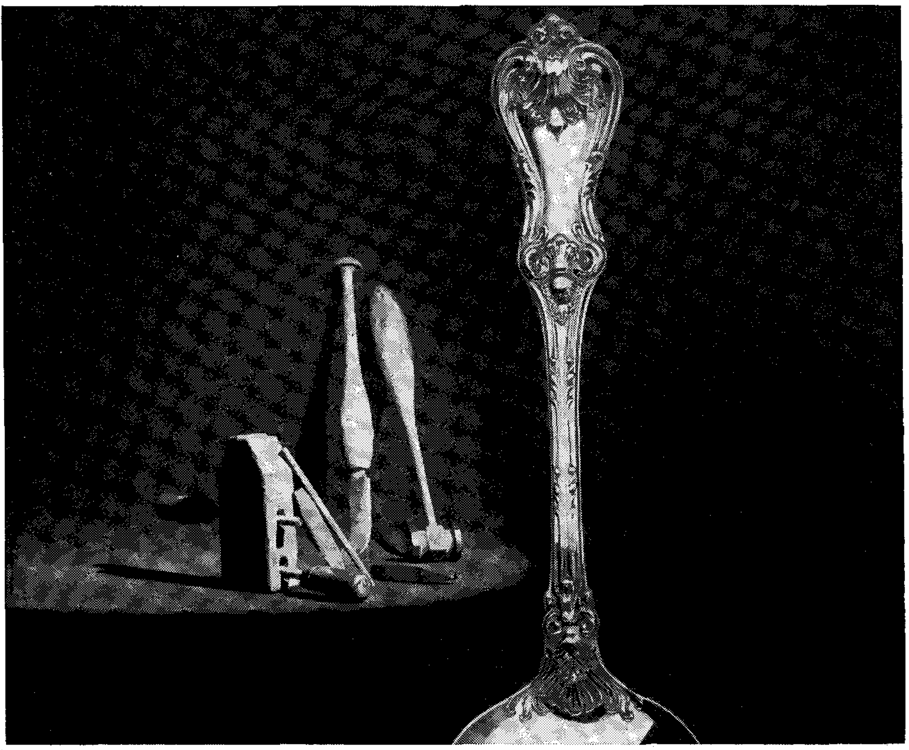

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War, the Second World War, all the wars, the children never stopped dancing. And today there are more than twenty-eight hundred here—twenty-eight hundred children dancing on the green. Twenty-eight hundred of you. In looking around, I see many mothers, and I am certain many mothers danced on the green in Park Fêtes gone by, and teachers, too. Yes. Yes." Once more she laughed and looked around her. "May I say, you all look lovely. This gives me such a thrill. You look lovely. Your poles, too, are beautiful." The trees waved in the breeze behind the bandstand. It was a dazzling day.

Miss O'Connor said she wanted to thank everybody representing the City of New York who had been so helpful in making this Park Fête hour possible—all the people from the Police Department, from the Parks Department, from the Board of Education, from the Bureau for Health Education, from the Girls' Branch of the Public Schools Athletic League, and from Station WNYC (including a man named Joe, who, she said, had been especially helpful in arranging for the sound truck)—and she also wanted to thank the William Ettinger Junior High School Band, whose conductor, Mr. Shelton Booth, was doing such a splendid job in providing the band music, and all the school health counsellors, principals, and teachers, and all the parents. Miss O'Connor looked around and said she hoped that Miss Ann Doyle, who had worked for the P.S.A.L. Girls' Branch for forty-eight years, and who had seen forty-eight Park Fêtes, was there, even though Miss O'Connor couldn't see her. (Miss Doyle was there.) Miss O'Connor added that she hoped she hadn't left anybody out.

Then Miss O'Connor laughed again. "And *now*," she said, "the next order of business is the bugle Call to Colors." The flag waved in the breeze. The William Ettinger Junior High School bugler blew the Call to Colors.

Everybody stood motionless in front of Miss O'Connor.

"We will now pledge allegiance to the flag," Miss O'Connor said.

About three thousand children and adults put their right hands over their hearts and pledged allegiance to the flag.

"We will now sing the fourth verse of 'America,'" Miss O'Connor said.

They sang. One of the most enthusiastic singers on the field was Irod Daley. Willy, standing in front of him, wasn't singing at all; he was

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dreaming. Irod gave him a punch on the arm, reminding him to sing. Willy sang.

The band then played another march, and the children all walked to their Maypoles.

"The first dance will be 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' " Miss O'Connor said.

The children formed squares of eight. Over the loudspeaker, a record was started, playing "Life on the Ocean Wave." It was the same record that had been used in rehearsals. And the children danced.

Willy held Magdalena's hand very nicely and tried to give the dance everything he had. He hooked elbows with Miriam Maldonado, his corner lady, and swung her gently. Yvonne Palmer permitted her gentleman, John Sidoti, to swing *her;* she didn't try to swing *him.* Peppy danced with Sibyl, still looking puzzled. And not a head lady in sight slapped at any other head lady in crossing over.

As the dance ended, Miss White walked over to Willy, and, as usual, she showed very little expression, but when she reached him, she smiled slightly. He waved to her and smiled back.

"Very good," Miss O'Connor said, on the bandstand. "Give yourselves a big hand."

Everybody clapped.

"There's no rush," Miss O'Connor said. "It's a beautiful day."

Miss O'Connor joined in the continuing applause, bouncing on her feet. "That was very, very lovely, children," she said. "I wish you could see yourselves. You all look so lovely. Now. The next dance will be 'Fado Blanquita.' "

Each group formed a circle, and as the music started, the dancers began with their sixteen steps—little steps—to the left, and sixteen little steps to the right. John Sidoti's shirttail kept slipping out, but he managed to get it back in almost right away. Irod Daley managed to accomplish the little, light running steps, and he kicked and clapped his hands with gusto. When the time came to shout "*Olé!*" everybody didn't merely shout "*Olé!*" but screamed "*Olé!*" The circles of dancers formed by the fifty groups turned the meadow into a mass of undulating color. Mr. Gordon clapped in time with the P.S. 31 children as they clapped in the dance—leading them in the beat, nodding, looking satisfied. There was still a little walking instead of dancing in "Fado Blanquita," but Mr. Gordon didn't seem to notice it. And Willy was not one of the walkers. He jumped. He clapped. He danced. And his was one

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of the loudest shouts of "*Olé!*" Willy looked down at his feet only once, and then, seeming satisfied with what he saw, he looked up at the trees. Miss White and Mr. Gordon passed each other as they walked around the dancers, and exchanged looks of approbation. Mr. Gordon smiled.

"Road to the Isles" was danced next, and then the "Sicilian Tarantella."

"You were terrific, boys and girls," Miss O'Connor said after the "Tarantella." "I want you to applaud yourselves. You deserve it. All of you applaud yourselves."

The children applauded themselves, and Miss O'Connor said that everyone would now take a ten-minute rest.

The children dropped to the grass, looking tired and trying to act even more tired than they were. Miriam Maldonado's hair ribbon had come loose, and Mr. Gordon bent down and fixed it. Miss White straightened Irod's tie, and reminded John Sidoti to tuck in his shirt. She wandered among the children. Her expression now reflected theirs—tired but pleased.

"All right, children!" Miss O'Connor called. "We'll start now with the next dance, 'Red River Valley.'"

In the "Red River Valley" dance, Irod Daley got a little mixed up and lost his trio, but he skipped back into place before the dance was over.

"Now we will dance the 'All American Promenade,'" Miss O'Connor said. "Ready! Begin!"

Mr. Gordon walked alongside the dancing couples, exhorting and clapping as he went. Irod promenaded with Lois, not throwing her violently away, and Willy actually seemed to be enjoying his promenade with Magdalena. He held her gracefully. On the record-player on the bandstand, the needle slid over the disc in the wind, distorting the tune, but it didn't seem to throw any of the dancers off. And many of the dancers were smiling as they danced.

After the "Swedish Schottische," Miss O'Connor applauded and said, "Good. Very good. And now. Our grand finale. The 'Maypole Dance.'"

Everybody danced around the poles. P.S. 31's pole became enribboned in blue and white without a flaw. Irod skipped up and down in perfect time as he wound his streamer. There was only one collision—a very minor one, when Magdalena and Louis bumped foreheads while skipping around each other. During the "Maypole Dance," the P.S. 31 pole top tilted wildly, but it held.

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ful!" Miss O'Connor proclaimed, clapping her hands, when the dance was over. "Look around and see all your Maypoles. See how lovely they are. Very lovely. I want you all to take a good look at what you have done."

The children, their teachers, and, here and there, a few parents looked at the Maypoles with obvious pleasure.

"And now lower the Maypoles, and carry the Maypoles back to headquarters," Miss O'Connor said. There was a roll of drums, and the band broke into another march. Behind each Maypole, a group of children walked back to their headquarters.

Then, at a signal from Miss O'Connor, they left their Maypoles and decorations at their headquarters.

"Now everybody come to the bandstand," Miss O'Connor said.

The children gathered before her.

"We will now sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' " Miss O'Connor said.

The band played, and everybody sang.

The American flag was taken down.

"And now we have to say goodbye," Miss O'Connor said. "Until next year. Thank you and goodbye."

It was exactly two o'clock.

MOST of the school groups started walking away from the Sheep Meadow, each led by a boy carrying a Maypole top. A few, including the group from P.S. 31, lingered awhile. The children bought more Cracker Jack and offered it to the pigeons and to each other. Yvonne Palmer chased Louis Feldman across the grass. David Gomez, Irod Daley, John Sidoti, and Quentin Holley piled on top of each other, and Arturo Vanderpool came over and flung himself on top of them.

Miss White, standing by herself with a contented look on her face, leaned against a bench. Willy came over to her, looked up, and waved. Magdalena walked over from the refreshment stand, carrying paper cups of orange soda. She offered a cup to Willy. He thanked her and drank it.

Then Miss White said they ought to start back. Slowly, they wandered toward the Tavern-on-the-Green. As they left the field, it was now Michael Harris who carried the Maypole top. He had it set straight on top of his head. Before leaving the Park, they paused for a few minutes on benches near the Tavern-on-the-Green. Yvonne and David ran over to Willy, Magdalena, Lois, and Irod carrying boxes of Cracker Jack. The contents were shared out. The prizes were discovered and held up to view. Willy leaned

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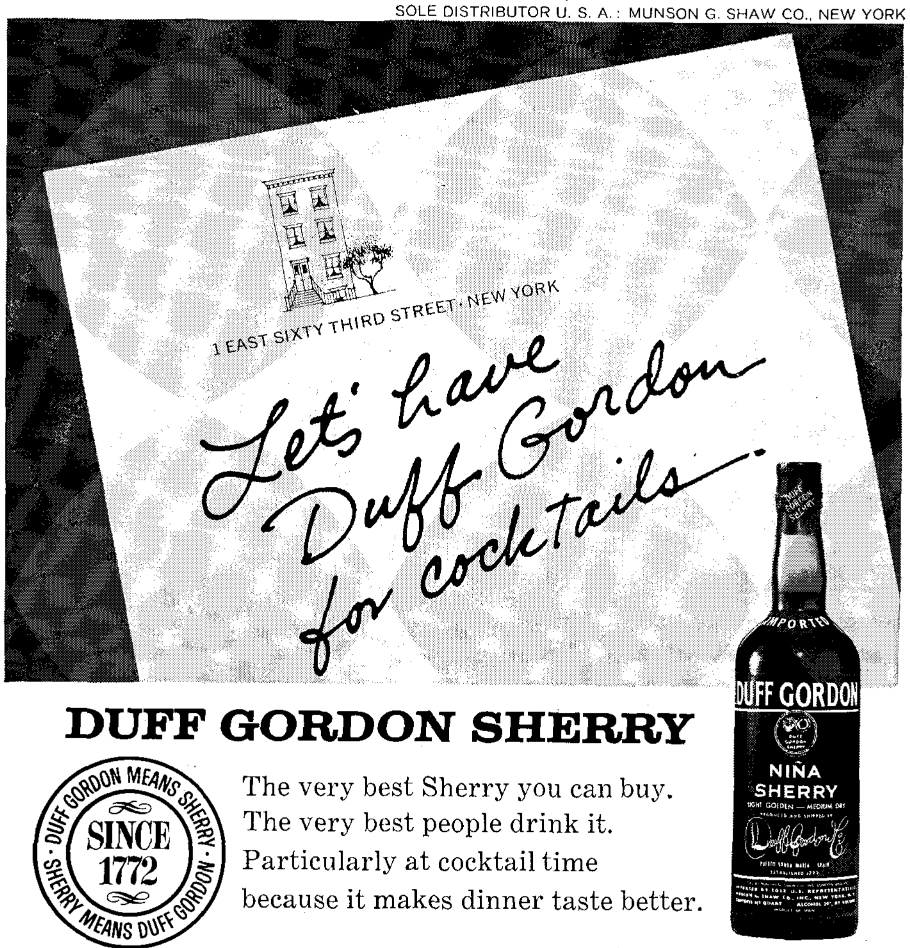
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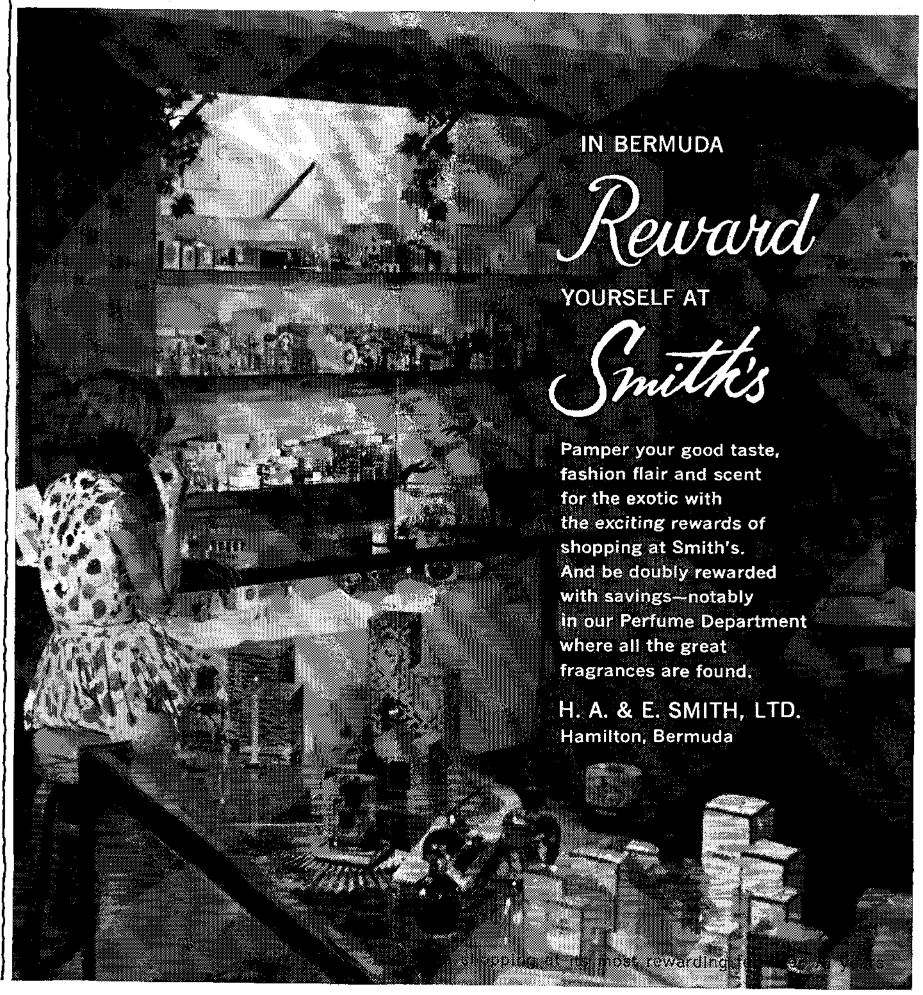

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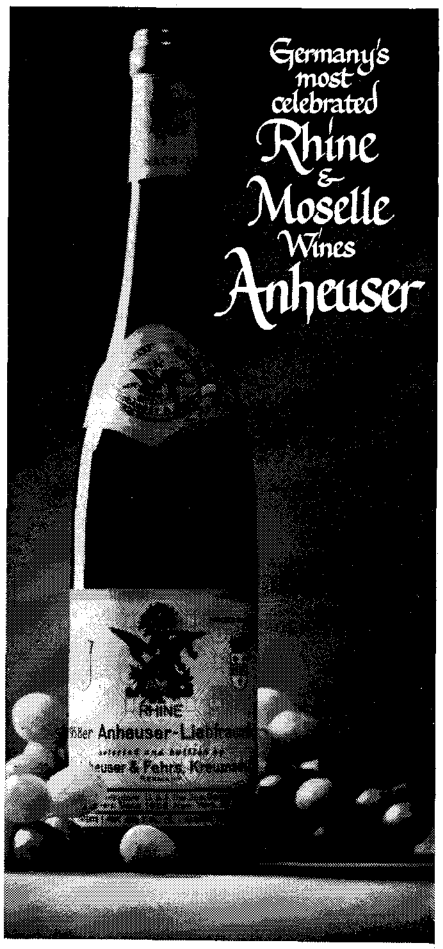

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against a tree and impatiently loosened his yellow string tie. Magdalena watched him. He took off the tie and held it out toward Magdalena. She accepted it, and smiled, and tied it under the collar of her blouse.

The P.S. 31 group returned to Monroe Street straggling, with Michael still carrying the Maypole top on his head. They reached P.S. 31 at about three-thirty. School had let out, but they all had to go in and be dismissed in the Yard. Inside, Mr. Gordon put the Maypole top away in the storeroom.

Miss White ran into Mr. Terner, who was just about to leave the building. He asked her how things had gone in the Park. She said that the children had been wonderful. Then he asked her how she had made out with her oral exam the night before. She replied that one of the examiners had made strange faces at her but that she hadn't minded too much. On the whole, she had found the exam quite stimulating, she said. "But I don't know if I passed," she added. "I just said what I thought."

"If you said what you thought, you did fine, I know," Mr. Terner said cheerfully.

"O.K.," Miss White said.

They said good night, and Mr. Terner left.

Mr. Gordon rushed out of the school, telling Miss White he had to meet his wife and then go to his graduate class at City College.

As Miss Goldberg was leaving, she told Miss White that it had all been very, very nice and now she had to get together with her kid brother, to help him with some schoolwork.

Most of the children scattered in a hurry. Willy and Magdalena waited. Magdalena was wearing Willy's yellow string tie under the collar of her blouse. She and Willy walked out with Miss White. On the school steps, Willy and Magdalena each gave Miss White five. Then the two of them went off toward Gouverneur Street together. Miss White started in the direction of her subway, turned around once to look at the two children, and then went on her way alone. —LILLIAN ROSS

•

Nez Percé (nā persā; *Angl.* nezpûrs); *pl.* NEZ PERCÉS (-sā). [F., lit., pierced nose, French name of several western tribes who pierced the nose for insertion of a tooth shell. Nose piercing was not practiced by the Nez Percés.] —*Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

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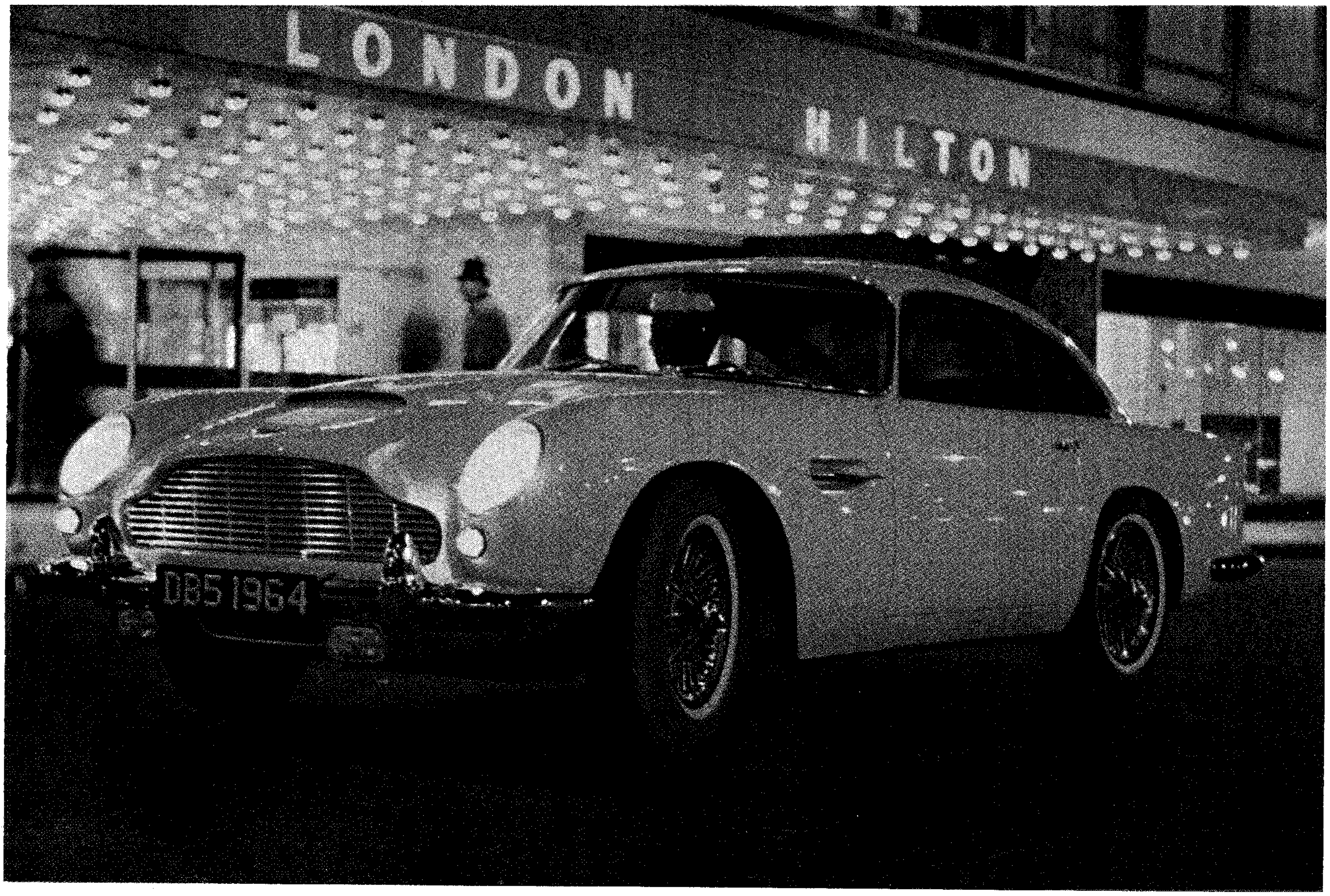

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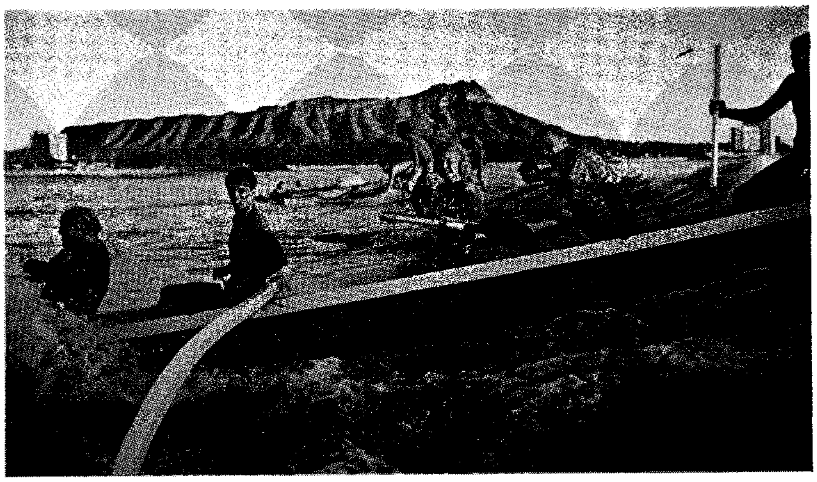

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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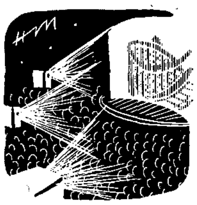
ONE of the very few regrettable results of the collapse of colonialism has been the gradual disappearance of that noble counterpart of the American Western the colonial Western. At its best, in "Beau Geste" and "Four Feathers," the colonial Western, handsomely emblazoned with the British square and those ten-foot-long handwrought Arab rifles, had a straight-faced urbanity that made the American Western seem pompous and ramshackle. "Zulu," a British-American effort, goes a long way toward shoring up this dwindling tradition. Perhaps it even marks the beginning of a neo-colonial Western movement. Stanley Baker and Cy Endfield, who are its producers and, respectively, its star and its director, have not only refurbished all the clichés of the genre but given them the sheen of high style. Here again is the manly self-made officer who, by virtue of two months' seniority, seizes command of the garrison from the seemingly effete gentleman officer ("By the bye, my father came out a colonel at Waterloo, and my grandfather was with Wolfe in Quebec"); the renegade enlisted man who turns around and wins a Victoria Cross; the missionary's daughter who gets her bodice torn by a brutish soldier for her pains as an angel of mercy; the bull-voiced, gold-hearted sergeant who chastises one of his men in the heat of battle for an unbuttoned tunic; a couple of Welsh enlisted men who burst into "Men of Harlech" at the darkest hour; the late-arriving, monosyllabic ringer who is wise in the ways of the enemy; and the lone garrison doctor, bathed in blood and cursing the butchery about him. Best of all, though, are the battle scenes, which last roughly an hour and move in the wheeling slow motion of battles fought with spears and bayonets and single-shot rifles. Based on the battle of Rorke's Drift, between the Zulus and the British, which took place in Natal in 1879, the picture makes the British garrison appear barely manned and puts a Zulu behind every blade of grass. Moreover, the enemy mounts attacks on the hour for two days and one night, and though Zulus pour repeatedly over the barricades, each assault is relentlessly repelled. But Baker and Endfield have added fresh touches—their garrison never runs out of ammunition, and it is *not* saved by the cavalry. Sheer fortitude brings it through, and is rewarded by an admiring chanted salute from the Zulus themselves, who then retire like departing tea guests into the hills that ring the encampment. The Zulus' losses are heavy and the British losses light, and no fewer than eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out.



The members of the cast squint and jut their chins effortlessly (particularly fine are Jack Hawkins, James Booth, Michael Caine, and Nigel Green), and the camera makes the most of the steep, ribbed, treeless terrain. (The film was shot on the site of the battle, in Royal Natal National Park.) It has already been pointed out that "Zulu" is in poor taste. But so are such invaluable relics as G. A. Henty and Rider Haggard and Kipling.

"CRAZY DESIRE" is an Italian car-and-beach picture. That is, half of it takes place in an open sports car generally travelling very fast on a lonely mountain road, with the camera fastened to the front bumper or hung from a helicopter, and the other half occurs on a beach, where the camera—underwater, or flat on the sand, or casting longing looks down a sunset strand—mingles with Twisters in bikinis and dark glasses. There is a finger-wagging message about the empty, sensual life, but the camera is more important than the good-time types it occasionally hits upon. These include a successful thirty-nine-year-old engineer and some weekend beach-party teen-agers he gets mixed up with. Much rude fun is made by the young of the engineer's advanced age, and he falls in love with a spaghetti-like sixteen-year-old. On Sunday, the teen-agers drift away to their homes, and he goes about his interrupted business feeling absurd and chastened. Since the direction and the acting in "Crazy Desire" are always at odds, none of this quite jells. But there are thousands of prime feet of careering car shots and lingering beach scenes, each of them dizzier or more spacious than the last.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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ALCOHOL IN WATER
—*The Herald Tribune.*

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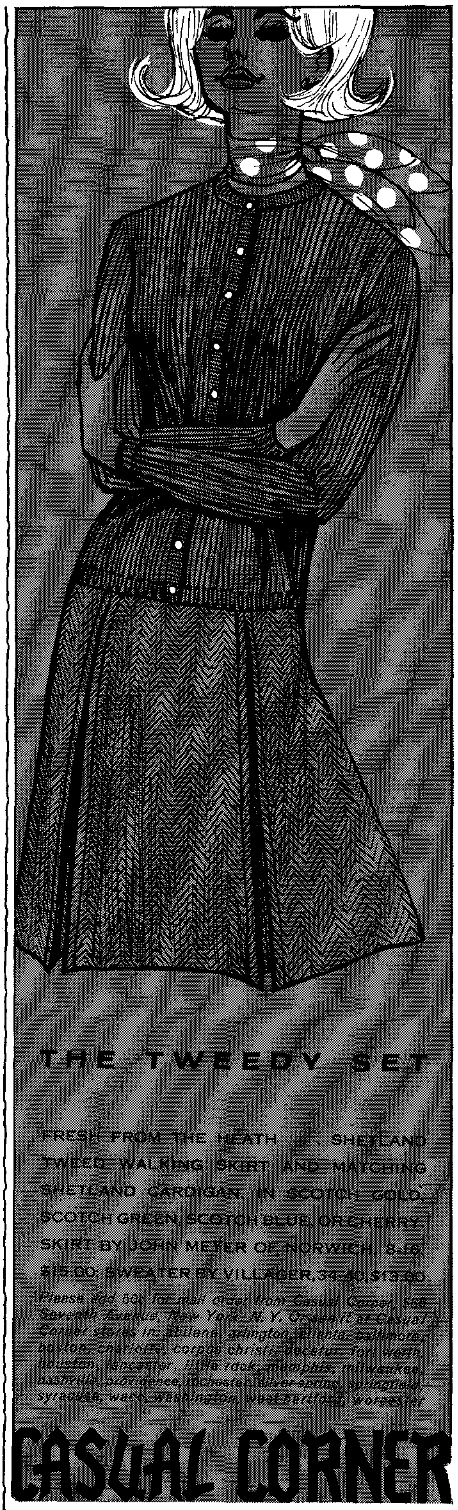
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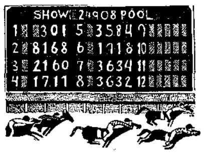
THE RACE TRACK

Dandy Dwyer

ANY question in your mind about Quadrangle is easy to answer—he's as good as you thought. He gave Malicious six pounds and beat him by a neck in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday in as exciting and truly contested a race as you'd wish to see. And if you estimate achievement with an adding machine, he has won four of his nine starts so far this season and $272,957 in prize money, together with several silver trophies, for Paul Mellon, who owns him.



Because the Dwyer comes after the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, which have winnowed the three-year-olds, it seldom has a large field. This year, only six ran. In the paddock, Quadrangle impressed me most; he was a credit to Elliott Burch, who turned him out in faultless condition. I also liked Malicious, who looked bright and very fit. Malicious was quickest out of the starting gate, with Quadrangle right behind him, and they went around the track far ahead of the others. Turning into the homestretch, Malicious bore out slightly, and, quick as a mink, Ycaza, who was riding Quadrangle, switched him to the rail for a final challenge, and in an atmosphere of excitement that called to mind the finish of the Suburban the week before, the two colts flashed past the post. Roman Brother was third, six lengths away. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅖, which was a shade better than the time in which Outing Class beat Tenacle and Chateaugay in the Dwyer last year. Malicious, by the way, deserves full marks for running fast and gamely. New York racing could do with a few more colts like him.

BILL WINFREY continues his success with the Wheatley Stable's two-year-olds. He sent Bold Lad out for the Tremont Stakes last Wednesday, on as rainy a day as we've had at Aqueduct, and the Bold Ruler colt, who had won a division of the National Stallion Stakes earlier on, obliged by beating Joust, Turn to Reason, and six others. All told, Winfrey has saddled the winners of five of the seven stakes for juveniles at the Big A—three of which he won with Queen Empress. Things didn't turn out so well for one of the Wheatley three-year-olds in Jersey last Saturday. Winfrey had high hopes for Castle Forbes in the Monmouth Oaks, but the best she could do was finish second to Miss Cavandish, the heroine of the Coaching Club American Oaks.

MORE and more people are betting on jockeys—especially on Ussery—at Aqueduct. You can't blame them, for Ussery has been the leading rider there all season. The other afternoon, he rode five winners in succession—in the first, second, fourth, fifth, and seventh races (he had no mount in the third or sixth)—after which he finished out of the money in the eighth and ninth. He took the next day off, and then on Saturday he shared the riding honors with Ycaza; they won three each. Incidentally, in the dash for maiden three-year-old fillies in which Ussery on Phyllis Up finished second to Ycaza on Gold Digger, Gold Digger, Phyllis Up, and Nature, who was third, were all by the same sire—Nashua. This, Diogenes Checkpoints says, is another one for the book.

THIS weekend, a new twenty-five-thousand-dollar event will be put on at Aqueduct under an old and honored name—the Tidal Handicap—for three-year-olds and upward, at a mile and a furlong on the turf. When the Tidal was run at Sheepshead Bay, from 1880 to 1910, it was for three-year-olds only, and among its winners were such famous racers as Hindoo, Hanover, Salvator, Sysonby, Peter Pan, and Colin. (How many of *those* do you remember?) Getting back to racing on the grass, we saw a stunner of a runner one day last week. He is Bulnes II, and he comes from the Argentine, where his form was first-class. In his gallop at Aqueduct, he made his opposition look like hacks as he rolled home by eight lengths, paying $59 in the mutuels.

KELSO and Mongo are likely to meet in the Monmouth Handicap on Saturday. Colonel Martingale is offering 4–5, and you pick them.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEAR SIR:
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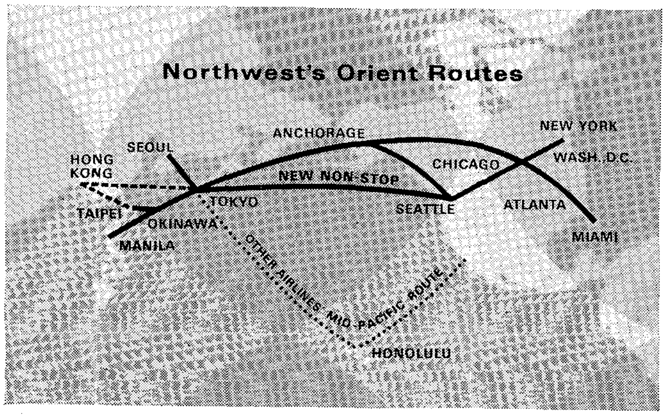
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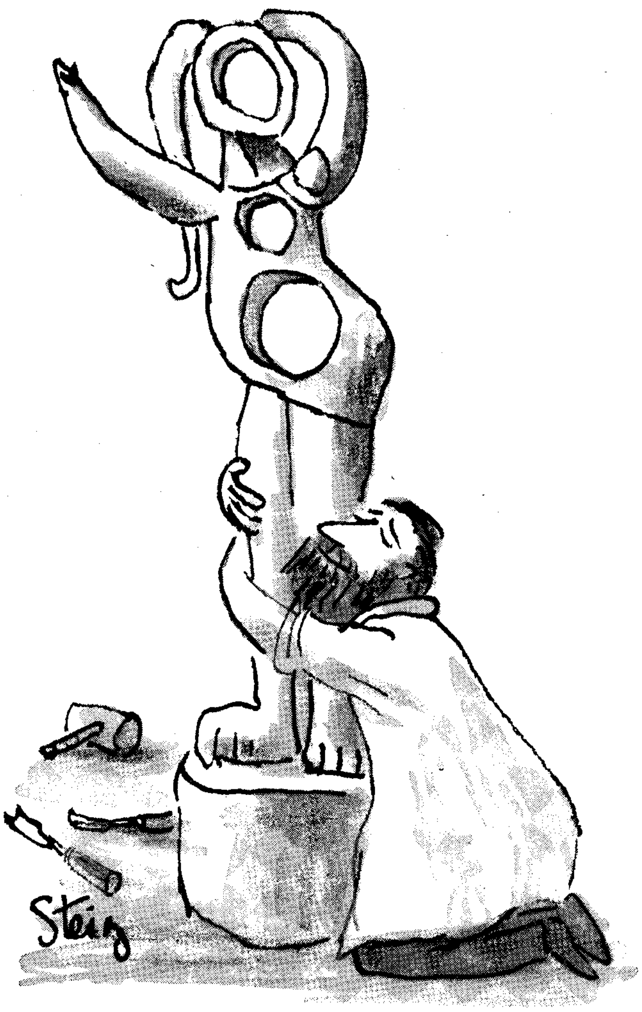
BOOKS

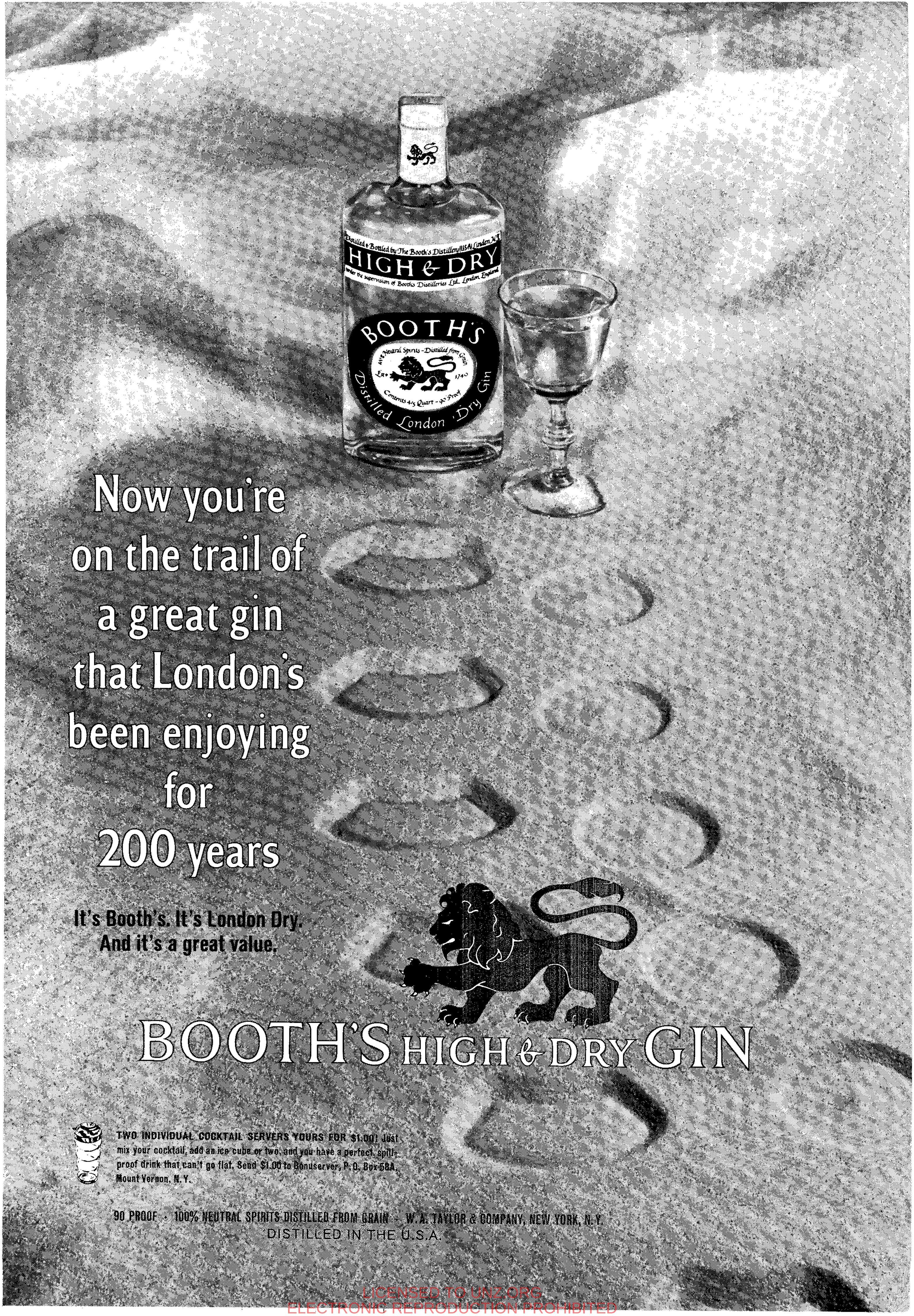
Good Neighbors

HUMAN beings tend to regard the universe as a collection of metaphors designed to describe themselves, and nothing in the world has been so misunderstood, thanks to this vanity of ours, as animals. In science, poetry, ethics, and heraldry, our bestiaries have been a record of errors and embarrassments. (Americans complain that the bald eagle is a scavenger, though you would think a bird who wants an easy meal and is not fussy would make the ideal totem for the nation that invented TV dinners.) A revision of metaphor is now in order about the gorilla, whom we have used, in our ignorance, as an image of our own brutality. For practically the first time in the more than a hundred years since Western science became aware of this large beast, one of man's nearest living relations, we have at our disposal some really reliable information about him. It was gathered by Dr. George Schaller, a young American zoologist who spent nearly two years—beginning in 1959—in the forested mountains along the eastern border of the Belgian Congo exploring the habitat and observing the behavior of wild gorillas, and who now describes his experiences in "The Year of the Gorilla" (University of Chicago Press). His new book follows his "The Mountain Gorilla: Ecology and Behavior" (Chicago), a monograph, intended for fellow-scientists, that was so full of delights one hardly dared expect more from him. Among them were pages of his uncompressed field observations; a band of gorillas awakes in the hour after sunrise: "The silver-backed male sits up, stretches one arm, yawns, and lies back down," and so on through the rest of the troop. The directness of such passages, their minuteness of detail, and their fidelity to the moment attenuated the barrier of print between the reader and the gorillas. Nonetheless, "The Year of the Gorilla" does offer further delights. It includes fewer of these unbeatable eyewitness passages, but Schaller is more than good enough at nonscientific writing to bring the gorilla before you in easy descriptive prose. And the book has several other plusses. Schaller describes, besides gorillas, a variety of African landscapes and people; he explains how his expedition was founded and financed; he tells you why he selected an area near Kabara, in the Albert National Park, for his concentrated study, and talks about his wife's housekeeping arrangements in a small cabin on a mountain meadow near the jungle he worked in; he discusses how he developed his methods for watching gorillas in their natural, free state. All this information is entertaining, and it helps us appreciate the scope and style of Schaller's pioneering study. (Nothing comparable has been attempted for the other apes, the chimpanzee and the orangutan, and the latter may become extinct before it can be studied.)



Schaller does not make much of his study's uniqueness; he talks about it only as a novel undertaking that presents novel difficulties, including the absence of accurate references to prepare him for what he might discover. Most of the books he read were jammed with accounts of the aggressiveness of gorillas which were written by men who had travelled thousands of miles to shoot gorillas; perhaps our least rewarding metaphor describes man's sinfulness as his animal heritage. Since one of Schaller's purposes was to see what might (with scientific caution) be inferred about man's biological rather than cultural heritage, it is particularly striking that he found gorillas, by comparison with any known human group, astonishingly pacific. The ones he encountered were living in bands of from five to twenty-seven. These groups resemble the anthropologists' "extended family;" the members obey a mature male, and quarrels are rare because gorilla precedence is established by age and sex. Schaller thinks the animals derive a low-keyed pleasure from each other and that they have a relaxed, rather than an anxious, interdependence. Young males are allowed to leave the band and roam for a while, and some do. The wandering youths often rejoin their original band without causing any commotion. They are not, as a few students have suggested, exiled by Father on the ground that they are potential Oedipuses: they are unromantic, unjealous polygamists, and "animal passion" is, in their case, a figment of the human imagination. Schaller observed eleven separate groups—a lot of animals, all told—and though he saw many differences in looks and temperament, none of the gorillas were bellicose. When two groups met, or a wandering male approached a strange group, the animals were calm. Sometimes they welcomed strangers, sometimes ignored them, occasionally discouraged them; they never minded sharing "their" feeding grounds with foreigners. It has been alleged that man's propensity for making war derives from animals' instinct to defend their territory. The mountain gorillas around Kabara never demonstrated that instinct.

Gorillas, Schaller found, resemble human beings in lots of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little ways: they stamp their feet, throw things (branches, not dishes), and yell when they are annoyed; they put something in their mouths (a leaf rather than a cigarette or candy) when they are tense; they kowtow to express submission; and so on, through to sunbathing, which they love, and getting up in the morning, which they despise. The one large, self-evident animal heritage we share with the gorillas is that, for them as for us, good mothering is essential to the young and demanding of the mother. Gorilla childhood lasts three years, during which the business of bringing up the baby—from a helpless newborn to a youngster who can build his own sleeping nest and feed himself on the plants his mother has taught him to recognize—fully occupies a gorilla mother. And Schaller suggests that social mammals, such as gorillas, may, after all, have something like what we call "culture." Gorillas raised in captivity have frequently acted confused about sex and motherhood, which the wild animals he saw did not. Schaller thinks that young female gorillas growing up in their own group may, for instance, learn mothering (as do young human beings) by observation and example.

Another valuable bonus in "The Year of the Gorilla" is the chance it offers readers to meet the Schallers. I am especially interested in Dr. Schaller's going everywhere unarmed. He feels that "even the possession of a firearm is sufficient to imbue one's behavior with a certain unconscious aggressiveness . . . which an animal can detect." He thought he would be safer without a gun than with one, as long as he was careful, attentive, and sensitive to the gorillas' feelings. He learned what makes gorillas uneasy (being stared at too steadily and too long, especially through binoculars) and what doesn't (being watched by one man who always remains in full view). A gorilla who was curious about Schaller—most gorillas were not—came very close to observe the observer, and then apologized for staring by shaking his head from side to side, seemingly as a way of breaking the steadiness of his own gaze. Schaller discovered that this piece of gorilla etiquette was useful—possibly lifesaving—when, from time to time, he and a lone male popped out of the undergrowth and surprised each other. The man shook his head, and the animal went away.

A naturalist's success at surviving in the midst of wild animals may not be especially remarkable, but Schaller's disarmed good judgment also helped him survive in the midst of angry people. Toward the end of his stay, he was caught in some of the confused fighting that followed the Congo's achievement of independence, and yet he managed to step through trouble like the skinny *marink* who could walk dry between the raindrops. Other whites in the vicinity were far less fortunate. Without wanting to make too much of what was partly Schaller's good luck, I cannot help wondering whether our American culture encourages an unnecessary dependence on weapons. I suppose our admirable historical egalitarianism—the tradition of no mounted, sword-bearing aristocrats, but every man on horseback with his own musket—helps explain our adolescent boys' passion for cars and guns. And since a culture is not only possibilities but limitations, ours may keep us from seeing the resources an unarmed man has, just as the Kabara gorillas' culture keeps them from eating all the plants in their entirely edible jungle. (Their mothers teach them that only twenty-nine of the hundreds are food.) At any rate, Schaller, surrounded by headline-making incidents, managed very well by behaving like a gorilla; he minded his own business, and when confronted by possible enemies he bluffed them or evaded them.

I am also impressed, considering its very large scientific gains, by the small scale of the Schaller expedition. He and his wife went to Africa with Dr. John Emlen (who had been Schaller's teacher) and his wife. The Emlens stayed six months, while the men conducted surveys to estimate how large an area the gorillas lived in and how many there were; the number of wild animals in Africa has decreased so drastically since the last war that many Africans see their most interesting local fauna only in zoos. After the Emlens left, the size of the expedition in the field, most of the time, was two—Dr. and Mrs. Schaller. Schaller dispensed with the usual train of bearers because crowds scare away wild animals. Though he was told he would need quantities of porters ("Africa is not America. No one carries his own things here," one informant explained), Schaller found he could carry what he needed on his short preliminary surveys, and that a staff of three or two, or occasionally none, would do. When he settled in at Kabara, he just left Mrs. Schaller with a houseboy at the cabin and walked into the jungle for the day, carrying along his lunch. I am not certain whether what Schaller calls "a tendency for Europeans travelling afield to take with them vast numbers of Africans" is due to arrogance or to lack of self-confidence. Few persons, wherever they come from, have Schaller's nerve. He is a man who has addressed herds of wild elephants in polite English, asking them to get out of his way. (They did.) And possibly Schaller underestimates risks; where he went alone, a sprained ankle would have been disastrous. Mrs. Schaller, who sometimes worried, is a little closer to you and me.

I should not, even by inadvertence, misrepresent Schaller's efficient field-observation techniques as a philosophy, or, for that matter, as heroism or adventure, since the author at the outset firmly states, "Adventure implies hardships and accidents, which are usually the result of poor planning and carelessness." He does indeed have a philosophical point of view of the interrelationship of all life, of man's place "not separate from but one with plants and animals, rock and water. He is as dependent on them as the protozoan, the tsetse, and the gorilla." In the course of his fresh, bright book, Schaller does not so much argue for his biological ecumenism as—talking, watching, doing, going, describing—he exemplifies it.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CONSTANT STAR, by Prudence Andrew (Putnam). This fine historical novel deals with the peasants' revolt of 1381, but the author sticks to the village of Woodpill, Gloucestershire, instead of going up to London with Wat Tyler to see young Richard II. Miss Andrew's success in reconstructing a medieval peasant community is practically beyond praise; her sense of the past and her sense of form are almost perfect. One curiosity, though, is her editorial point of view. Her villain, the village rebel—an enterprising, ambitious, capitalist-minded peasant—was the hero when Whigs were writing English history.

THE LIFE OF RILEY, by Anthony Cronin (Knopf). A sad example of what happens when the undeniable Irish talent for self-derision goes too far and becomes mere jeer-

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ing. Paddy Riley, an amateur poet or novelist or something, decides to abandon his clerk's job and live on his wits. This is a garrulous first-person account of his attempts to cadge his way in the pubs and flop-houses of his native Dublin and in London, and although there are occasional touches of genuine fun, the moth-eaten, anxious Mr. Riley makes very poor company.

GENERAL

THE ROAD TO H: NARCOTICS, DELINQUENCY, AND SOCIAL POLICY, by Isidor Chein, Donald L. Gerard, Robert S. Lee, and Eva Rosenfeld, with the collaboration of Daniel M. Wilner (Basic Books). This fat, sober, technical study is a landmark in its field—the first of its scale and thoroughness. The authors, limiting themselves to adolescent males in New York City, have tried to discover what kinds of boys become drug addicts and have found that heroin addiction is the result less of the drug's fearsome powers than of its users' personality disturbances. The villainous figure of the "pusher," who looms so large in popular myth, was not particularly impressive to these researchers; they learned that in some parts of the city drugs are not much harder to come by than cigarettes. For the first two-thirds of the book, the authors pile up evidence; tables, footnotes, and referrals to appendices abound. In the last section, they argue. They urge repeal of the laws that make addiction a crime, coupled with a comprehensive effort to cure addicts. (They envision clinics of a kind that at present exist nowhere.) Since, at this writing, they know as much about the subject as anyone, their radical recommendations are persuasive.

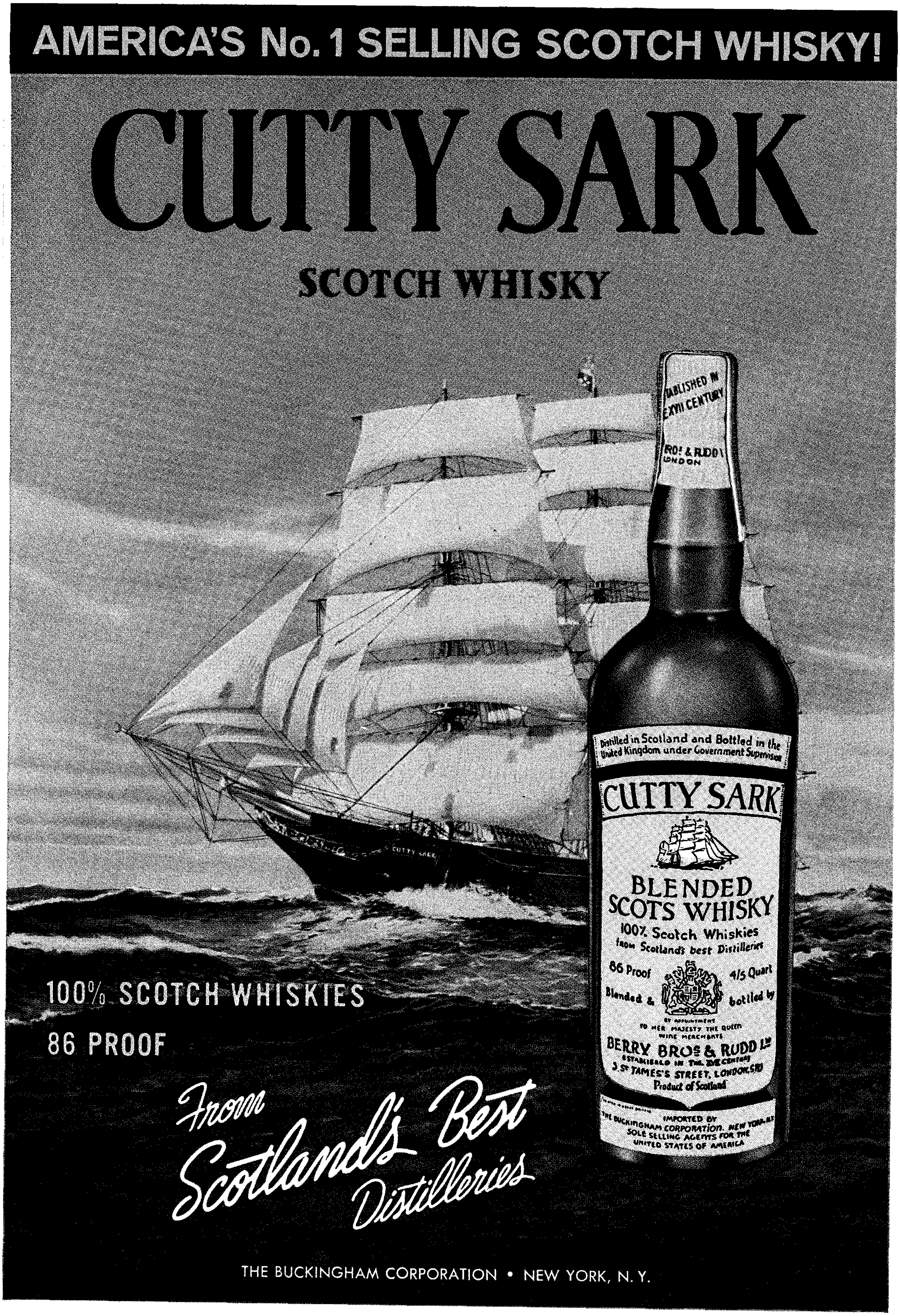
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: THE NORMAN IMPACT UPON ENGLAND, by David C. Douglas (University of California Press). Nobody disputes the principal effects of the Norman Conquest—it brought England into the heart of European civilization, rescued her from being a dependency of primitive Scandinavia, and made her a participant in the achievements of medieval Christendom—but almost everything else that one can say about the Conquest is debatable, it seems, starting with William's personality, the quality of his rule (harsh or efficient?), the springs of his force, and the effect of Norman institutions upon Anglo-Saxon ones. Professor Douglas attempts something more than a mere consensus (although he does take account of English and French scholarly feuds) as he describes the magnitude of William's achievements against the background of two eleventh-century societies, and explains what the English-speaking world owes William—for instance, the jury. This meticulous, absorbing biography inaugurates a series of biographies of English rulers planned by the University of California Press, and if the rest come up to this one, we shall have reason to be grateful.

THE LIVING NOVEL AND LATER APPRECIATIONS, by V. S. Pritchett (Random House). Take the thirty-two essays that Mr. Pritchett published in 1947 as "The Living Novel," add twenty-seven new pieces, and you have one of the best works of general literary criticism available. Its assets are, first, justness; in addition to the ability to rate a work, Mr. Pritchett can convey a sense of what it is like and what it is trying to do. Second, comprehensiveness; Mr. Pritchett's range of appreciation encompasses many literatures and styles, so that the reader's own awareness is broadened by seeing, say, Irish country life in Maria Edgeworth juxtaposed with Russian country life in Aksakov and with Sicilian country life in Verga—all of them understood by Pritchett as provincial and universal, as experience and as art. As a critic, Mr. Pritchett is alert to technique without being boring about it. His own style is remarkable. Most of his sentences are short and clear, but his paragraphs are fluent, not choppy, and his essays are brief, not mingy. Mr. Pritchett knows that art must please and entertain as well as elevate or enlighten, and he makes criticism meet those standards.

•

"Amid world-wide adulation unmatched in modern times you have steadily diverted attention from yourself to the continuing needs of the world's children, to the high potential of America's smaller colleges, to the crucial necessity for an ever closer adherence to what you have called the Old Virtues—religious faith, integrity, truth, incorruptible service and honor in public office, economy in government, self reliance, theft, individual liberty, and unswerving and sacrificial patriotism."—*A citation of Herbert Hoover upon his receiving an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from California Baptist College, quoted in the Redlands (Calif.) Daily Facts.*

Ah, those Old Time Virtues!



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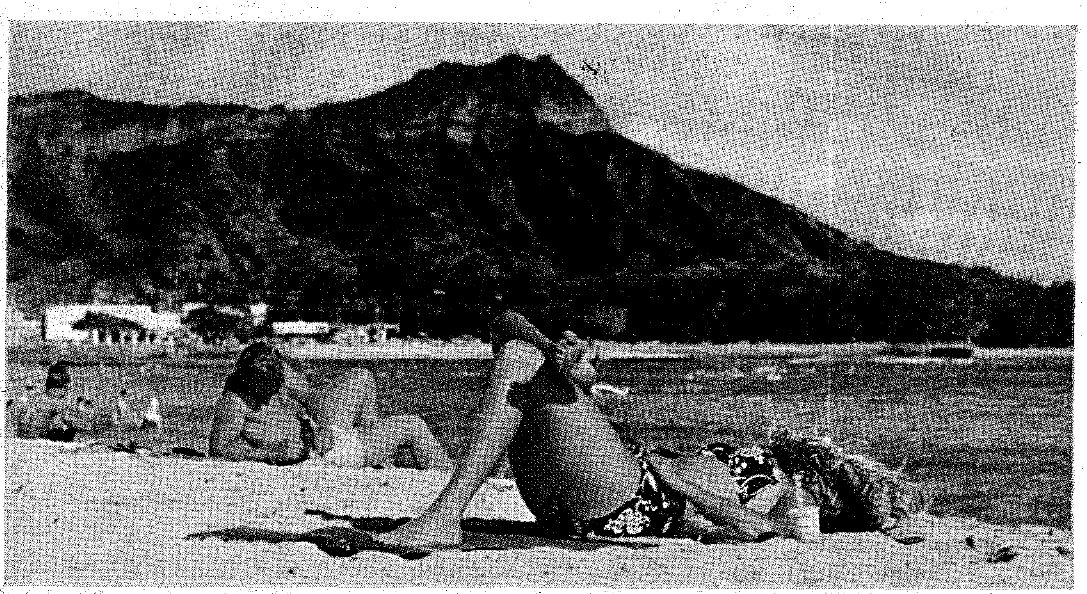

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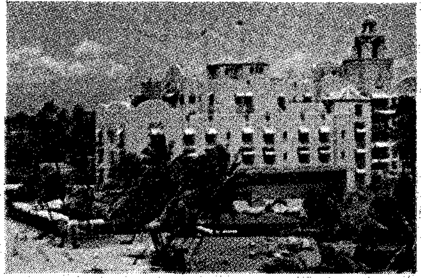

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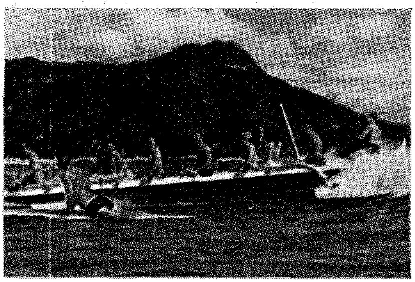

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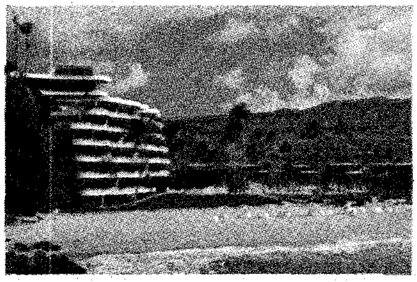

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